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Whimsy

The winter moon is a huge snowball
That rolled far from cherubic cries
Fast down the hill of snowy skies;
Triumphant at the foot it lies,
Slit mouth and finger-printed eyes.
It melts; bright showers of ice-stars fall.

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

No Tomorrow

The grey profundity of an enveloping fog sank heavily over gleaming streets as a roadster shot precipitately from the midst of late afternoon traffic and drew up quietly at a nearby curb. Above, the skies were filled with black vacancy. There were no stars, no moon, merely the faint glow of lighted skyscrapers. The solitary driver, his hat drawn low over his eyes, gazed calmly at the rain-drenched thoroughfare as he leaned forward to clear his windshield.

"Beastly night!" he ejaculated to himself. "And my last at the club!"

He leaned back, gazing calmly at the surging crowds. Yes! This was his last night as a bachelor. Tomorrow! Why, soon there would be no tomorrow, as far as his freedom was concerned. He, Stanley Elliot, would be married to Victoria Craig. Tomorrow! Their wedding day! And she would be a vision of beauty in white satin and orange blossoms. It would be a wonderful wedding, with gleaming candles, and music, and soft laughter. It would truly be worthy of Victoria. He would make her happiness his life-work, and he could do that easily. He had money, so much of it! The voice of a newsboy, shouting beneath a red light, recalled his attention to reality. The boy came nearer toward him.

"Big stock market crash, Mister," he yelled over and over, proffering a printed sheet, "Wall Street's biggest crash!"

Stanley leaned forward, his face a chalky white.

"Here!" he cried hoarsely, slipping change into the urchin's outstretched hand. "Give it to me!"

Swiftly he took possession of it, and beneath the diagonal glow of the street lamp he scanned the black, merciless headlines. A moment later, his heart frozen, he was staring at the lists of the financial pages, mentally computing stupendous losses.

"Gone!" he breathed. "All—gone!"

Somehow he started the car and drove heedlessly onward. Around him were shrieking voices, throwing the dire news at a paralyzed world. Before he knew it, he had arrived at the club. Dazed, he parked his machine and ran hurriedly into the familiar foyer where stricken groups stood around bewailing the calamity that had befallen them. Messenger boys entered swiftly with telegrams from brokers demanding more margin. From the radio came the astounding announcement that the tape was hours late, that pandemonium was reigning on the floor of the Exchange.

Stanley walked quickly toward the haggard individuals who were his particular friends. Their faces told him that the earnings of their lifetime had been obliterated even as his father's millions.

"Elliot," they cried, "you've heard?"

"Yes." He handed them the crumpled sheet. "I've lost all!"

"Surely you haven't!"

"I am speaking the truth!"

Dale Coleman cried: "Forget it! Think of tomorrow."

Stanley gazed ahead, stunned. In a few hours Vicky would be waiting for him at the church door. A bitterness crept into his eyes as he pictured her awaiting a bridegroom who had become a pauper overnight, a man with a yacht and with bills that would never be paid. His brain reeled, a dizziness came upon him. He straightened his shoulders involuntarily. He would not do it. The Elliots had never made their wives suffer, and he would not begin. He could not drag Victoria into the mire.

He would rather become merely another bridegroom who had not appeared, another Prince Charming who had defaulted. He laughed harshly, but his voice shook ever so slightly.

"Tomorrow," he cried, "there will be no tomorrow!"

He turned slowly and walked quietly away, his world crashing, his heart broken.

Within a few hours, a glorious dawn descended from behind the wall of night as the sun-god with his golden brush tinted the sky in rose and amber. Quickly the sky-scrapers emerged to greet the new day and the autumnal atmosphere tingled with the sounds of traffic that surged through the charmed streets.

High in her apartment, sixteen stories above Fifth Avenue, Victoria Craig lay luxuriously thinking that at last the morning of her wedding had arrived. A moment later, she was standing at the window gazing upward to the sky, where white birds were flying southward and driving into azure-and-cream-colored clouds like tiny white ships leaping joyfully into a white-capped sea. Looking at them, her thoughts reverted to Stanley and the ceremony just two hours away, when she, Victoria Craig, would become Mrs. Stanley Elliot. It seemed too wonderful to be true. She sighed, but it was an ecstatic sigh. Delightedly, she entered her boudoir to gaze once more upon her wedding gown, which lay in smooth, creamy folds with the filmy veil beside it. A faint scent of "Noël de Nuit" clung to it as it lay gracefully in the golden warmth of the sun. Victoria held it up and scrutinized it meticulously. Yes, it was beautiful. Surely her most extravagant dreams of a wedding gown had been fulfilled. Stanley would love the soft gleaming satin and the picturesque length of the veil. Orange blossoms! How wonderful that at last her

day for wearing them had arrived! She walked backward to the door and gazed at her gown. Life from now on would be a highway of joy. Outside a cloud passed over the sun, dimming the glowing sheen of the dress. Victoria started, and a shiver, as of a premonition, came over her. Surely she was not developing nerves, not on her wedding day. Behind her a door opened and shut. Victoria turned. It was her maid, Alice, advancing softly with an envelope on a silver tray.

"Miss Victoria," she said, "this just came for you."

"A telegram! For me?" repeated Victoria, as she unsealed it with trembling fingers. Quickly, her face paling, she scanned the lines. At length, she groaned softly to herself. It couldn't be true, it couldn't be true, that Stanley and she were not to be married this morning! Involuntarily she grasped the maid's arm.

"Alice," she cried, "Alice, read this, and tell me that I have misunderstood it."

The maid gazed at the yellow sheet, then she looked up.

"Oh! Miss Victoria," she cried, "Miss Victoria, I don't know what to say!"

Victoria moaned.

"Then it is true, it is, and I didn't misunderstand. There will be no wedding."

She ran sobbing from the room, through a long hallway to the library.

"Dad!"

"Victoria!"

She flung herself into his arms.

"He isn't coming, Stanley isn't coming. He won't marry me, because he crashed!"

"My dear!"

"Oh, Dad, it is too horrible! How could he! He knows I care nothing for money. Perhaps he doesn't care for me!"

"He does care, Victoria. That is why he won't go through with it. Another man, a man not like Stan Elliot, would go through."

She shivered. "Dad, you must take me away this week, now! I couldn't stand it here, you know I couldn't."

"I wouldn't expect you to. We shall go wherever you wish."

"On a world cruise, far away, the farther the better. Perhaps I won't ever come back!"

"Come, come, Vicky, you'll feel better as time goes on. Don't despise me for saying that I admire him."

She raised her eyes to the window, where the sun drifted in, mockingly. She thought of her words to Alice one hour before: "It is as if

my heart were singing," and she smiled bitterly, thinking that it was just another song that had ended. She ran to her room and stood gazing at the wedding gown that she would never wear. It, too, seemed to mock her. Sobbing, she sank on the floor beside it. She did not wonder that she hated life.

* * * *

One year later, Stanley Elliot entered the foyer of a hotel in San Francisco. He walked quickly, nervously, and his thin face twitched. Large dark circles were under his eyes, and his hands, when he lit a cigarette, shook pathetically. His thoughts, too, were dreary, monotonous, depressing. At present he was contemplating upon the length of the day. Would it never end? He proceeded toward the desk, inquired of the clerk as casually as possible.

"Have you located the ship today?"

The clerk smiled.

"Yes, they have just left Hawaii. I will let you know when we expect them."

"Thank you."

He turned away gloomily and made his way to the dining salon, where he ate a desultory lunch. A year ago that day, he and Victoria were to have been married. Then the stock market had crashed, and his life with it. What a cruel year it had been, every hour of every day, longing for Victoria and thinking that perhaps she had forgotten. Perhaps the most ironical part of it all was the readjustment of his financial status, thanks to the love of an aunt for a bereaved and favorite nephew. Grimly he recalled the day when his mother's sister, Aunt Harriet, had summoned him from his insignificant room to her palatial home on the Hudson, there to bequeath to him a legacy in the form of gold mine stocks, together with the offer of an executive position on the West Coast. He had attempted to thank her.

"I couldn't see you alone," she had said, "penniless, in a cold room, and your heart starving."

He had murmured, "My heart!"

"Yes, find Victoria, Stanley, and start anew. I have always wanted her for a niece."

That had happened months before, and since then he had achieved wealth, but it had not given him back Victoria. He had heard of her adventures abroad, had followed her every step of the cruise, and now she was returning and would soon arrive in San Francisco. Would she forgive him, would she believe that he had walked all that fatal night up and down the streets of New York until he had nearly dropped from fatigue? He arose and, leaving the salon, returned to his office.

For the next two days he worked steadily, and on the third evening entered the hotel once more. Quickly he strode in the direction of the desk, and then he saw Victoria, in rose satin. Their eyes met. The girl became deathly pale as Stanley went toward her.

"Vicky," he said, "my dear, at last, I've found you!"

"Have you, Stan?" she glanced at him and her lips trembled.

"I hope I have, although there is much to explain."

He took her arm, and she allowed him to escort her to the sidewalk. "He is so thin and worn-looking. He must have been ill," she thought.

Swiftly they advanced toward a low-slung car, and entering they drove for hours through the streets of San Francisco, through Chinatown and along the waterfront where steamers were arriving from the Orient. Meanwhile, Stanley talked quietly and calmly and Victoria was forced to listen.

Later they stood together on a hill that overlooked the harbor. The Golden Gate was no longer golden, but silver in the moonlight. A ship was coming, and seemed to lean darkly against the opalescent sky. "It reminds me of a white gown," Victoria murmured.

"A wedding gown!" said Stanley, "and you will wear it soon?"

"Why not tomorrow?" said Victoria. "I must first make arrangements with Dad."

Stanley smiled. "I rather guess there should be no tomorrow, when today will do just as well!"

WINIFRED M. BURDICK, '35.

Comparison and Contrast

Thompson and Shelley

Although the happy thought of finding in Thompson's "Shelley" an unconscious, beautiful analysis of Thompson's own poetical genius, (if genius can be analyzed, or the sun measured with a yardstick), is far from being original with me, yet with this similarity in mind, I have been able to find striking examples to justify it. The two poets were at either extremes of philosophy, and the Thompson who could say with the divine vision of a mystic:

> "Then, as you search with unaccustomed glance
> The ranks of Paradise for my countenance,
> . . . . Pass the crystalline, the lampads seven:—
> Look for me in the nurseries of heaven."

seems incomparable with the atheistic Shelley whose spiritual growth only reached the ground-high level of pantheism; whose nearest approach to belief in immortality is phrased on the death of Keats:

> "He is a portion of the loveliness
> Which once he made more lovely."

But a great spiritual affinity bound fast these two for whom earth was too small, the affinity of poetry.

In the beginning of his study of Shelley, Thompson, bewailing the studied simplicity then prevalent, suddenly shoots a barbed inquiry at the reader, who is serenely condemning the faults of the age with the poet, and startles him out of his complacence. "Know you what it is to be a child?" Thompson knew; Shelley knew; and when Thompson accordingly says of Shelley in a passage of the sublimest imagery, "The universe is his box of toys," he likewise says it of himself, though he does not perceive it. Both men possessed the unclouded imagination of children, the fanciful flight, the unchallenging trust, that only the heart of a child knows, the unconsciousness of language that simplicity alone gives. It would have been as conscious an effort for him to speak without figure, as it is for most men to speak with figure. "Suspended in the dripping well of his imagination, the commonest object becomes encrusted with imagery," writes Thompson of Shelley, yet one has only

to read a portion of "Sister Songs," from which I, dazzled by the lavishness of its figures, finally chose this passage, to realize how utterly this applies to Thompson himself:

"And now, thou elder nursling of the nest;
Ere all the intertangled west
Be one magnificence
Of multitudinous blossoms that o'errun
The flaming brazen bowl o' the burnished sun
Which they do flower from,
How shall I 'stablish thy memorial?"

If Shelley could clothe the filmiest abstractions in words not only comprehensible, but actually catching at the same time the very essence of the abstract, Thompson is his peer. There is nothing in concrete abstraction which can equal the opening lines of the "Hound of Heaven":

"I fled him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled him, down the arches of the years;
I fled him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from him, and under running laughter."

If Shelley could delight in the ecstasy of poetic figures, Thompson, commenting on this gift, could say: "Such a poet, it may be, mists with sighs the window of his life until the tears run down it; then some air of searching poetry, like an air of searching frost turns it to a crystal wonder." If Shelley scaled the ladder to the clouds, Thompson swung the earth a trinket at his wrist. If Shelley feasted with the Divinities, Thompson's banquet was Divinity.

Shelley may be called the perfect non-religious poet, Thompson the perfect religious poet. Call them what you will, fix them apart at the far poles of the earth, place the separating margins of philosophy between, yet will they meet, yet will they soar into the infinite realms of pure poetry, where only the blessed may go.

Mary Barrow, '33.

James M. Barrie and George B. Shaw

Both Barrie and Shaw lay claim to the title of foremost contemporary dramatists, but the popularity of each is startlingly different, indicating the wide divergence in public tastes. Each play-writer has a distinct appeal, which can only be revealed by a thorough study of each author and his plays; in this way, a justifiable conclusion may be reached in which the merits or demerits of each may be recorded, and which will readily indicate the superiority of one over the other.

The plays of James M. Barrie are moving-pictures of this world. He portrays for us scenes of our follies, our futile dreams, our impossibilities, our sordidness, our nobility, our vanity; and the most remarkable part of all this is that he accomplishes it without a trace of scorn, showing no indications of disdain or of superiority. Barrie loves men, women, and children, and the lines of his plays reflect throughout his deep feeling for human nature. With him, "love is not blind." It is a real, living, active force which exerts a powerful influence in the lives of human beings.

Barrie is not a self-appointed prophet like Shaw. He does not assume intellectual leadership, nor is he a cynic or a schoolmaster. Unlike G. B. S., he does not scold, and he has done more to elevate the English stage than any other man of our time. He has accomplished this simply by writing plays built on permanent foundations of human nature that are "full of action, shining with brilliant dialogue, sparkling with wit and humor, heart-shaking with tragedy, and clean as the west-wind." His dramas are dramas of ideas, as distinguished from those of opinions.

Barrie's plays are the most important contribution to the English drama since Sheridan. They are full of action; his characters are real, for their creator felt their reality, lived each character as he wrote about it, and has succeeded in transmitting this realism to his audience.

A brief description of his best plays will prove more conclusively his great dramatic power. Among his early plays is *Quality Street,* a romantic drama of the eighteenth century. It is full of grace and charm, reflecting many moods: humor, pathos, romance, and mystery. Shortly following this was *Admirable Crichton,* a subtle satire of social life in England, especially of its superficiality. Its philosophy contains a disturbing challenge to any modern English audience. *Peter Pan* is the most profound, original, and universal play of our age, and will always prove of permanent delight. The play is really a tour of the inside of a child's mind, handled with exquisitely delicate finesse and artistry.

In *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire,* not only is every individual character laughed at, but boyhood, girlhood, youth, manhood, womanhood in general. It is a comedy of situations, closely bordering upon farce. The mirth that it provokes is wholesome and pleasing, and is vastly different from the laughter of Shaw, which is always hurtful and cruel. The play *What Every Woman Knows* is as nearly perfect in construction as the human mind could make it, and is truly representative of human nature, for the unexpected happens in every scene just as it does in real life. The surface quiddities and caprices of mankind are all accurately chartered and the depths of passion are revealed. *Rosalind* is a picture of a young Oxford man, a perfect type of an English undergraduate. The play reveals a power of satire vastly different from that of George Bernard Shaw, for Barrie's satire is characterized by sympathy; Shaw's, by scorn.

Among his later plays, those deserving special mention are: *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals* and *Dear Brutus.* The former is the tragicomic story of a charwoman who is raised to great heights through solemn pride, and is a very human life story which contains a universal appeal. The germ of *Dear Brutus* is found in *Admirable Crichton.* It is skillfully constructed and concerned with the theme that people do not change, that human nature, even when given the opportunity of a second chance, does not change, but remains ever the same.

Barrie reveals a situation as a flash of lightning reveals an object in obscure darkness. He is a great playwright because he understands human nature; he knows how to represent it in conversation and action, and he has enormous sympathy with his characters and with his audience. His assets as a dramatist are remarkable: he has intense love for the home, for his people, for children; he has the power to express himself in straightforward English; and, above all else, he has an unusual sense of humor and sympathy combined.

To turn from the plays of James M. Barrie to those of George Bernard Shaw produces a sensation similar to that which is experienced by one who is reading a delightful story on a pleasant summer afternoon, only to be aroused suddenly by a violent electric storm. The transition is almost breath-taking.

Shaw is an individualist by nature, a free-lance, a rebel, and a destructive critic. He is not in the least influenced by public sentiment; rather, he uses it for his daily satiric texts. He has spent a lifetime trying to make people listen to him. As Williams Lyons Phelps tells us, Shaw may be compared with Hamlet: "Both agree that the world is out of joint, but Shaw's chief happiness comes from the thought that

he was born to set it right." He is really a literary genius who adorns with his art every subject that he touches, but the real subject of all his remarks is—himself. Consequently, we read Shaw for the same reason that students sometimes elect college courses, not for the subject, but because of the teacher of the subject.

Shaw as a dramatist is unlike Shakespeare in every respect, hence his dramas are not dramas at all. Shakespeare presented every aspect of human life in such a way that we know little about the author himself; Shaw, on the contrary, is wholly subjective and uses every means to reveal himself. He purposes to be a great teacher, but what he teaches is unknowable. Paradox is his greatest weapon and he wields it with relentless force. The prefaces to his plays are better than the plays themselves, as we see in *Heartbreak House* and also in *Androcles and the Lion.*

Although G. B. S. ridicules human conceit and most dogmas, no writer is more egotistical or more dogmatic. As a satirist and preacher, he tries to convert man the wrong way by offering him a state of salvation which is to him no salvation at all. Confident, but crude, Mr. Shaw lacks the faculty of sympathy, the highest attribute of humanity. He is too violent a reformer to be a serious dramatist; for the dramatist in him is not strong enough to resist the demands of the reformer. His plays have a serious handicap, for his characters are hardly ever the men and women they purport to be, chiefly because of his paradoxes and of his use of language. *Man and Superman,* which is considered his most successful play, is a satire on present-day philosophy told in brilliant dialogue. *John Bull* is a brisk political satire with a few sentimental passages inserted. *Major Barbara* is an anti-poverty philippic; *The Doctor's Dilemma* is anti-medical propaganda.

George Bernard Shaw, a man of fine intellect and strong feelings, has never agreed with anyone or with anything. He relies on himself, secure and self-assertive. His conclusions may be right enough, but he argues from false premises. He has naturally formed decided convictions and a theory of life, and these have been inculcated into his plays. At present, troubling himself about naught, "he goes on his career indifferent alike to the praise and blame of the mob. Our generation has known no more destructive opponent of convention, no more disturbing antagonist of intellectual placidity and comfort, than G. B. S.'s mordant wit. It is full of happy things, laughable situations, but still it always hurts. It wounds and does not heal and leaves behind it a sting which we resent."

MARY E. FLATLEY, '33.

Three Gifts

Prelude

The shifting sands repeat
The muffled tread of feet
From line of hunchéd beast
Who, from the paling East,
Across the desert come, a new-born Babe to greet.

Outlined against the sand,
The patient camels stand,
Like purple shadows set
Against a drape, which yet
Becomes a fainter hue and cries, "The dawn's at hand!"

A star now flashes bright
Above the vault of night,
And poises o'er a stall
Beside whose rugged wall
Is laid a Baby King, bathed in celestial light.

Unto the Baby came,
While dawn was yet a-flame,
Three riders from afar,
Whose guide had been a star,
To seek the Baby-Prince, Emmanuel by name.

Eastern kings they were,
Clad in silks and fur,
Who brought the Infant-King
Their Empire's offering,
And at His feet they laid: gold, frankincense and myrrh!

Gold

Upon a bed of straw they found
The Infant-King.
Before the Babe upon the manger mound
Was laid a golden chest upon the ground.
It was the offering
Of king to King.

Frankincense

A hush fell over the stable there,
All noises ceased.
Another casket, still more fair,
Was given—of frankincense so rare,
A gift in worth, not least,
To God's own Priest.

Myrrh

Through the Mother's heart a tremor went.
Before Her were
The symbols of the cerement,
And all that Death and Calvary meant.
She held her Babe to her,
For it was myrrh!

Dorothea A. Dunigan, '34.

Joe's

Some bookshops are illustrious, some are dismal, some are curious, and yet each is unique with its own peculiar atmosphere. I rather shun those that are illustrious and famous. I shudder at the thought of entering one that is dismal, but somehow I glory in those queer little bookshops that seem to tap youth's blood as a forester taps spring trees to start the fresh sap flowing down stripling bark and over eager earth.

The one I particularly have in mind is in Harvard Square, a small shop, so obscure that it is fascinating, and so insignificant that it is famous. It is wedged in beside Himyar's Delicatessen and has the full benefit of that divinely smelling store. One afternoon I happened to be walking alone by the Charles River, feeling the coldness of leafless trees, and frosted turf, and watching a cold wind whip the green waters into ice. I felt the need of something warm, perhaps a cup of coffee, and Himyar's seemed just the place to go. I turned left at the Bridge and wandered down by the Square. A few paces ahead I saw the gaudy sign where German buns are fat and round and full of raisins, and steaming coffee is doled out in high thick cups. But just before my idle steps turned in to satisfy my insatiable appetite, I looked into the grim windows of this little curio of a bookshop. Now if it had been a conventional one, I, perhaps, should not have noticed it; but it was utterly lacking in any literary aspect and yet was flaunting the title of "Joe's" so bravely in the breeze that I ventured inside.

By the door was an oil-lit stove warming up the four corners, and on the wall was a lighted gas jet, flickering unsteadily as though uncertain of its purpose there. Over all stole the odor of potato salad, coffee, and ham, working its way into spaces besides the dusty books and hanging like a London fog around the partition between the two shops. At the sound of the bell and the closing of the door, Joe ambled out. He was as peculiar as his store, with a derby resting lazily on his head, and a pair of quizzical eyes peering over rimmed glasses. I felt restless under such close scrutiny, and attempted a recovery by warming my fingers over his glorious stove.

He was glad I dropped in, he grunted, and invited me to brouse around. I thanked him, and began to glance over the array of books. I was amazed at the collection, so valuable that I wondered if perhaps a first edition or two were not hidden there unnoticed. A small volume of Voltaire's, written at the court of Louis XVI, poked its musty binding

out. A handbook of Tennyson's was wedged in beside it, while a few steps down I found Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* so old that I could barely distinguish its title. On a shelf above were a group of modern authors: E. A. Robinson, Joyce Kilmer, Millay, Robert Frost, and Stephen Crane. And then I hit upon the most fascinating of all: a collection of Swinburne's. It looked so timid, just resting there, that it seemed almost paradoxical with such an author's name on its cover. My interest in Swinburne had developed out of a peculiar source. In Prep school I used to listen in on lectures given for older girls on his poetry. My repeated pleas to read him met with complete refusals. I was too young to understand him, I was told. Now was my opportunity. I took the book and walked over by the fire. Joe shuffled out, bringing with him a huge onion sandwich. He waved his hands in front of my face, giving the onions an area for breathing. I felt as though I had met my Waterloo, and I held up Swinburne to check the onslaught. Speech beyond control, Joe was trying to find out if I did not want a chair. I ventured out from behind the cover to yield a "Yes," and before my eyes he produced one, blew the dust off, and put it near the stove.

It was growing near to five o'clock and dusk was creeping around the corner of the Square, slowly filling in the blank spaces, drifting along with a noiseless murmur, blending the buildings with gray shadows, taking command of the prelude of night and coming before to prepare its way.

I looked up from my reading, a light snow had begun to fall,—a snow as noiseless as the dusk. It was a thin, heavy fall that slid around the lamp lights, tucking them in with its down. Again Joe shuffled out and turned the gas jet a notch higher, sinking the place by a more persistent flicker into dimmer unreality. Then he shuffled back and sat down. He picked up his accordion and began to play, softly, hauntingly. I turned in my chair. He, too, looked like an accomplice of the dusk, so harmless, so quiet, so infantile in manner, but yet so powerful in an unconsciously created atmosphere.

I felt gloriously warm and peaceful. I had been the only visitor that afternoon. It was growing late. I put Swinburne back in place with a little pat which I think he would have strenuously rejected. I called "Good night" to Joe. He came out and put the chair back. I asked him if he would sell Swinburne. He shook his head slowly. "No," he replied, "you come in and you read them, but you no take them, they all stay here with me—they's all I got."

Before me stood this old man, whom life had brought forth in the world and had then left stranded by the way. He was poor, but oh, so happy, as I have since found out. Joe is the idol of Harvard Square. His quiet, unassuming ways, his reading corner by the warm, black stove, his

dusty books, his passion for onion sandwiches, and his accordion, all so definitely a part of Joe, that he is a magnet, and rarely are his moments during the day without a few faithful friends.

I walked out into snow and darkness, leaving behind me a feeling of peace and serenity. I glanced back. Joe, bent, unsure of step, was finding his way back to more lonely hours and his accordion.

MARI-ELISABETH MCCARTHY, '36.

His Citadel

Safer than the robin spent
Who weary to his nest-home went
To lay him down;

Safer than the monarch bold
Who sat in confidence of old
Beneath his crown;

Safer than the warrior free
Who says: "My sword shall stand by me,
Avert all harms";

Safer than each one of these
Is he who rests in heavenly peace,
In Mary's arms.

MARY KAVANAUGH, '35.

London Tower

Everywhere in London we find places and buildings rich in literary and historical tradition yet nothing seems more significant to me of England's past than the famous London Tower of which Macaulay is known to have said, "There is no sadder spot on earth than this." Another has called it "the Shame of London." It is located in the eastern part of London, on the northern bank of the Thames on a slight elevation known as Tower Hill, and comprises a group of buildings that have been annexed to the original White Tower which was built as a fortress in 1078 by William the Conqueror. Besides the White Tower, there are six others overlooking the Thames: the Byward Tower, Wakefield Tower, Middle Tower, Belfrey Tower, Bloody Tower, and St. Thomas' Tower, the best known of which are the White Tower, the Bloody Tower, the Belfrey and Wakefield Towers. The London Tower now extends over eighteen acres of land and is surrounded by a wide, deep ditch that was formerly a moat fed by the Thames river, but which was drained in 1843 and filled with gravel and soil so that it might serve as a drill ground for the English army. Because of remains of Roman fortifications which have been found beneath the present tower, tradition has pointed to Julius Ceasar as its original founder. The White Tower received its name from the simple fact that it was whitewashed. Within is a winding stair case that leads to the Chapel of St. John, which, next to the Lady Chapel in Durham, is considered the finest Norman Chapel in England. Although William the Conqueror intended the Tower to serve as a fortress or as a protection to the people, it stands in history as an object of fear and terror.

The Bloody Tower, formerly known as the Garden Tower, is by far the most significant, as its name suggests. It was given its present name after the suicide committed in it of Henry Percy, the eighth Earl of Northumberland, in 1585. Chief among those detained there, was Sir Walter Raleigh, who, arrested because of his marriage, was kept for twelve years by the order of the jealous Elizabeth, who had destined Raleigh for herself. Connecting this tower with another building is "Raleigh's Walk," about thirty-five feet in length, where he spent his daily recreation of one hour. It is interesting to note that it was during this period of his life that he wrote his "History of England." It is most gruesome to visit the cells of Queen Anne Boleyn and Queen Katherine Howard, of Blessed Thomas Moore, of Blessed John Fisher, of Mary Queen of Scots, and of Lady Jane Grey. What stories of cruelty, of sorrow, of repentance, of remorse, even of joyousness and

Christian peace, could not these walls tell if they could but speak? It is said that countless numbers of faithful Catholics, as well as traitorous spies who had fallen into Elizabeth's disfavor, perished cruelly in this infamous place of torture, made blessed, nevertheless, by the blood of martyrs chosen from all ranks: soldiers, statesmen, ecclesiastics, and tradesmen.

Much less gruesome is the Wakefield or Jewel Tower, where all the jewelry worn by the Royalty is displayed. The hexagon-shaped room where the jewels are shown contains a huge glass case occupying the greater part of the room. Among the priceless treasures are the Queen Consort's crown which is studded with magnificent gems, a huge, golden altar dish, the mace of the Sergeant-at-arms which is used on state occasions, two huge golden chalices, and three patens of pure gold engraved with the royal arms of William and Mary, and the coronation rings of Victoria and Adelaide. The imperial state crown of George V contains three thousand diamonds and pearls, weighs over two pounds, and is surmounted by a Maltese Cross beneath which is set one of the "stars of Africa," presented to Edward VII by the Transvaal in 1908. The weight of the diamond is over five hundred carats and is considered the largest in the world. Among the other treasures are the large golden Maunday Thursday dish, still used on Holy Thursday, the crown of the Prince of Wales, and the state crown of Mary Queen of Scots.

In the Belfey Tower is kept the Tower bell which in former days was used as an alarm signal. It was rung in the evening to give the signal for the closing of the gates and for the prisoners to withdraw to their cells in the dungeons. It still sounds the curfew at nine o'clock each evening.

Traitor's Gate, a dark, concealed entrance beneath St. Thomas' Tower, is the only direct way of entering the Tower from the Thames. In olden times it was a secret and silent means of transporting those accused of state crimes. History records the names of persons, innocent of crime, who passed through this gate to the Bloody Tower and thence to the scaffold.

No one can deny the compelling interest of the buildings, of the cells, of the moats, and of the scaffolds that comprise the London Tower. It has furnished subject matter for English history and inspiration for English literature. It is considered "the most precious jewel of the nation's crown," but it is a jewel of many facets, most of which offer to one's scrutiny dark mysteries, gruesome murders, and heart-breaking anguish. It is "the epitome of English history" from the days of William the Conqueror to George V.

Marion Buckley, '34.

Honesty

Before the Roosevelt Grill Room closed for the season, Frank Simons gave a party for his friends. The guest of the evening was a young lady, the niece of Mrs. Bradford Sylvester, of the Park Avenue and Palm Beach Sylvesters. Much had been heard about this girl, but no one had yet met her. Even Frank did not know her, for she had been invited out of courtesy to Mrs. Sylvester, a dear friend of Mrs. Simons.

The Grill Room was filled with a gay young crowd dancing to the music of Guy Lombardo. Since there were but two more nights before his engagement ended, the place was so filled that no one noticed the party of twenty in one corner, all of whom seemed to look anxiously toward the entrance.

"Gracious," said Madge Lee, "wouldn't you think they could come on time!"

"If the host doesn't come pretty soon, we're going to eat," growled Bob Loreime.

"Oh, Bob, don't you ever think of anything else but of eating?" returned Madge.

"Madge doesn't care to think of Frank escorting any other fair maiden but Madge!" whispered two giggling girls at the end of the table.

"Never mind, Madge, she is probably terrible looking and a bore," consoled her best friend, Peggy Randall.

"Here they come!" announced Bob.

All looked eagerly towards the door as a tall, somewhat corpulent, young man advanced with a beautiful girl walking haughtily beside him.

"Say, look at the expression on Frank's face!" said Dave Morin. "What do you suppose is the matter with him?"

"Good evening, everyone!" called Frank in a strange voice. "May I present Miss Honesty Page?"

"Oh, hello!" said Honesty, in a low voice, accepting the chair offered her by Dave.

"Would you care to dance?" inquired Dave .

"Not particularly," said Honesty. Then as Dave's face expressed immediate surprise, she said indifferently, "But I shall, if you think it would amuse you."

She rose gracefully. She was tall and dark with the bluest eyes Dave had ever seen, and Dave felt a glow of pride as he led her on to the floor.

Back at the table, Frank was being deluged with questions.

"Why," said Frank, "just wait until you hear her! Didn't you get the name, Honesty? She says what she thinks, and doesn't care who likes it. When I told her I was glad to have her at my party, she told me she thought I would be, but that was not the reason she accepted. Just out of respect for my mother, she had condescended to attend. She said, 'You are just as I imagined you would be in the two minutes' time I gave my imagination concerning you. I thought you'd be big, lazy, and stout. Why don't you diet, exercise, or do something?' Then she told me that people of my size are subject to apoplexy early in life. 'Really, you wouldn't be bad looking,' she concluded, 'if you lost about forty pounds and stopped eating and got some sleep.' Such a sweet little person she is!"

They were all laughing. Good old Frank, with all his money, his wonderful disposition, and charming personality, to be treated so by a girl at his own party!

"Never mind, now, let's eat, I am famished," said Bob.

Madge soon rescued Frank from the depths of his trance. Out on the floor, Dave was having his trouble. Bashfully, he said to her, "I'm afraid I dance very poorly."

"Very!" she replied.

Dave laughed, thinking she was teasing, but there was no trace of a smile on her face.

"Do you like New York, Miss Page, or may I call you Honesty?" asked Dave.

"No, I don't like New York," she replied, "the people bore me, and you may call me Honesty, because you will, anyway, no matter what I say."

Needless to say, Dave danced the rest of the dance in bewilderment and silence.

The party progressed somehow, with Honesty saying very little, but looking very much bored. She answered when spoken to, but mostly in monosyllables, and volunteered very little to the conversation.

It was nearing the end of the evening when Frank, noticing that Honesty was dancing with Bob, conceived the idea of putting Honesty in her place. All were anxious to join in the scheme because all the boys and most of the girls had been snubbed by her.

"I have it!" said Frank. "You all know Doug Russell. He is as good-looking in a way as Honesty, has far too much money, hates and abhors girls, and is the rudest man in the United States. The girls all love him, but he ignores them, just can't be bothered giving them any time. How about fixing him up with Honesty? I'll have Mother give

a house party. You are all invited, and I'll manage to get Doug and, of course, Honesty, and then we'll have some fun."

All agreed, and eagerly accepted the invitation. When Honesty returned from dancing, she was met by eighteen mirthful glances. The evening finally ended and Frank, always the gentleman, accompanied Honesty home. He refrained from saying very much to her, because he felt that the less he said, the less he would be subjected to ridicule.

Once in her aunt's apartment, Honesty breathed a sigh of relief. "What a dreadful evening, Auntie, I have just endured!"

"Honesty, you are impossible. The people you were with tonight form one of our best younger sets here in New York. If you keep insisting on hurting the feelings of other people, I fear for the outcome. You know, Honesty, people do not care to hear the truth all the time. The way you talk is all the result of the ridiculous way your father brought you up."

"Auntie, don't say a thing about Father. He brought me up in the right way, and that way is to tell the truth always," argued Honesty.

"I'm not saying a word. He was my brother before he was your father, and I was very devoted to him. He did have a very intense nature and the trouble with your mother completely changed him. Off he dashed to that crazy island and brought you up there for eighteen years. Another thing, I don't believe you'll ever get married, Honesty, because men must be flattered, and——"

"Let's go to bed, Auntie. It's awfully late. We can talk more in the morning," interrupted Honesty.

With the morning, however, nothing more was said about the discussion of the previous night. About noon, Mrs. Sylvester accepted the invitation for Honesty from Mrs. Simons. Frank's mother evidently had been up the night before when he came in and, always desirous of pleasing her son, agreed to the house party.

When Mrs. Sylvester informed Honesty of the invitation she had accepted for her, Honesty replied, "All right, dear, I guess you knew I never would have accepted myself."

The house party was given at the Simons lodge in the mountains. Frank always referred to it as a "shack," but it was a shack where one needed a guidebook to get about. There was swimming, boating, tennis, tables for bridge, large floors to dance on—in fact, there was everything.

Frank had a hard time persuading Doug to join the party. "You must help me out, Doug," pleaded Frank. "I have a most disagreeable girl coming. I had to ask her, social duty and all that. She simply loathes men."

"Terrible looking, I presume," said Doug.

"No," replied Frank. "She is very good-looking, but she thinks all men should just fall at her feet."

"Sounds rather uninteresting," said Doug casually, "but I'll come."

Doug had his first glimpse of Honesty playing tennis. He was charmed with her agility. On being introduced, he said nicely, "Frank didn't half do you justice."

"Really," she said, "I didn't suppose he would. I realize I am very attractive; in fact, far more attractive than anyone here."

Doug laughed. Then he stopped laughing and gazed at her. He realized she was serious.

"Don't be so astonished," she said, "I'm not in the least egotistical. I know I am attractive, and I like it as I should like anything else that is beautiful. You are probably very vain yourself. Most handsome men are."

"Are you always like this," he stammered, "so, so very blunt?" He ignored her last remark.

"Always," she replied.

"But why?" he asked.

"You see," she answered, "my father had very little use for women. He said they never told the truth, and he wanted me to be different. He wanted me to be honest, that is why he called me Honesty. Since Dad died and I have come to live with my aunt, she has tried to change me, but she can't succeed. I still tell the truth."

They had now walked back to the lodge where the party was in full swing. All were apparently enjoying themselves, but as Doug looked at them, he felt that he was different. This girl had certainly upset him, so he avoided her, until she came upon him unexpectedly.

"Why do you avoid me?" she asked. "I rather like you, or at least I prefer you to the rest of the men around here."

She overwhelmed him, so that he could think of nothing else to say but, "Let's dine."

"I'd love it," Honesty said very sweetly.

Dave was walking by and, hearing the remark, rushed off.

"Frank," he said, "the inevitable has happened! The great Douglas Russell has succumbed to Honesty Page and she to him. I just heard her tell him that she'd love to dine."

"That's splendid, Dave," returned Frank. "Let's hope it turns out all right."

And that was just what Honesty was hoping at that very minute. This man fascinated her. Before this time, all men had bored her dreadfully. They all said practically the same thing, they all did the same thing, but Doug was different. Could it be that she loved him? Hon-

esty Page at last in love? No, she didn't think it could be so, yet something had happened to her, for she felt like saying nice things to everyone. Maybe she was tired, and when she got back to the city she would get over this feeling. Why should she worry about it tonight anyway with this music, this atmosphere, and Doug?

During the following week Honesty realized that she had not recovered from this so-called "feeling". Indeed, it was steadily getting worse. She knew she loved him and, to live up to her truthfulness, she supposed she would have to tell him so. At any rate, she would have to find out just how he felt about it, for, whatever he felt, it would be much easier to bear than this awful suspense. Always before she had told boys how much she disliked them, why not now tell Doug how much she liked him?

She would have plenty of time to tell him, because he was coming to dinner that evening and then they were going to the theatre.

Dinner over, coffee was being served in the library. Doug and Honesty were alone. Now was her chance.

"Doug," she said very sweetly, "I may as well tell you, I am very fond of you; in fact, I believe I love you. Don't be surprised at my telling you, because I feel I must tell the truth."

"That is all I wanted to know, Honesty. With another girl, I should have spoken first, but with you it was different."

The theatre was forgotten.

"Always tell me the truth, Honesty, but please spare the feelings of others."

Honesty promised she would do exactly as he told her, always.

Neither realized that this promise was Honesty's first lie.

Clare M. O'Brien, '35.

Laughter

It echoes down the mountain
  Like a silvery, bubbling stream,
That joins the fern-rimmed fountain
  Beneath which fairies dream.

It echoes across the desert sand,
  When twilight softly falls,
And covers the turgid waste land
  In a medley of soft-voiced calls.

It echoes across the icy bay
  In dancing sunbeams bright,
And traces a path of leaden-grey
  Into the Winter's night.

It echoes across the whole earth
  And on the wind it rides
And yields itself to bold Mirth!
  But, what of the tears it hides?

Dorothea A. Dunigan, '34.

At the Comédie Française

A flutter of programmes,
  A squeaking of chairs,
The sound of soft voices
  Ascending the stairs;
The huge velvet curtain,
  Embroidered in gold,
Enclosing the stage
  In mysterious fold;
Gay laughter and diamonds,
  A sudden bell ringing,
A hush—heaven opens—
  De Musset is singing.

Mary A. Barrow, '35.

Adventure

They were two days out at sea before Lucia, her hair smoothed back by the wind, had time to take a few minutes by herself to stand at the railing watching the waves as they whirled madly about the ship. Even now Lucia felt that she should be doing something else. In spite of the fact that she had had a maid as well as a governess for Lucy Ann, the four-year-old hope of the Brainerd family, Lucia had experienced how much was expected from a young wife of a young, newly-appointed consul. Sometimes, too, she wished for more freedom; not that she did not love Wallace, because she did! She loved him more and more every day, but she was tired of a certain monotony in her life. So it was with great expectations that she looked forward to this trip to Spain as the consul's wife.

She had told Wallace that she was to take some time from the trip to "play." "Not that I'll be serious, darling," she had said, "but you don't realize that I haven't gone out much since I was married! And since Lucy Ann came, you and I have not had time to go anywhere together! So, you won't mind too dreadfully, will you, honey?" She had ended with the coaxing tone he liked, and he had agreed. In fact, he had not paid any too much attention to her talk from the beginning. He had been planning his first speech to the citizens of Seville, so, to avoid argument, he had kissed his pretty wife on her copper-colored hair, and had said: "I'll always trust you, Pet. Whatever you say, goes!"

So it was that Lucia was in the mood to be receptive of acquaintance with the first stranger that spoke to her. She had been standing looking out to sea, when a voice seemed to purr in her ear: "You have been on this boat for two whole days, and I am only seeing you now!"

With a jumping heart, Lucia turned. Here was Adventure with a capital "A"! A tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed man stood beside her. At first she had resented his remarks, but then she remembered they were on board a ship with hundreds of people very near. So, with a weak smile, she answered:

"I guess—you——you didn't look very hard!"

"I have searched for you all my life, and at last I have found you!"

"Aren't you slightly rapid with your speeches?"

"But no! It is the truth! For two days I have searched the ship for you! I——"

"I thought you said you had only found me now?"

"Señorita, I saw you a few minutes after we had left New York! But I have not seen you since, so it is the same!"

"I am afraid I do not think so!"

"Señorita! You would not go now, when I only found you? Please, do not go!"

At that moment a little golden-haired girl came walking down the deck with her nurse. Lucia saw the man stiffen as the baby came nearer.

"Señorita, who, who is that child?"

Something in his eyes made Lucia speak very guardedly. "She is Lucy Ann Brainerd."

"Her father is to be the new consul of Seville?"

"Why, yes!"

"Perhaps he will change his mind!" He laughed. Stepping closer to Lucia, he whispered, "Señorita, I may as well tell you! You have been followed ever since we came on board. We know who you are. So-o-o! A word to the wise should be sufficient!"

"Why—why—I don't know what you are talking about!"

"No?" The voice purred on without emotion. "Well, you had better not say anything about me to that weak-spined Brainerd! And," for he had seen Lucia stiffen, "perhaps it would be better not to mention me to his stupid wife, either!"

"Why, you——"

"Never mind, Señorita! Another caution! You can discover nothing by cabling Spain. There we are unknown! So, good-bye, Señorita!" He turned away, and Lucia went directly to her cabin. Just as she was about to enter it, a hand fell on her arm. Turning, she saw the stranger whom she had just left.

"Well?"

"I forgot to tell you to meet me tonight at ten! Be there promptly at the bow, or——" And he smiled grimly.

That night, without telling her husband where she was going, Lucia went early to the meeting-place. She felt that something was wrong. The man had mistaken her for someone else, for her maid, most likely, and had told her things which had never been intended for either Mr. Brainerd or for his wife. She thought of telling the authorities of the ship, but she felt that perhaps alone she might stand a better chance of discovering the mystery.

It was scarcely nine-thirty when Lucia reached the bow, so she sat down in one of the nearby chairs to wait, and to think. She had been there, curled up to keep warm, about five minutes, when she heard voices near her talking softly. Without actually meaning to do so, she listened to hear what they were saying.

"I tell you, I don't like to do it, Boris. I was like a dog to her today. I can't go on with it! I tell you, I can't! She didn't know what I was talking about. I could see that! I——"

"I tell you, Miguel, that softheartedness of yours will get you nowhere! We can't let Brainerd get to Seville! We must stop the friendly relations between America and Spain!"

"But, Boris, why do you want to plunge two countries into war? Why do you want to harm that little golden-haired girl? I wish you would stop this!"

"No, but I can always fix something up, you know! Either you persuade the Brainerds to return or——" Even in the darkness, Lucia felt the grim leer of the unknown man. Eagerly she waited for the other's reply.

"Very well, Boris. I shall have the child before the Consular Ball next Tuesday week."

Limply, Lucia leaned back into her chair. She knew now what the man had meant in the afternoon. How unsuspecting Wallace had been that she was to glean good from her "playing"! Gratefully she lifted her eyes to Heaven in silent prayer of thanksgiving for preserving her!

It was a quiet, composed Lucia who greeted the stranger when he appeared at the appointed time.

"You wished to see me tonight?"

"Yes. You have charge of the Brainerd baby, so it is with you that my business rests. I want you to make it possible for me to abduct the child before the Consular Ball." He went on enlarging his plans for a few minutes, speaking very much as if he were reciting a well-learned piece, explaining all the horrible details of the kidnapping that would lead subsequently to international disturbance and even war! The frightened mother listened as she saw pictured before her the scene of pain and sorrow!

"Why do you want to do this to a mother, to a father, to a baby? Have you no parents? No one whom you love?" she broke in passionately, love of her baby conquering her intention to be silent.

Abruptly he stopped and his mouth quivered. Then he answered hesitatingly, "It is because I love, Señorita! I have no money and I cannot marry with nothing. She said she'd wait—but she——"

"Does she know how you are to obtain your money?"

"No!" His face was twisted in the agony which his fear had brought to him. "No! And she never shall!" He turned to the railing to recover his control, but instead the thoughts which had been latent now rose and overcame him. He broke down and wept.

"I see," she said softly, as she rose to go. "I understand quite a bit

now! Leave it to me! I shall fix it all right. You shall not take the baby, and you shall return to the girl who is waiting in ignorance of your money-making scheme!"

"But Señorita——" He turned to her.

"No, don't ask me how! I don't know! But I'll do it. Be at the Consular Ball without fail and you shall find out then!" And turning she ran down the deck, leaving a much chastened man feeling the error of his ways.

As soon as she reached her cabin, Lucia told her husband the whole story between sobs. Before the morning the authorities at Spain had been informed of the plot, and steps were taken to prevent the carrying out of the proposed idea. The baby was sent to a quiet convent where she was more than safe, and the days sped by until the evening of the Consular Ball at Seville.

The people of Seville had been attracted to the Brainerds, and those who knew of the plot sympathized greatly with the young couple and wished to do all in their power to bring the men to justice. Lucia, however, had told her husband about the weak, fear-governed man who had let her unwittingly into the secret, and he had given his word that the stranger would be liberated.

The ball was well under way when two men entered. Looking across the room, Lucia recognized the stranger before he saw her. With as little disturbance as possible, she slipped from the room to give the signal. When she was returning to the room, she tripped as she stepped over the doorway and brushed into a man who was standing near. Looking up, she recognized the stranger, and, taking his sleeve, she pulled him out to the terrace.

"Quick! Over here! Hide! The net is closing about you and your companion, but if you hide until all is over, I shall see to it that you are sent back to your sweetheart and with money!"

The crazed look faded from his eyes as he realized that he was saved. With a look of gratitude, he disappeared among the shrubbery to await the end. In the meantime, his companion had been taken and, realizing that he was caught, confessed everything, without naming the other young man. His hatred toward the two countries, America and Spain, was an anarchistic mania.

Later, as Lucia stood beside her husband and the people filed by to wish them well, a man stepped up before them. It was the stranger. With a startled look at Lucia, he tried to speak.

"You did not know that the maid was the Lady? I overheard you talking with Boris and I felt sorry for you, even if you were attempting to take my child——"

"Your child? Then you are——"

"I am Mrs. Brainerd!" She smiled.

"Oh! Forgive me!" His face whitened as the full realization came to him. "Forgive me!" He turned away, then turned back. "I am going back to Marisita." And then he was gone.

Later that night Lucia sat beside her husband as they were being driven back to their home, and slipping her hand in his, she murmured, "Wallace, do you know that I think all this must have been planned?"

"Really, Pet?"

"Yes, because if it was not planned, then it was one marvellous adventure!"

DOROTHEA A. DUNIGAN, '34.

The Frost

I see his footprints on the lawn,
  This wicked vandal of the night,
A lacy pattern, which at dawn
  Reveals his eager wanton flight;
But with the breath of rising day
Each fairy web will fade away.

MARY A. HEALEY, '35.

My Ship

If I had a ship, a tall white ship,
I'd sail away, out of the slip.

And around the world my ship would go,
She'd make the wind and the gulls seem slow.

And all the cities I'd see on my way—
Old Bombay and far Cathay!

And I'd stop in China where dreams are made,
And buy myself a trunkful of jade.

But however far my ship might roam,
I'd know no joy like turning home.

Agnes L. Bixby, '35.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

RIDDLE AND REVERIE, *by Leonard Feeney, S.J.*

I have often heard young people say: "I just hate poetry, it's so dull!" I admit that some poems are dull, but Father Feeney's latest book, *Riddle and Reverie,* cannot be included in that class, for there is not a "sleepy" poem in the whole book.

Riddle and Reverie strikes one as being rather a paradoxical title, but it is really most appropriate, for some of the poems are witty riddles; others, profound reveries. A cursory glance at the index is not very enlightening, for it does not reveal whether "Small Fry" is a reverie, or "A Matter for Calculus" is a riddle; whether "Simple Simony" is about the boy in Mother Goose, or "Obsequies in Ebony" about a piece of furniture, and why "Poor Turkey"? One thing is evident, however: the titles are original, although in many cases, the subject treated is so ordinary, that all but a poet would overlook it. Doubtless, you have felt as the poet feels in "The Gift of Tears," but who would say it, as he has:

"Never a rhyme I wrote or read
Could ever make me cry;
But a little brown fiddle sawed in the middle
Does, and I don't know why."

But do not get the idea that *Riddle and Reverie* is merely commonplace verse. Many of the poems have a new serious theme, expressed, however, in a somewhat humorous, whimsical manner. "The Mouse Trap," for instance, is a sharp attack on modern Agnostics, and Skeptics; "A Matter of Calculus," while something of a riddle, is a convincing plea for equality and brotherhood; and "Noel" is a most original thought on the poet's own priestly avocation.

His imagination makes many bold strokes that are daring in conception. In "Sheep Ritual," he tells of seeing sheep grazing in Wales, and concludes with a surprising thought: "While all the beautiful valleys of Wye, from stream to sky are turning into wool."

Again, he speaks of a summer breeze as "wrinkling in the sunshine," and of the delusion of an old Irish woman, who thought that one of her chickens was lost, like a "hole in her mind."

For sheer musical qualities, these poems are masterpieces. Each work, if I may say so, is vibrant with life and music. In "The Milkman," note the excellent use of alliteration, and onamatopea:

"When the sky is a meadow of molten oats
Sickled with flaming steel,
He hitches his horse to a cart of cans,
With a squeak in its wheezy wheel."

Or in "Buzz, A Book Review,"

"Merrily in the meadow
This fuzzy fellow fills
His engine full of honey
On the sunny petal-sills
Of delicious daffodils."

There seem to be two personal characteristics of the poet which are revealed in these poems: his Gaelic ancestry, and his priesthood, for his work shows a whimsical humor and a wit that express his Gaelic mind, with the kindliness of one who laughs so gently at you, that you think he is laughing with you. Also, his disarming frankness and simplicity are most delightful in this age of pseudo-sophistication in all things, even in poetry.

As for the second characteristic, I think Father Feeney speaks for himself in "Epilogue."

"My name was written in Thy cup
That I should one day lift it up,
My heart, and head above.
This be my art, my only gift
To learn to love the cup I lift,
And lift the cup I love,
Carolling in between the times
Some tuneful riddles, and little rhymes."

MARY CASTELLI, '35.

VIPERS' TANGLE, *by François Mauriac*

A knowledge, if but a slight one, of the life and ideals of François Mauriac facilitates the understanding of his latest book, *Vipers' Tangle*. Born a Catholic, he realized at the early age of sixteen the absolute necessity and importance of religion in life and consequently he set about to prove to himself the truths of the Catholic religion to which he knew himself bound for all eternity. With this fact in mind, we understand more clearly the theme and development of his novel.

The story is a clear and deeply penetrating study of Louis, a grasping, covetous millionaire, whose one aim and sole thought is to amass wealth. From early childhood he has suffered from the idea that nobody cares for him, not even his mother, who is the one person in his life who has lavished her affection upon him, and whom he spurns and disregards. He meets a young woman, Isa, by name, falls in love with her, and marries her, feeling at last that he has found someone who cares for him, but shortly after his marriage, he becomes convinced it was not he, but another, whom she loved. His soul becomes embittered, and, although he keeps his home, he hates, and in turn is hated by, his wife, his children, and even his grandchildren. Marie, his youngest child, seems to possess the power to awaken his affection, but, unfortunately, she is taken ill and dies suddenly. With her goes his last bit of human feeling and affection. He has no religious faith and has nothing to cling to but his hatred of all mankind and his avarice for money.

The story of this bereft soul is told through the medium of his own journal, which he commenced at a time when he felt himself about to die. The revelation of his soul's struggle awakens our pity and regret, so often does it approach a gleam of light, but unfortunately the indifference and selfishness of his family rather turns him from the light than leads him to it. Herein lies the lesson of the evil wrought by indifferent Christians who claim the Faith, practise it outwardly, but do not live according to it, a too prevalent evil of the present day.

Finally love, unselfish love, cuts the tangle of the vipers of hatred and avarice; love cuts as clean as with a sword the tangle which had held his heart in its vicelike grip, love for which he had secretly hungered all his life. With this love comes a pregnant remorse and regret for his mother's love which he had spurned, for his wife's love whose unexpected death adds to his sorrow. Finally, his love for others, his sorrow, and his remorse, not only bring him peace and happiness of soul, but relieve his horrible obsession for money.

The story awakens serious thought, it is very appropriate at the present time, and it shows the presing need of living, as well as believing and practising, the truths of religion. François Mauriac shows the unique powers of a good story teller as well as of a psychologist.

GERTRUDE HICKEY, '34.

AUTHORS TODAY AND YESTERDAY, *edited by Stanley Kunitz*

The advent of *Authors, Today and Yesterday,* edited by Kunitz and published by H. W. Wilson Company, has greatly enriched the field of autobiographical and biographical literature. It is a companion volume to *Living Authors,* which was published last year and which has been widely and favorably received.

Unless one is more than ordinarily interested in amassed biographies, books of such a nature are consulted only when in search of a fact. Having unearthed the desired bit of information, the book is then closed only to be reopened when one seeks to learn something more. This could not be the case with *Authors, Today and Yesterday,* for it has certain features which make one most reluctant to cast it aside until it has been carefully perused.

Since many of the accounts are autobiographical, there results great variety in the manner of telling and in the facts related. Each author tells his story in his own characteristic style. The result is a new, fresh delight in each account. Men like Halliburton, Sabatini, and Walpole, will not waste words telling us where and when they were born. Those are facts that can be obtained from any *Who's Who.* No, they tell us what is more interesting: their favorite sport, where they like to travel, what kind of people they most admire, and many other intimate details which make us feel that we know the author better for having read the article.

Autobiographical accounts have been impossible in all instances, but the biographies are sufficiently inclusive to serve the need of any reader and yet not lengthy enough to be boring. After the account of the author's life, is appended a list of his works, a valuable feature for reference.

It is to be regretted, however, that the compilers have omitted a few names which surely are deserving of a place in any complete book of authors. Would not one expect to find the name of Christopher Dawson? Surely his recent works have merited him notable recognition. Then there is Balderston, who has gained much favor with his drama, "Berkeley Square," which has been adapted to the screen with overwhelming success. And why has Ronald Knox been omitted? The omission of these literary friends furnished the only disappointment I experienced in reviewing the volume.

One cannot give a complete idea of the book without mentioning the photographs. Each biography or autobiography is accompanied by a picture of the author or authoress. How interesting and how disillusioning! My mental picture of Catherine Tynan Hinkson would have

fitted an Edna Ferber or an Isabel Clarke, but oh, never can I reconcile the Catherine Tynan Hinkson of my imagination with the middle-aged bespectacled person I found in *Authors, Today and Yesterday.*

HELEN A. GLYNN, '34.

THE ENGLISH WAY, *edited by Maisie Ward*

We are experiencing at present a revival in Catholic art and in particular in Catholic literature. The Catholic writers of our day, and they are many and great, have aroused in the Catholic student a greater interest and appreciation in his own literature. Their enthusiasm has been evidenced by the fact that very recently in Denver, Colorado, there was held a Catholic Literary Congress. Besides, they are numerous enough to warrant the opening in London and in New York of a Catholic publishing house, that of Sheed and Ward, for the publication and dissemination of Catholic literature.

One of the recent publications of this firm is *The English Way,* with the sub-title, "Studies in English Sanctity from St. Bede to Newman," edited by Maisie Ward. The book comprises a series of biographical studies in which the various authors prove that, regardless of how widely different the subjects of these biographies may be, they are one in their Englishry and in their Catholicity, i. e., they are one in that characteristic which is here termed, "The English Way." These essays in biography also differ widely in the types they deal with, as well as in style. There are bishops, laymen, converts, and martyrs, who have displayed unusual sanctity in the English manner, for the cause of Christ. In regard to the style and treatment of this book, I need only say that the authors of it present a galaxy of modern English Catholic writers, who have achieved honor and renown in the field of literary endeavor: M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, Christopher Dawson, Fr. Bede Jarrett, O.P., C. C. Martindale, S.J., David Mathew, Dom David Knowles, Fr. Aelfric Manson, O.P., Gervase Mathew, O.P., Michael Trappes-Lomax, Maisie Ward, E. I. Watkin, and Douglas Woodruff.

In explaining what is meant by the English Way, Mr. Belloc says, "What we call England was made, grew from, began, upon a Sussex hill in 1066. Not that the blood which we call English began then and (God knows) not the landscape nor the deep things which inhabit the native soul. All these are immemorial; the English imagination, the English humour, the English Englishry, is from the beginning of recorded time." This is borne out by the fact that St. Boniface, who

lived three hundred years before the Norman Conquest, impresses us, as Fr. Aelfric Manson informs the reader, "with an almost fantastic resemblance to what would now be considered as typically English greatness." Not only was St. Boniface a great missionary and a great saint, but he was one of the makers of the unity of Europe. Alcuin, who lived in the ninth century, is the "only Englishman who has been allowed to educate the whole of Europe," for he conducted under Charlemagne's patronage, a school which has become the model of all monastic schools.

Chesterton, in his study of Alfred the Great, says that he is one of the greatest English Catholics of the Dark Ages. St. Wulstan of Worcester and St. Aelred of Rievaulx were also great saints and at the same time great Englishmen. The two women who carried out in their lives the English way in sanctity are "Dame Julian of Norwich," written by E. I. Watkin, and "Mary Ward," by Maisie Ward. These two women suffered much for "God's honour, and for the good of others, particularly of England."

In his biography of William Langland, "who is perhaps the greatest of English religious poets," Christopher Dawson reveals to us in a most striking manner the social and spiritual change of the fourteenth century, and he gives a splendid comparison of Wycliff and Langland, both of the same age and of the same spiritual influence, yet who went in such diverse ways. "Langland embodies the spiritual unity of the English people at the very moment when religion in England stood at the parting of the ways." In Langland, "Catholic faith and national feelings are fused in a single flame."

The biographies of "St. Thomas of Canterbury" by Belloc, and of "Edmund Campion" by C. C. Martindale, S.J., must be read in order to be understood and appreciated fully. The two martyr heroes of the reign of Henry VIII, John Fisher and Thomas More, are clearly and remarkably set forth by the pens of David Mathew and G. K. Chesterton respectively. Bishop John Fisher "died that the English provinces might still remain within the unity of Catholic Faith." "The man who died laughing, Thomas More, died for the Papacy because it was a part of the truth."

The beauty and sincerity of Richard Crashaw's religious poetry is admirably described by E. I. Watkin, whose exposition should lead to a greater appreciation of this great English convert to Catholicism. Bishop Richard Challoner, who ever since his death has been called "Venerable," was destined as Michael Trappes-Lomax tells us, "to lead the Catholics of England over the desert that lay between the Red Sea of Martyrdom and the Promised Land of Toleration."

It seems fitting that this book should end with a study of John Henry Cardinal Newman, the central figure of the Oxford Movement, the centenary of which was celebrated in 1933, the date of the publication of this book. Fr. M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., after giving an illuminating essay on this beloved convert says: "We who follow after him delight to trace in God's handiwork the marks of a great Englishman and saintly Catholic."

It is evident, therefore, that the authors of this book have proved that during the invasions and persecutions of the Middle Ages, from the eighth century to the nineteenth, there were great souls who were willing to do anything, even to lay down their lives, for England and for the Catholic Church.

MARGARET A. SULLIVAN, '34.

THE SONG AT THE SCAFFOLD, *by Gertrude von Le Fort, Translated from the German by Olga Marx*

"Without Me you can do nothing." More than once these words passed through my mind as I watched Blanche la Force struggle to conquer a terrible fear which the unfortunate circumstances of her birth had placed in her mind and soul. I thought of those words, too, when the novice mistress, Sister Marie de l'Incarnation, whose burning desire was to die a martyr for Christ, became the sole survivor of the Carmelite nuns of Compiègne who were guillotined during the Reign of Terror in France.

The Song at the Scaffold is more than the story of the sixteen Carmelites who went to their death singing the "Veni Creator." Against this lovely, inspiring background is set the story of a timid soul, Blanche la Force, who fled from the convent in terror at the thought of approaching martyrdom, a victim of fear. God moves in a mysterious manner, and the story of Blanche is "not to demonstrate the nobility of mankind but rather to prove the infinite frailty of all our vaunted powers," and to show that without the grace of God we can do nothing.

This short novel, one hundred and ten pages to be exact, takes the form of a letter written by an eye witness of events in Paris during the Terror to an exiled noblewoman. The correspondents being familiar with the conditions of the time, there is no need for Fraülein von Le Fort to dwell at length upon the historical events as such.

The Marquise la Force gives birth prematurely to a daughter, Blanche, shortly after a terrible accident and mobbing, resulting from

a firework explosion at the wedding of Louis XVI to the Austrian princess. As a result, Blanche carries with her through life an innate fear, fear of even ordinary things about her, fear of her own fear, too. As a child she is afraid to go upstairs. "Are you sure the stairs will not slip from under my feet?" or, "Are you sure the gondola will not sink?". No amount of reasoning and explanation can help her until her governess, Madame de Chalais, teaches her to trust in "Le petit Roi de Gloire," for He will never fail to protect her. One day the banister support actually breaks while Blanche is leaning on it, but the consolation of Faith is by this time stronger than the terrors of her imagination, and while she is petrified for the time being she is able to overcome it by placing her confidence in the Supreme Power. At the age of sixteen, she enters the Carmelite order at Compiègne. This step may have been to her an escape from the world to a place where she would have nothing to fear, but in all justice to her it must be said that she was religious, that she wanted to become a nun, and that the nuns were really convinced of her vocation, she was so happy and contented.

In the events that follow, the author gives a vivid picture of the rigid, but beautiful life of the Carmelite community. In this setting the weakness of the timid little Blanche is set off in striking contrast with the strong, forceful personality of the novice mistress, Sister Marie de l'Incarnation, who lives only for the day when the guillotine will sever her head from her shoulders that her sacrifice for Christ might be complete. There comes a doubt to this Sister's mind regarding Blanche's vocation, and when she speaks to the Prioress Lidoine of St. Augustin, asking her not to permit Blanche's investiture, the Prioress refuses the request because Monsignore Rigaud, the superior of the Carmelite Order, has urged, in view of a pending law which would forbid further admissions to religious orders, that the postulants be invested, "recommending the name of Jesus au Jardin de l'Agonie, for the postulants since under the conditions prevailing today no more suitable name could be found." Blanche herself wishes to take the step.

In the political world outside things have progressed to the point where one must choose between God and State, and if one chooses God, he signs his own death warrant. Within the convent, Sister Marie's dreams are on the threshold of realization, and acting as Prioress in the absence of Madame Lidoine who has been called to Paris to receive final instructions from the superior, she and the other nuns are about to consecrate themselves to offer their lives freely to Christ. During the Mass it is noticed that Blanche is missing. A few days later a letter from the Marquis la Force informs the Prioress that his daughter Blanche has arrived home in a pitiful condition.

In the meantime Sister Marie de L'Incarnation, accompanied by Prioress Lidoine, is called to Paris to settle some difficulty with authorities concerning her income, which carries over from her days at court before she became a nun. While there in Paris, they see a cartful of priests being led to the guillotine, and among the jeering crowds of women who have joined the procession, Sister Marie sees Blanche la Force. She leaves the Prioress and lawyer to follow Blanche, and Madame Lidoine is finally obliged to return alone to Compiègne, where, immediately upon her arrival at the convent, she and the other nuns are arrested. Sister Marie in the meantime has returned to the lawyer's home in Paris and tells him that she had recognized a former novice at the convent among the women who were accompanying the cart, and that she had hastened after her to release her from her frightful companions. But her attempt had been in vain, the girl disappeared. Sister Marie now prepares to return to Compiègne but finds that no one may leave Paris, so she is obliged to remain. Shortly after, she hears of the arrest of the Sisters at Compiègne and she, "who had been the very soul of sacrifice, was the only one who had escaped, who had been excluded from the sacrifice." She made several pleas to be allowed to return but finally becomes resigned and in this her sacrifice is more complete and perfect than if she had been allowed to go singing to the scaffold.

The sixteen Carmelites are taken to the Place de la Revolution singing the "Veni Creator." One by one the voices drop off, until there is only one left. In a moment it will no longer be heard. Then, suddenly from the midst of the mob, a small but exultant voice takes up the song just where the sixtenth martyr is leaving it. It is the voice of Blanche la Force, and she is not afraid. She had fled in terror at the mere thought of martyrdom. Now she becomes the seventeenth Carmelite martyr, singing "without a tremor, exulting as a bird."

What are we to conclude? Simply this: "that the purely human is not enough. It is not even enough to offer as a sacrifice." Christian martyrdom then is not so much due to the heroism of a human soul as it is a direct gift from God when He infuses His Divine grace into a soul that trembles and faints, making it rise above its own weaknesses. "Without Me you can do nothing."

FORTUNA C. CALIRI, '34.

FLUSH, *by Virginia Woolf*

Virginia Woolf's latest book has an unusual and interesting subject, the biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's cocker spaniel, Flush. It is a book which will please not only dog lovers but all readers, because, in her entertaining style, with bits of humor scattered throughout the book, Mrs. Woolf has given us an insight into the life of Elizabeth Barrett, of her marriage with Robert Browning, and of their later life in Italy.

Flush, formerly owned by Miss Mitford of Three Mile Cross, was transported from a highly active and free life in the country to a practically inactive existence on Elizabeth Barrett's couch in a back bedroom on Wimpole Street, London. He was rather bewildered at first, but gradually grew accustomed to the new atmosphere. To use Miss Barrett's words, "Flushie is my friend, my companion, and loves me better than he loves the sunshine without." Later, when Elizabeth Barrett became strong enough to go out, Flush was quite proud of wearing his collar and chain in the park, and of riding in a carriage.

But with the advent of Mr. Browning, Flush noticed a change in Miss Barrett's feelings and attentions toward him. In a fit of jealousy, Flush bit Mr. Browning. After being punished, his dog intelligence told him he would have to accept this man.

Then came the worst experience in Flush's life, he was stolen! "He was tumbled head over heels into a bag," and placed in a dark, damp room. Poor Flush spent five days here half-starved and exhausted, before he was ransomed.

After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Browning went to Italy where Flush spent the happiest days of his life. For the first time since he had lived at Three Mile Cross, he was allowed his freedom again.

This book is rather unusual in that it is the biography of a dog. Since I have loved dogs all my life, I enjoyed the book a great deal. Yet even if a person has no special interest in dogs, I am sure that the book will appeal to him because of the romance of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, about which the biography of Flush is woven.

MARY F. O'REILLY, '34.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

CAREERS

Attacks are frequently made upon the practicability and utility of a college education, and in particular of a four-year liberal arts course. It is a time-old and widely-discussed question, but perhaps it has never been so thoroughly and capably defended as by the great literary light of the Oxford Movement, Cardinal Newman. In one of his many discourses on the subject, he stressed the well-founded idea that there is no better preparation for a profession than a liberal education. To quote the exact words of Newman: "A cultivated intellect, because it is good in itself, brings with it a power and a grace to every work and occupation which it undertakes, and enables us to be more useful and to a greater number." These few words summarize the purpose of a liberal education.

One hundred years have passed since the author of the quoted passage lived, and yet we know that they ring as true now as they did then. For us at Emmanuel, they are most pertinent. We are receiving a liberal education, the kind that Newman so eloquently recommended. Emmanuel has as a practical object: "The training of good members for society . . . and its end is fitness for the world."

Eleven classes have been graduated from Emmanuel. They have armed themselves with the weapons of Faith and learning which are Emmanuel's to give, and have gone out into the social and industrial world to take their places. How have they succeeded? Has their liberal education found a useful outlet? The answers to these questions should be of the greatest interest to us, for what Emmanuel's graduates have done is a promise of what we may hope to do. An investigation of the preceding questions has revealed most interesting and encouraging facts.

Many of Emmanuel's students have preferred to "choose the better part." Our College is represented in most of the Religious Orders. Two Emmanuel alumnae are Carmelites, others have become Religious of the Cenacle, and a great number have joined various teaching orders. As one might well expect, Notre Dame has claimed the larger number, a fact which exemplifies one of Cardinal Newman's favorite sayings: "Good communicates itself." It would be impossible to spend four years at Emmanuel without appreciating and desiring to imitate and to perpetuate its noble ideal.

To disparage the frequently-offered idea that college women do not marry, but prefer a "career" to the sublime vocation of motherhood, Emmanuel points to three hundred of its graduates who have married, and proudly boasts of over one hundred "Emmanuel babies."

A large number have continued study in Graduate schools. Over two hundred alumnae have received higher degrees in the arts and the sciences, some have studied in Europe, and some have taken technical courses.

It is remarkable to note how many and diverse fields of intellectual endeavor Emmanuel's graduates have entered. To mention them all it would be necessary to compile a list of "Vocations for College Women." Let us for the moment consider a few of the various lines of work they have taken up. Emmanuel has many entrants in the teaching profession. Those who were pioneers, by proving themselves capable and dependable, have paved the way for those who were to follow, until now we are happy to find that Emmanuel College graduates have made an enviable reputation for themselves as teachers in junior and senior high schools, in academies, and in colleges. Not a small number of graduates has entered the business world, some as executives, others as private secretaries. Two alumnae have adopted writing as a profession. Many are employed as technicians and dieticians in hospitals, others are engaged in chemical research. One alumna has gained much renown as an X-ray specialist. Social Service and Public Health have been the field of successful endeavor for several other alumnae, many have given themselves up to an extensive study of music, both vocal and instrumental, and many others have become librarians. The fastly-developing fields of advertising and commercial artistry have found capable and efficient workers also among our graduates.

We have enumerated some of the many occupations adopted by Emmanuel College graduates, a sufficient number, it seems, to make one point very evident to ourselves as well as to others. Emmanuel College, in giving to its students a liberal education, prepares them well to take their place in the world. It ably fits them "to fill any post with credit." Emmanuel justly takes a place with those colleges which, according to Newman, "give requisite knowledge and cultivated faculties."

We, who are undergraduates of Emmanuel, have just cause to look with pride upon the accomplishments of our College through its graduates. They have represented Emmanuel well—may we do likewise. They have succeeded in making her short life one abounding in glory—may we continue what they have so nobly begun.

Helen A. Glynn, '34.

E. C. ECHOES

Athletic Society

The Athletic Society, on November twenty-seventh, commenced its active season for the year, under the direction of Marion Buckley, '34. The initial activity consisted in a basketball game between the Junior and Freshmen members of the Society, which gave evidence of a brilliant future for the Freshmen. The final score was 28 to 18 in favor of the Freshmen. The Freshmen line-up included Dorothy O'Hare, Yolanda Lodie, Louise McAuliffe, Mary McNamara, Amelia Campbell, Clare Busby, Kathleen Mellen, Alice Quartz, Anne Sheehan, Eileen Sheehan. The Juniors included Marguerite Carr, Anastasia Kirby, Martha Doherty, Eleanor O'Brien, Eleanor Barry, Mary Groden, Eleanor Wallace and Rose Mullin. Lillian Dale, '34, refereed the game and Mary McInerney, '34, was scorekeeper.

New Sodalists

On Wednesday, December the sixth, the Freshmen were formally received into the Sodality. We wonder if they realize how often in the future they will look back on this day, for it is a day set apart, of actual association with Our Lord through His Blessed Mother. It was a solemn ceremony which the upperclassmen appreciated in its fullness, while remembering their own happy reception day. The Freshmen, gowned and veiled in white, pledged themselves to uphold the ideals of the Sodality. They were presented by the president, Gertrude Webber, to Reverend Father Lynch, who pinned on each the badge of loyalty to Our Lady. Then followed a short sermon, delivered by Father Lynch, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It was offered in hope by the Freshmen, hope to accomplish the high aims of Our Blessed Lady, and in thanksgiving and confidence by the upperclassmen.

"O! Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to Thee!"

Lecture

On December thirteenth, Emmanuel welcomed, for a few hours, an old literary friend and acquaintance, a distinguished author and indefatigable worker in the field of Catholic action, Mrs. Maisie Ward Sheed. Mrs. Sheed's all-too-brief lecture touched on innumerable interesting personal notations concerning her par-

ents, "The Wilfrid Wards," and their contemporaries, many of whom are familiar to us in literature and history. With the utmost clarity and simplicity, Mrs. Sheed traced the intimate relation of the Ward family to the Oxford Movement and to the period of transition that followed.

"My father and mother," she said, "formed the link between the period of very little Catholic thought and the period which has become rich in Catholic thought."

Mrs. Sheed believes her father's favorite topic to have been religion. She gave a brief analysis of her mother's philosophy of Christian marriage as brought out in her novel, "After Due Time." After the lecture, many of us had the privilege of meeting our distinguished guest and found her even more charming than on the platform.

Literary Society

On Friday, December the fifteenth, the Literary Society held its second annual meeting. The program was undoubtedly planned with a view to creating entertainment through variety. This device fulfilled its purpose, it seems, for the hour was never so quick in passing. With the exception of a spirited and analytic talk on Chesterton which was given by Mary Cummings, '34, in which she presented him in an entirely new light, the contributions were made entirely by members of the Junior Class, whose appreciative interest in three different fields of literary endeavor was ably interpreted. Martha Doherty, '35, commented with genuine insight on a piece of exquisite dramatic poetry, "Silent Night," by the Reverend Thomas J. Feeney, S.J. Then a brief resumé and excellent appreciation of Martinez Sierra's "Cradle Song" was given by Mary Vaas, '35. Finally, a charmingly subjective talk on James M. Barrie, his place in literature, and in the hearts of his readers, was given by Helen Murphy, '35.

El Club Epsañol

The Christmas meeting of El Club Español was held on Wednesday, December twentieth. It was a most interesting and entertaining meeting, consisting of a short comedy, "Mi Novio Español," given by Rose Maffeo, '34, Dorothea Dunigan, '34, Helen McGettrick, '35, Anne O'Neil, '35, Oda McClure, '35, Rose Mullin, '35, Sylvia Maffeo, '35, and Mary Rafferty, '36. After the play, gifts were distributed at a fish-pond. The meeting came to a close with the singing of Spanish carols by the entire club, accom-

panied by Mary Neylon, '34, at the organ. Our President, Emily Collins, '34, in gypsy costume, gave a most delightful interpretation of Spanish dancing. Among the surprises were favors in the form of small Spanish dolls dressed in red and yellow, made by one of the officers of the Club. The Club also entertained as guests the mothers of the three senior officers and a Cuban lady, a friend of the Club. The meeting was most enjoyable, as all Spanish Club meetings are.

The Foreign Mission Society

The activities of the Foreign Mission Society for November and December were two-fold. A mammoth Penny Sale was held at which those who purchased the tiny tickets issued were able to win the most alluring prizes set up on gaily decorated tables. As an epilogue to the sale, chance books on a five-dollar gold piece, an Emmanuel pillow, and a table scarf, were drawn off at Assembly just before the holidays. The purpose of all this eager work is, our president said, for Notre Dame Missions in Japan.

The Christmas Plays

The true holiday spirit pervaded the College on December seventeenth, when the students were hostesses to a group of orphans from the Home for Destitute Children. The children were entertained in the gymnasium by the students during the afternoon. Then they attended the two one-act plays given by the Freshmen and Sophomore members of the Dramatic Society. The first play, *On Christmas Eve,* had a charming whimsical theme: a little girl's desire to have a Christmas party, a Christmas tree, and Santa Claus, which was fulfilled by her friends. The cast consisted of: Frances Carr, '36, Alice Quartz, '37, Eileen Sullivan, '37, Anna Murphy, '37, Clare Busby, '37, Martha Buckley, '37, Margaret Brooks, '37, Loretta Murphy, '37, Olive Dalton, '36, Helen Goodwin, '36, and Dorothy O'Hare, '37. The scene of the second play was Bethlehem, its climax being the beautiful Crib scene. Members of the cast were: Dorothy Londergan, '36, Rita Guthrie, '36, Loretta Murphy, '37, Mary Dewire, '37, Dorothy O'Hare, '37, Katherine Flatley, '36, Helen Delaney, '37, Mary Scanlon, '37, Betty Vatter, '37, Margaret Brooks, '37, Catherine Barry, '37, Clare Busby, '37, Martha Buckley, '37, and Eileen Sullivan, '37. After the play, Santa Claus (Loretta Daley, '34) came with bells, toys, and candy for the little visitors.

Senior Bridge Party

With the joy and excitement of Christmas still in our hearts, the senior class crowned the festivities of the season with a Bridge Party and Fashion Show, held on December twenty-seventh at the Hotel Kenmore. Under the able direction of the chairman, Margaret M. O'Neill, the committee, consisting of Mary McInerney, ex-officio, Laura Dixon, Margaret Burke, and Dorothea Dunigan, provided a charming afternoon of diversion before our return to college and to the strenuous work of mid-year examinations. Smart gowns supplied by the Ann Barron Dress Shop and hats from the Jean Newman Shop were worn by our attractive models: Eleanor Sullivan, Dorothy Hughes, Charlotte Bigelow, Elizabeth Beahan, Mary Smith, and Margaret Callahan. In spite of the heavy storm which crippled traffic, the attendance was very encouraging.

The Catholic Action Committee

At Assembly each day the student body is kept informed by the members of the Catholic Action Committee of the various feasts and of the mind of the Church on political questions. The following students contributed this month: Isabel Reilly, '34, "The Story of St. Nicholas"; Helen Glynn, '34, "The Relation of Russia to Religion"; Agatha Maguire, '35, "Forty Hours' Devotion as Set Forth by the Holy Father"; Margaret Sullivan, '34, "Twenty Years a'Growing," a book by Maurice O'Sullivan; Evangeline Mercier, '35, "The Second Part of the Pope's Encyclical on Catholic Action"; Martha Doherty, '35, "Father Lasance's Children of Mary"; Helen Kelleher, '35, "The Saving of Stamps"; and Marion Chiampa, '36, "Christmas." Mary Sullivan, '36, Rita Shea, '36, Mary Stanton, '35, and Rita Sullivan, '37, explained the various feasts.

Election of Class Officers was held last week with the following results:

Junior Class

President—Agnes Bixby.
Vice-President—Helen Kelleher
Secretary—Ethel Kelleher
Treasurer—Mary Vaas

Sophomore Class

President—Anna Kenny
Vice-President—Mary Barnwell
Secretary—Alice Gallagher
Treasurer—Frances Carr

Freshman Class

President—Ruth Henderson
Vice-President—Marjorie Ryan
Secretary—Claire Busby
Treasurer—Patricia Lyons

"Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King," and the road from me to God, the road from the things of earth which impede the soul on its way, to the things of Heaven for which the soul was made, will have been accomplished and we shall not have lived in vain.

Retreat

Beginning with this thought, the Reverend Charles O'Brien, S.J., sometimes dramatically, sometimes wittily, and at all times powerfully moving, impressed upon us the never-to-be-forgotten fact that in order to travel this road we must live a positive rather than a negative life, that is, we must not only reject evil, but we must replace it with some positive good. Father O'Brien spoke also of the Blessed Virgin, using her as an example of all he said and emphasizing particularly her beautiful, complete submission to the will of God as it was announced to her by the Angel Gabriel. Father O'Brien also stressed continuity in life, advising that we live and do our own work not simply for today but for the days that are to come, not aimlessly but with a definite objective toward which all our efforts are directed. It would be impossible to repeat all the inspiring truths he presented, all the thoughts provocative of future meditation, all the new and comforting ideas he gave to us. To each of us his words must have had a very special message, according to our needs, so, for all that this retreat has meant to us we shall be grateful always.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The most brilliant gathering of the year, in the opinion of the Alumnae, is always the Thanksgiving Supper Dance. Held in the main ballroom of the Copley Plaza, the setting itself recalling to many an Emmanuelite sweet memories of other days, on Thanksgiving night, this eagerly-awaited event completely fulfilled all expectations and became a worthy successor to all the alumnae dances which have preceded it. Marguerite Burke, 30, of Lynn, was chairman. Assisted by her committee, she managed everything efficiently and gave to all a very pleasant evening, not the least attraction of which was the music of the Boston Commanders, under the direction of Frank McCarthy. On the whole, this year's dance inspired many a resolution for 1934. "I must surely come again next year," is the one on your list which should not be broken.

The Alpha Lambda Club of Lawrence, rendezvous of Emmanuelites of that and surrounding cities, added to the laurels it so justly wears by sponsoring a colorful Christmas dance at the Andover Country Club, on December twenty-ninth. The many alumnae and undergraduates who attended vote thanks to the capable chairman, Mary Bradley, '31, whose efforts were rewarded by the success and gaiety of the dance. The Alpha Lambdas are enterprising individuals who know well how to combine business and pleasure. Congratulations to them for their many successful undertakings of the past, and especially for this latest one.

Boston papers have recently been enthusiastic in their praise of Mr. Henry Foley, the new Corporation Counsel, appointed by Mayor Mansfield on January first. Emmanuel alumnae were particularly interested in the articles because they contained frequent references to the appointee's wife, who shares the honor paid to her distinguished husband. As Catherine Sullivan, Mrs. Foley was a member of the class of '29. The various articles describing Kay's activities were proof to us that as one is in college, so she will be in life. Her career at Emmanuel was busy, broad, and beneficial. Her career outside promises to be as praiseworthy.

RETURN

"So it's home again and home again,
Emmanuel for me!"
My heart is turning home again
And there I long to be. . . . . ."

With a graceful paraphrase of Van Dyke's poem on her lips and with our applause ringing in her ears, Miss Rose Walsh, our former director of dramatics, returned to us on Sunday, January 21, after an absence of seven years. Welcomed by Mrs. James Carr and introduced by Mrs. Daniel Sheehan (Marion McDonald, '25), respective presidents of the Emmanuel League and the Emmanuel Alumnæ Association, Miss Walsh appeared as guest artist at the first joint meeting of these two societies. Most of the alumnæ remember her both as teacher and friend, and the great number present to greet her testified beyond a doubt to the affection and esteem which they have retained for her.

Juan Martinez Sierra's *The Kingdom of God,* a moving drama of the trials and triumphs of a Spanish Sister of Charity at three critical periods of her convent life, was the play chosen by Miss Walsh for our meeting on Sunday. Her splendid voice, her perfect enunciation, her sympathetic interpretation of character—from the delicate Sister Gracia to the raucous Candelas—held her audience of six hundred at constant interest. Miss Walsh was consistently convincing in her difficult task of portraying during the three acts of the drama more than a dozen widely divergent characters. Trajanos was there, uproariously drunk; Maria Isabel was there, selfishly dictatorial; Margarita was there, in her heartbreaking despair; Enrique was there in his manly love. But above all, Sister Gracia was there, her glorious spirituality and her no less glorious humanity dominating each act, in the first with the sheer romance of her renunciation, in the second with the sheer power of her perseverance, and in the third with the sheer grandeur of her long-suffering patience. Her youth, her family, her illusions gone, her trust in the Spouse she had freely chosen waxed stronger and more tender as she struggled with the rising violence of the passionate youth in her charge in her last determined efforts to build the Kingdom of God upon earth.

To run the gamut of these emotional crises, to portray faithfully each person and each situation, was a performance which must have taxed both the strength and the memory of any reader. To Miss Walsh must go the highest praise for a singularly artistic and distinguished rendition. May her heart turn homeward often in the future, and may she bring us many a reading as admirably done as *The Kingdom of God.*

"COMING EVENTS . . . ."

The fifth reunion of the class of 1929 has already begun to cast its shadow. With this momentous event only a few months away, the spirited and energetic members of '29 have formulated plans for a worthy celebration. General chairmanship of reunion week has been wisely bestowed upon a tried and true '29er, Susan Murdock. She and her committee have arranged a series of events calculated to gather in funds and generate enthusiasm that will result in the presence of every member of the class at the June banquet. The first of these was a bridge held on Saturday, January 20, at the Philomatheia Chalet. Working with the chairman were the class officers, Maura Gallagher, Alice Johnson, and Estelle Donovan, and a committee composed of Irene McDonnell, Lucietta Piscopo, and Ruth Nelligan. They seated twenty tables of bridge, awarded attractive prizes to leading scorers, and as a pleasing climax to a pleasant afternoon, served a delicious tea. One of the features of this well planned and successfully concluded bridge was the winning of a special prize—a Jordan gift bond—by Agnes Collins, a member of the class.

Twenty-nine long ago stamped itself a wide-awake, "class-spirited class," devoted to the college and to her progress. Five years of separation instead of weakening this unity and devotion seem rather to have strengthened it. May it ever continue so!

RECOLLECTION

The Board of Directors at their recent meeting decided on Sunday, March 4, as the date of the annual day of recollection for all members of the Alumnæ Association. Plans will be completed by a committee headed by Alice Johnson, '29. After the Mass offered on this occasion for the repose of the souls of all deceased alumnæ, a series of conferences will be held in the chapel. Following Benediction in the afternoon, a short business meeting will be held in the auditorium. This day set apart once each year for reflection and prayer, and later for just seeing each other again, is one to which many look forward. On this day more than on any other "it is good for us to be here."

CLASS OF 1932

Anne Joyce is teaching in the Weeks Junior High School in Newton.

Katherine O'Leary was recently assigned to the French department of the Somerville High School for the remainder of the year.

CLASS OF 1933

Margaret O'Neill is doing recreation work in Somerville.

Mary McCarthy is doing recreation work in Somerville.

Blanche Kane is taking courses at Harvard University Extension School.

Anne Fitzpatrick is teaching in the Salem High School.

Barbara Hall is teaching in Watertown.

Mary Curran is teaching Americanization in Cambridge.

Frances Downey is teaching English in Medford High Evening School.

Mary Farnham is substituting in Medford High School.

Louise Kennally, ex-'33, has been visiting Emmanuel friends during the Christmas holidays in Malden. Louise received her degree in June from New Rochelle, New York.

ENGAGEMENTS

Helen Morgan, '29, to Mr. Leonard Kelly.

Elizabeth Cloney, '30, to Cadet John Sherden, of West Point, New York.

CONGRATULATIONS

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Giblin (Katherine O'Shea, '24) on the birth of a son.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Campbell (Marie McPherson, '26) on the birth of a daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. Raymond McCarthy (Mary Riley, '26) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barrett (Alice Scanlon, '28) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lanigan (Eleanor Kiley, '28) on the birth of a daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. Daniel McSweeney (Adelaide Mahoney, '28) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Slattery (Margaret Hession, '28) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brosnahan (Alice Larkin, '31) on the birth of a son.

On Sunday, November nineteenth, the Emmanuel League held its second monthly meeting. Dr. Helen Doherty McGillicuddy was the guest speaker and spoke on "The Challenge of Youth." Dr. McGillicuddy urged mothers to try to understand the new generation and to teach by example the principles they would like inculcated in their children. Mr. Leo Scully, a student at Boston College, furnished vocal selections. He was accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Thomas Snedden. Tea was poured by Mrs. James J. Conboy, Mrs. Patrick Kingsley, Mrs. Joseph O'Connell and Mrs. John J. Attridge.

The second in the series of monthly bridge parties was held in the auditorium of the College on Tuesday, November twenty-first. The hostesses of the day were Mrs. Thomas Dolan, Mrs. Charles E. McCarthy, Mrs. John McElroy, Mrs. Thomas Snedden and Mrs. Patrick McCarthy. These informal bridge parties are adding substantially to the League treasury and are proving a source of pleasure to those who enjoy playing cards.

A Thanksgiving Sale concluded the League activities for the month of November. This Food and Penny Sale took place on Monday, November twenty-seventh. Mrs. Edmond L. Grimes was the general chairman, and was assisted by Mrs. Patrick Macken, chairman of the food table, Mrs. Thomas Dolan, Mrs. Marguerite Maguire, Mrs. Frank Kiley, Mrs. Frederick Krim, Mrs. William Hogarty, Mrs. Al. Mahoney, Mrs. G. J. O'Neill, Mrs. John Brandis, Mrs. G. Warren Beninghof, Mrs. Paul Fennelly, Mrs. John Williams, chairman of the penny sale, Mrs. Charles Hall, Mrs. John Dargin, Mrs. James Conboy, Mrs. P. J. McCarthy, Mrs. William Koen, Mrs. Wilfred G. Grandison, Mrs. Joseph E. Sullivan, Mrs. Arthur Erlandson, Miss Jane McKey, Mrs. Michael Lyons, Mrs. Louis Cunningham, Mrs. Nicholas Fulham and Mrs. Charles Stack. Students of the College assisted with the work at the different tables. The sale was well attended and proved a financial success.

The December meeting was held at the College on Sunday, December seventeenth. The Reverend Francis E. Low, S.J., of the faculty of Boston College, spoke on "The Nativity." Father Low's subject was in keeping with the spirit of Christmas and gave a deeper spiritual appreciation of the Christmas season. Members of the College Glee Club, Agnes McHugh, '34, Mary Shannon, '36, Helen Goodwin, '36, sang Christmas carols. Tea was poured by Mrs. Edmond L. Grimes, Mrs. John B. Piscopo, Mrs. Marguerite Maguire and Mrs. Thomas Snedden.

The monthly bridge was held in the auditorium on Tuesday, December nineteenth. The hostesses were Mrs. Dennis McCarthy, Mrs. Edward O'Brien and Mrs. Edward Pond.

The annual Holiday Bridge was held at the Copley-Plaza Hotel on Saturday, December thirtieth. A white elephant table was laden with articles of all kinds, a candy table furnished every variety of confection and a Chinese laundry booth dispensed small gifts which surprised and delighted the purchasers of the laundry checks. The hotel was gay with the spirit of the holidays. Everything gave promise, but the weather was so extremely cold that the attendance was comparatively small, yet the party was very successful.

The Copley-Plaza

IN historic Copley Square rise three structures of which Boston is proud. They are the Public Library, Trinity Church, and the Copley-Plaza Hotel. Respectively, they are symbols of culture, love, and hospitality. World-travelers maintain that this hotel provides everything which contributes to convenience, comfort, and happiness. It can be said that no guest ever departed from the Copley-Plaza without memories which inspire and compel another visit when time allows.

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THE CLASS
of 1935

VOLUME 7 NUMBER 2

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Easter

Alleluia, Christ is risen!
  Dark has been the night and long.
Angels, sing your adoration,
  Earth, your Resurrection song!

Alleluia, Christ is risen!
  Humbly neath His glorious feet,
Royal lilies, humble blossoms,
  Pour your incense pure and sweet!

Alleluia, Christ is risen!
  Sunrise, glow in Easter dawn!
Morning stars, all sing together,
  Sorrow, death, and night are gone!

Agnes E. McHugh, '34.

Maisie Ward Sheed

To adopt a career and to meet with a moderate success in the duties which that chosen profession imposes upon one is the fate of the more fortunate among us. To embrace several careers and to have one's efforts rewarded with glorious achievements in so many and diverse occupations, is the lot of the specially gifted, the select few. It is in this last group that we place Maisie Ward Sheed, a devoted wife, a solicitous mother, a successful author, a renowned lecturer, and a capable business woman. Any one of these duties would keep the average person well occupied, but Mrs. Sheed is able to fulfill each equally well, neglecting no one in order to stress another.

Mrs. Sheed has a charming personality. She is real and unaffected. In her we can glimpse the traditional culture of her native soil. She does not pose; she does not try to create a false impression when she lectures, but she has an interesting message to leave with her audience and she delivers it with a sincerity that can not be misunderstood. These characteristics, however, and many more that we might add, do not give the reader a true impression of what a uniquely interesting person Mrs. Sheed is, as we, who have had the pleasure of making her acquaintance, know her to be.

Mrs. Sheed is interesting not only for her personality, but for her ancestry and for the environment in which she has lived. Her grandfather, William George Ward, an important figure of the Oxford Movement, a sincere friend and advocate in his youth of Cardinal Newman and of his cause, an earnest and sincere searcher for truth, sought and gained admission to the Catholic Church on September 5, 1845. During the remainder of his life he employed his literary ability in a strenuous defense of the doctrines of his adopted faith. True to the heritage he bequeathed to them, his children and his grandchildren have displayed the same spirit, and they have not failed to work and strive not only to keep the Faith alive within their own hearts but to plant it within the hearts of others and especially of those so-called Anglo-Catholics who have come so close to its great gate but have not had sufficient courage to open the portal behind which stands a true, loving, forgiving Christ, waiting to extend to them the superabundant fruits of His Redemption.

No less interesting than her grandfather was Maisie Sheed's father, Wilfred Ward. He, too, was gifted in a literary way. For years he fearlessly expressed his views in the *Dublin Review,* of which he was the editor, and compiled several scholarly biographies, the best known of

which are those of Newman and Wiseman. In these works, Wilfred Ward was writing about persons who had visited his father's home, with whom he had conversed, and whom he had known as friends. As a result, we find many interesting anecdotes and familiar notes, which could not have been gleaned from dusty archives, but which are the result of personal acquaintance. Maisie Ward Sheed also reflects, in her lectures, this attitude of close acquaintanceship with great men in literature, and speaks familiarly of such men as Tennyson, who seems so far remote from us.

Mrs. Wilfred Ward, Mrs. Sheed's mother, who died just a short time ago, was worthy of the family she entered by marriage, and was a source of inspiration and encouragement to her husband, and a good, kind mother to her children. Her energetic spirit did not allow her domestic duties to hinder her literary achievements, with the result that her books rival those of her gifted husband in popularity. *Tudor Sunset,* the theme of which is the persecution of the Roman Catholics during the last three years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, has been widely read and well received. It was inspiring to hear Mrs. Sheed speak of her father and mother. She is thoroughly appreciative of them. As her parents, she cannot speak of them in sufficiently endearing terms; as writers, she has the greatest respect for their accomplishment. She feels that her mother and father formed the link between the period of very little Catholic thought and the period which has become rich in Catholic thought. She would assign to them and to their work a place of importance, and one which critics cannot take from them.

From such an ancestry and such an environment we should expect a truly great person, and in Maisie Ward Sheed we have the fruitful fulfillment of that expectancy. She is qualified for the place to which Divine Providence has assigned her, a daughter of the Wards. Hard work seems to be Mrs. Sheed's delight. Much of her time is devoted to the care and education of her two children, Rosemary, who is five, and Wilfred, who is three. Some one who knows these children speaks of them as being "very nice," and having met their mother, we can well understand that in all probability this is very true indeed. In addition to her domestic duties, Mrs. Sheed is the Ward member of the Sheed and Ward Publishing House, a branch of which has recently been opened in New York. It is due in great part to Mrs. Sheed's business ability and to her magnetic personality that the venture has been so successful. The first reason for its success, however, cannot be truly assigned to any person, but rather to the purpose for which the firm is operating. It is supplying the reading public with good Catholic literature. Mrs. Sheed

assists in reading manuscripts, in proof-reading, and in doing many other things which can be done at home.

It is perhaps as a lecturer, however, that Mrs. Sheed is best known. She is one of the foremost speakers of the Westminster Catholic Guild and has spoken for most of the other Catholic Evidence Guilds in England and in America. Because of her personal ability and the influence of her name, Mrs. Sheed has been able to do much good in this field of religious endeavor.

The Catholic Evidence Guild was founded in the diocese of Westminster towards the end of the year 1918. For the first few years its success was precarious. Gradually, however, it took firm root and began to spread. The object of the Guild is to spread Catholic doctrine through the layman on the outdoor platform. The object of the Catholic Evidence Guild is the mass production of competent outdoor exponents of Catholicism. This is the work in which Mrs. Sheed and her husband, Francis Sheed, whom she first met in this work, are so keenly interested. In books written upon the subject we are constantly encountering a mention of her name and commendations of her efforts. We read: "She (Miss Ward) was warmly thanked by individuals present for coming and expounding to them the Catholic position" on the Incarnation. Again, we find mention of her ability in training speakers: "Miss Ward showed no small skill in keeping the speakers well in hand, encouraging those that needed it, pointing out defects in others, or suggesting perhaps better lines of controversy." We are told that Mrs. Sheed speaks out of doors at least once a week and is considered as one of the best "class talkers" the Guild has.

Mrs. Sheed, wife, mother, author, lecturer,—truly a great personage and one whose greatness we feel has not as yet reached the height to which it will soar. She is in herself and in her work a worthy daughter of a great father and mother; she will bring added glory to an already loved and famed name, the "Wilfred Wards."

HELEN A. GLYNN, '34.

A Son of His Country

Pirouetting in her pale pink taffeta gown sprinkled over with tiny clusters of forget-me-nots, a lady of exquisite, fresh coloring, azure blue eyes, and soft brown hair that waved bewitchingly about her face and fell in long soft curls over her creamy shoulders, she dropped a curtsey before the old colored nurse who stood proudly by.

"How do I look, Mandy?" The soft drawl rolled out so easily that she seemed to have made no effort in her speech.

"Honey chile, yo' looks lak a dream!"

"Do you think he'll like me?" As she fluffed the eiderdown puff on her nose, it seemed that clouds of happiness went bursting through the room. She was just bubbling over with joy, like a child on Christmas morning.

"Lak yo'? Why, baby, if he don' know 'nuff to see you's de mos' han'somest, won'erfullest thing, then he's jes' plain hopeless an' don' deserve yo'!"

"Oh, Mandy, I'm so happy! Just think, tonight I'm announcing my engagement! It gives me the happiest little thrills!"

"Oh!—ah mos' fo'got," Mandy came down to earth. "Hea's a note, Miss Gwen, that George Washington Caleb give me to give you."

"For me, Mandy?" Wondering from whom it could be, Gwen took the note and read: "For Miss Gwendolyn Fairfax, The Willows." A puzzled frown clouded her face as she opened it and read, "Meet me at the Willow Knoll at 6:30. Lonny."

"Not bad news, is it, honeh?"

"No, Mandy, it's from Lonny. I don't quite understand, but I'm going. Don't say anything to Mother, because I'll get back for dinner."

With the note crumpled in her hand, she slipped down the stairs, out the side door, across the broad veranda and spacious lawns, and beneath the tall trees that gave the estate its name. It was May, perfect Virginia evening, with just a few billowy clouds drifting in a pale tinted sky.

"Lonny," formally known as Charles Lonsdale Scott, six feet of perfect physique, with blond hair topping a handsome sun-bronzed face, half sat on and half leaned against the rustic railing on the foot bridge that spanned the clear brook along whose sides grew tumbling masses of wild flowers. He glanced from the fern-bordered path over which he had come from the neighboring estate, where he lived with his aunt and uncle, to the confusion of color in the flowers. He heard the musical gurgling of the brook, heard the evening songs of the birds, as he tapped his toe

uneasily on the bridge. Suddenly he heard a soft whistle, and looking up he saw Gwen poised on the knoll with one hand resting against a willow trunk, a smiling, flower-like vision. His heart skipped a beat as he started toward her, almost overcome with the thought that this beautiful bit of creation was really his. She ran down the hill and was caught breathless and laughing in his arms. As he held her off to catch the full glow of her beauty, her smile that had been so full of love and happiness dropped into a blank look of incredulity.

"Lonny," she cried, "you've got on a blue suit!" Her surprise was childlike, pitiful, as she shook her head and bit her lips, trying to shut out the horrible thoughts that the blue uniform inspired.

Her eyes pleaded as she whispered fearfully, "You haven't joined the Yankees, have you?" All her dreams seemed to crash with a dull and sickening thud as she saw Lonny shake his head in an affirmative answer.

"That's why I wanted to see you, dear." He spoke gently and gazed steadfastly into her troubled eyes. "This was my last chance, for I leave tonight. I won't even be able to go to the party. But don't look at me like that, as though I had committed murder."

"I can't help it, Lonny," she burst out. "I—I just don't see how you could do it,—go against the South, your state, your friends."

"Gwen, you don't understand. You forget that I was born and brought up in New York, that my mother was a northerner."

"But, Lonny, you've lived down here for five years and you're as much a southerner as I am."

"In everything but this war, dear. You know how often I've said that this secession business was all wrong."

"Oh, I know that you and Daddy were always arguing about it, but, Lonny, I can't believe you'd turn against us all, and fight against your uncle, Daddy, and all our friends."

"Gwen, don't talk like that! Don't you see how hard you're making it for me? Don't you suppose I've thought of that? fought against it? against myself?"

"How can I help it? On the night that we're to announce our engagement, you come and tell me you won't be there—that you've joined the Union army! Oh, Lonny, you have committed murder! You've killed my love!" She stumbled blindly away from him, her eyes filled with tears.

Lonny followed her helplessly over to a log where she sank down sobbing. Then, feeling that he must make her understand, he dropped on one knee and spoke to her with such honest simplicity that she was forced to listen and to forget her crushed dreams and her heartache.

"Darling, I've got a conscience just as much as your Dad has, and as much as I hated joining the opposite side from my friends, I had to do it. I just couldn't live a true life fighting for the Confederate cause, and I couldn't stay home any more than your Dad could. The only difference is that where he believes one thing, I believe another. You shouldn't be so set against me, because you don't know enough about the war to condemn the north. If your father had joined up with the northerners, you'd be all for the north now. That's because you're such a loyal daughter, dear. Well, I'm a loyal son, too, only I'm not a son of the south, nor a son of the north, I'm a son of my country, and I don't want to see my mother's home belong to one world and my father's to another. I still maintain your father is a union man at heart, but even at that, I don't ask you to love the cause I'm fighting for, I just ask you to love me and trust me. Is that too much to ask?"

Slightly dazed, Gwendolyn hung her head and began to reason things out. The silence that ensued was broken only by the scrambling of a chipmunk over the logs where they waited—waited for the decision that would either make or break their lives. Finally she spoke in a low voice, carefully choosing her words.

"It's just that everything's come against me all at once, Lonny. Somehow, it doesn't seem right for one who believes so vitally in her cause to love anyone who is directly opposed to it. You've one idea; I've another. We're shooting in opposite directions; we're against each other in the thing that at present is the life of our little world, and yet, true as all that is—" she paused, and smiling wistfully, put her hand into his, "I love you."

"Then it isn't the end, darling?" Lonny's happiness shone and sparkled in his deep brown eyes.

"No, dear. It's not the end. It's the beginning of a trust that I'm putting in God that everything will turn out all right."

"That's enough to hope for, dear. Oh, Gwen, I hate to leave you; but I've got to and right away, too. You know, no one knows I'm going to the northern side except you. I leave tonight early, and I have to watch for Aunt Lynn to come."

As Gwen stood up, her smile was a brave one, but it covered up a heartache. Lonny drew her into his arms in a loving farewell, and her voice was a whisper as she looked up at him with a twisted little smile. "Good-bye, dear, and—good luck." She broke away choking and ran up the hill, stumbling blindly home, tears streaming down her face, sobs shaking the dainty frill of lace and taffeta around her shoulders. She could never tell her mother, who was so worried about the war, that Lonny had joined the Yankees. It would either break her heart or en-

rage her to the point where she would lose all command of her reasoning powers.

Her mother, passing her room fifteen minutes later, heard her choked and muffled sobs and stopped outside the door. Opening the door softly, she looked in and saw Gwen lying across the bed with her head buried in a pillow, crying as though her heart would break.

"Gwen, dear!" Her mother was shocked beyond words. Finally, she spoke in her low, beautifully modulated voice that drawled ever so gracefully, "Whatever is the matter, dear? and tonight of all nights! Oh, my dear child!" Mrs. Fairfax sat down on the bed and tried to console her daughter.

"It's Lonny, Mom, he's gone to war and won't even be at the party tonight."

"But, my darling girl, we all should be mighty proud of him. I reckon you wouldn't think much of him if he sat at home idle while your father and all the other boys were off fighting."

"Oh, Mom, I am proud of him and I wouldn't for the world want him to be a coward, but it's—well, it's just something that I can't explain, that's all."

"I understand, dear, you don't need to explain." But she was wrong; she did not understand, and it would be years before she ever would.

Gwendolyn walked over to the long window that reached from the ceiling to the floor and stood staring off toward "Tangle Wood," the Scott estate. Suddenly down among the intricate growth of trees that gave the place its name, she saw a blue-clad figure moving along the path toward the great white house on the hill. It was then that she suddenly realized how hard it was for Lonny, not even to be able to bid his aunt good-bye. Gwen knew that Mrs. Scott would rather see Lonny dead than joined up with the Yankees, because it would be honorable. Fortunately, however, for all concerned, she did not know any more than the fact that Lonny had joined up.

As she thus mused, the figure turned and looked up to the window on whose screen he had so often tossed pebbles to rouse Gwen for early morning horseback rides. She caught her breath; then lifted her fingers to her lips and slowly blew a kiss down to him. Laughingly she saw him receive it and tuck it away in his pocket. Immediately after he drew himself up in stiff military salute. He held this position for a few seconds, then jerked his arm down and disappeared through the brush. This brief but potent scene gave Gwen just the spur of courage that she needed to carry her down stairs and through the evening.

After that day Gwen's chief interest was in the battle accounts. She had read of the battle of Bull Run until she felt she had really been there.

She wondered where Lonny had been, had he fought, or was he in training, or on duty somewhere else? The weeks grew into months, dark, gray, gloomy months that slowly and tediously broadened into years. It seemed that peace would never come. Skirmishes led to battles, battles to campaigns that covered vast expenses of territory, trailing definite paths of plundering and destruction through the country. Letters came occasionally from her father, usually light, bantering ones, but two or three would reflect a troubled mood that the film of forced joviality could not hide. But never once in all the months did she receive word from Lonny. He wrote to no one, and no one knew where he was, or if he was.

On April 7, 1865, a skirmish party of confederates gave chase to a union soldier riding at breakneck speed through confederate territory. His horse was slowly weakening, unable to hold out against those of the southern party, who had been resting by the roadside when they had seen the dim outline of the blue figure riding across the field, leaving a trail of dust behind him. They guessed that the soldier came from the Yankee camp about twenty miles northwest, and was on his way south to Richmond with a dispatch of some sort for General Grant. To complete a trip such as this it would be necessary to cover many miles of confederate-infested territory. They fired a shot. Still the figure sped on. They fired another one, and success was evident as the horse suddenly reared and dropped to the ground, throwing his rider into the dust. When they reached his side, he was covered with dirt and bloody scratches. Quickly they searched his pockets, and the leader's eyes opened wide as he extracted a thick packet addressed to Commander-in-Chief U. S. Grant.

"Hahu! guess we made a good haul this time, boys."

"Looks that way! Hey there, ya' dirty Yankee, come to!"

"Don't be dumb, Hunk. He's out cold. We'll have ta tote 'im back ta camp."

"O. K., Jig, lend a hand, an' we'll get 'im on this horse."

They fired a third shot, killing the northerner's horse, then loaded him on a southern horse and started the slow and tedious journey back to camp. Arriving there, they were met by an officer who ordered the prisoner to be sufficiently revived to be brought to the colonel's tent. Meanwhile, a report was made of the capture and laid before the colonel. In brusque military manner he proceeded to read it. At the first line, he opened his eyes wide in surprise and rigidly gripped the desk. He sat for fully five minutes with his eyes glued on the sheet: "Prisoner: Charles Lonsdale Scott." Then farther down: "Sentence to be given by Colonel John Brisley Fairfax." As he read the charges he grew pale and cold. He moistened his dry, gray-looking lips in an effort

to gain composure. Suddenly he became aware of the officer, standing by, awaiting command. The young man started and stared unbelievingly at his colonel as he raised his head. The man had actually aged five years in those five brief moments. He turned somber, worried eyes on the officer, and said in a small, tight voice, scarcely audible: "Bring the prisoner in." For five more minutes he sat there like a dead man, staring blankly at that grim line, "Prisoner: Charles L. Scott." The door opened, still he did not raise his eyes. He heard the orderly announce, "Prisoner of war, Charles L. Scott." Then silence, broken only by the rising and falling of the old man's chest. After a pause, they noticed his lips moving, and straining his ears, the orderly heard him say in almost a whisper: "You may go, orderly." The door closed. Then again that stark death-like silence. The prisoner, worn and weary, stood looking at the man behind the desk, gazing helplessly, vacantly at nothing, like a man bereft of all sensibilities. Finally, he saw him stir, saw life once more flowing through his veins as he looked up at him, who was as much his own son as any boy would ever be.

"Lonny," he choked, "Lonny, a Yankee! Against his people! How could you do it?"

The boy's answer was simple and direct. "I had to, Colonel Fairfax, you know I had to. Even though you may say you don't, I know that you understand." A pause, a long pause. Then the colonel spoke.

"That's the trouble, I do understand. I knew all along where you were. When they wrote to me three years ago and asked me to find out about you, told me that you had joined up and hadn't been heard from, I was stunned. I could not understand it until I discovered that there was no Charles Lonsdale Scott listed among the confederate troops. Then I knew."

"And they know—too?"

"No, son, they don't know. They think that you are dead by now, and I know they would much rather think that than know."

"I—I'm glad, sir, because it would break their hearts."

"Lonny, I wish I could do something for you, but I can't, however understanding I may be. I have a duty before me now that I would rather die than perform. It's the duty of pronouncing the death sentence on you." Here he broke and his eyes glistened with tears.

The knuckles of the boy's hands went white as he clenched his fists and fought with grim determination not to let his emotions override him.

"Duty comes first, Colonel Fairfax. I'm your prisoner of war. You do with me what you—*should.*" The words came slowly, tremulously. "And when I'm dead—forget how I died. It's better that way—except for Gwen. She knows; so—so—tell her. Tell her that I died loving

her. Ask her to forgive me all the sorrow I've caused her, and to pray for me." Throughout this, the colonel sat with tears streaming shamelessly down his face. Lonny's eyes were dry and his smile brave, but happiness was wrung drop by drop from his heart. At last, he could stand it no longer, and turning abruptly he left the room.

The colonel made no move to stop him, although he had left the room without any command from his captor. The man was, indeed, incapable of speaking. His head dropped down on the desk, the broad capable shoulders upon which the grave responsibilities of troops rested so successfully shaking in grief. After a while he mustered up courage and sat up, closing his eyes in prayer. "My God," he breathed, "give me strength to bear it."

Two days later at Appomattox Courthouse General Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the Southern forces, surrendered to General Ulysses S. Grant, bringing peace to a nation, not to one group or to two groups, but to a whole and undivided union. Cheers rang through the north, sighs moved the south. Gwen thought nothing about the lost victory, just sheer joy that the war was over at last, and that her Dad and Lonny would come home to her.

On the next morning, April tenth, Gwen was up for an early morning horseback ride. She stopped at the post-office and found to her delight a letter for her. It was addressed in her father's strong, steady hand, but strangely bore a mark in the lower left corner, "strictly personal." She let the reins drop loosely as she tore the envelope open and read:

"My dear child,

"This is to tell you of a tragedy such as I pray God may never come your way again. It is your secret and mine, one that we must seal in our hearts forever. Lonny came before me less than an hour ago, a prisoner of war, and it is now my awful duty to inflict the penalty for that charge, which is—death.

"Gwendolyn, my child, believe me, when I say I would do anything to prevent it, but this war and duty in warfare do not recognize the bonds of human affection and love. Were it possible, I should gladly give my life for him. Unfortunately, I cannot save him, and were I to sympathize outwardly, I should be deemed a traitor to my cause, with the ensuing result, death. Then you would have no one. Better one than neither. He asks your forgiveness and your prayers, and his last message to you is that he will die loving you. Have strength and courage, my child. It is a tremendous task to bear alone, but try to bear it. May God sent me to you soon, that I may comfort you, and you in turn may bring solace to

"Your loving and grief-stricken

FATHER."

Her brain seemed numbed; she lifted her eyes from the letter and found that her horse had carried her home. Not wishing to meet anyone, she quickly turned him into the bridle path that led down by the brook. She did not cry; she felt no pain. She could see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing, just a peculiar numbness. She thought that she was going to faint. No, she was about to die, to be hanged; she was slowly climbing the steps to the gallows. The horse's methodical footsteps were the minutes ticking away her life. A rabbit darted across the path and "Dixie" shied to one side and broke into a swift canter, nearly throwing his mistress. The sudden jolt, however, brought her out of her dazed condition, as she pulled hard on the reins in an effort to halt the horse's dash. When she finally succeeded, "Dixie" had carried her down to the brook, to the spot where years before Lonny had bade her a tender farewell. She dropped on the ground, and tied the horse to a tree. Taking the letter from her pocket, where she had hurriedly thrust it, she read it through again, and saw the date, April 7. "If it had only been two days later," she thought, "so near and yet so far." Tears blurred her vision, trickled down her cheeks. Sobs filled her throat and choked her. Finally she buried her head in her arms on the ground and cried hysterically.

Suddenly she was conscious of someone bending over her, gathering her anxiously up, as a voice, low and comforting, but indistinct, said, "Gwen." "Dad," she whispered. "Oh, Daddy, dear"—she broke off and hid her face in his shoulder, bursting out into fresh sobs.

"But, Gwen dear, it's not Dad, it's Lonny; I've come back."

"Oh, oh!" she cried in fright. "Lonny, Lonny," and she fell back staring wildly at him.

"Don't look at me like that, as though I was a ghost. I was saved; word of the surrender reached us just before I left the prison."

"But the letter said April seventh, and—"

"Your father delayed the decree. Formal sentence did not come until the morning of the ninth. I was to die the tenth at sunrise.

"Oh, oh, darling—!" The full realization of Lonny's safety dawned slowly and she threw her arms around his neck.

"Your Dad was so worried about the letter, you know. We came home together, but I left him with your mother, and came down here, when Mandy told me she had seen you from an upstairs window down here."

Tears of joy and happiness glistened in her eyes, as she murmured to him, "This is the end, dear, of my trust."

Anastasia Kirby, '35.

Erin

'Twas a wee green isle, in a dancing sea.
  All sunshine and smiles was she.
Her virgin looks and her laughing eyes,
  Bewitched a Divine Ardri.

A boy had fled her, who knew her King,
  To his home across the sea.
The King recalled him, and whispering said,
  "Go tell her, Patrick, of Me."

The youth, anointed priest of God,
  Went back across the sea,
And from a shamrock taught her well
  To love the Trinity.

No blood of martyrs gored this isle,
  Love entered peacefully,
And there a bride in shimmering white
  Espoused the Divine Ardri.

MARY DEVENNY, '35.

Angelicus

In prophecy,
A hermit told that Count Aquino's son,
Was God's from infancy.
In truth, he scorned the purple for the white,
And wealth for poverty.

One day he slept,
And angels girt him round with innocence.
The raging tempter kept
Far off from Thomas, o'er whose dove-like soul
Sweet ecstasies then swept.

A clot of clay,
An angel yet a man, Angelicus!
A chain he made, for aye,
From Reason's steely ore, and linked two spheres:
The earth and heaven.
An angel yet a man, Angelicus!

Mary Devenny, '35.

The Living Lamb

It is 1934, and Charles Lamb has been dead one hundred years! A strange thought, this: that the kindly man whom we have known from childhood, and whom we have grown to love more and more with the passing years should have really been away all these years. His spirit today is as young as it must have been when he received his friends in his London home.

No one will disagree with me when I say that we have known him from childhood, for who has not made his first acquaintance with Charles Lamb through his *Tales from Shakespeare?* Charles Lamb, the author, may not have meant very much to us in those early days of our acquaintanceship, but at least his Tales made his name familiar to us. These stories for children were both a work of joy and of love for Lamb: a work of joy, because of his great admiration for Shakespeare and the pleasure that it gave him to make this man understandable to children; a work of love, because it was done in collaboration with his sister, Mary, toward whom his love and devotion are traditional. Indeed, whenever the *Tales* are mentioned in his correspondence, it is always with a mention of Mary and of her share in the work, for she wrote the comedies while Charles wrote the tragedies. To the Wordsworths he once wrote: "I am answerable for *Lear, Macbeth, Timon, Romeo, Hamlet, Othello,* for occasionally a tail piece or correction of grammar, for none of the cuts, and for all the spelling. All the rest is my sister's;" and to his friend, Thomas Manning: "She is doing for Gowdin's bookseller twenty of Shakespeare's plays to be made into children's tales. Six have already been done by her. . . . I think it will be popular among the little people, besides money. It is to bring in sixty guineas. Mary has done them capitally, I think you'd think." These *Tales* are the earliest of Lamb's works that are read and loved for themselves today.

Charles Lamb did not stop, however, with these transcribed stories for children; he was a most versatile writer. Although he wrote some poetry, only a few of his poems are known today, and of these *Old Familiar Faces* is the most popular. His first poems appeared in 1796, in the volume of *Poems on Various Subjects* by Coleridge, which included four sonnets by "Mr. Charles Lamb of the India House." As a poet, he was not a very great success. Later, he turned to playwriting. His only play to be produced, *Mr. H.,* was a dismal failure. He humorously tells Manning of the lack of success of his play on which he had really set so much store: "So I go creeping on since I was lamed with that

cursed fall from the top of Drury Lane Theatre into the pit, something more than a year ago. However, I have been free of the house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me upon that occasion. Damn 'em, how they hissed!" It must be admitted that Lamb confessed that he hissed as loud as any one present.

We are not concerned, however, with these mediocre literary offerings of Lamb, because it is through his correspondence and his essays, especially the latter, that Charles Lamb lives and, living thus, is ageless. Thomas Purnell, in his introduction to a volume of Lamb's letters, says: "Both in the letters and the essays it was the heart and not the head of the writer that dictated the words." This, then, is the reason why Charles Lamb still lives. In nearly every one of his *Essays of Elia* we can trace some part of the biography of a heart-hungry man, for they are all full of pathos and longing.

In *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years After,* when Lamb speaks of the old aunt who used to bring him snacks of food, he gives us a picture of the boy, Charles Lamb, sitting in his little "blue coat," accepting the gift of his old relative. "There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of the bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling overconsciousness."

In his essays, Lamb is one of the most delightful of men. He often makes us smile over some little bit of pleasantry which he seems to have saved just for us; but how near many of those smiles are to tears, we may see from *"Dream Children,"* one of the most poignant of *The Essays of Elia.* In it we enjoy Elia's story of his children about their great-grandmother Field, then suddenly, he awakens from his dream, the children fade away, and Elia becomes Charles Lamb again, alone and lonely. " 'We are not of Alice nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have an existence, and a name'—and immediately awakening, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever."

How strange it seems to the reader of Lamb that his career is "one of the most melancholy in literary history," according to Thomas Purnell. His life was darkened, while he was still a very young man, by a tragedy that would have embittered many men, and the burden which he assumed at the stage of his life, the absolute care and responsibility of his sister

Mary, who was subject to spells of violent insanity, would have crushed any one not endowed with his happy disposition and with his spirit of perfect self-forgetfulness. Giving up his plans, his dreams, and his ambitions in life, at a time when he should have been in the fullest enjoyment of these things, did not embitter or warp the nature of Charles Lamb; on the contrary, it sweetened his life, broadened his sympathies, and made him one of the tenderest and most understanding men in English literature. There must have been times when he became more than usually lonely and discouraged, especially as time went on, and Mary's illnesses became more frequent. We have to look long into his writings, however, before we find even a suggestion of this feeling. In *New Year's Eve,* he says, "That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be a symptom of some sickly idiosyncrasy. Or is it owing to another cause; simply, that being without wife or family, I have not learned to project myself enough out of myself; and having no offspring of my own to dally with, I turn back upon memory, and adopt my own early idea as my heir and favorite? If these speculations seem fantastical to thee, Reader (a busy man, perchance),—if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy, and am singularly conceited only, I retire, impenetrable to ridicule, under the phantom cloud of Elia."

Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist, on the other hand, shows us a jest-loving Lamb who could poke gentle fun at his friends and their idiosyncrasies, and who could make them laugh with him. I think that the Lamb we find in this essay is the man that his friends sought when he held his famous "Wednesday evening parties." The opening paragraph gives the keynote of the whole essay. " 'A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game. This was the celebrated wish of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no object to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at the card table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of the table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing them."

To conclude with a picture of Lamb in the closing years of his life, we look to *The Superannuated Man.* After sitting at his high desk in the India House for thirty-three years, he was, in 1825, given a pension for the remaining years of his life, released from the work that he had never really enjoyed, and given the freedom which he had so long desired.

Writing to Wordsworth of this news, he says: "Here am I, then, after thirty-three years' slavery, sitting in my own room at eleven o'clock, the finest of all April mornings, a freed man, with four hundred and forty-one pounds a year for the remainder of my life. I came home forever on Tuesday in last week. It was like passing from life into eternity." Again, in speaking of this freedom, he says, "I am no longer * * *, clerk in the Firm of, &. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain 'cum dignitate' air that has been buried so long with my other parts has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera. 'Opus operatum est.' I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself."

Agnes L. Bixby, '35.

The Resurrection

The shroud o'er the garden melted,
A sorrowing world was made bright,
The door of the sepulchre opened
Revealing Eternal Light.

All nature rejoiced at His Rising
While lilting of birds filled the dawn,
And angels in heaven sang gaily,
"He is risen! Hail, Easter Morn."

A. M. Handrahan, '35.

Joe's Adventure

The wind was rising steadily, and it shrieked eerily down the chimney in the wide hall, as little Joe tiptoed carefully toward the door. He pulled with all his small strength until the heavy door opened, and then slipped quickly into the darkness of the night. Joe was leaving home, not his own home, however, because little Joe was an orphan. Yet the great house on the hill had been home to him since that day at the orphanage when Marcia and Peter McMahon had looked into Joe's brown eyes, and had realized how lonely their great house was.

Once out on the street, Joe trudged manfully along, his hands doubled up in his little red mittens, as his arms swung up and down. He was going back to the orphanage. Perhaps they would not want him there, either, they had so many other little boys, and he choked back the tears at the thought of being homeless. With his lips set in a tremulous line and his forehead wrinkled, he tried to "think things out" the way Uncle Peter did when he was worried. It all had happened because he had fallen asleep in a high-backed chair in the library, and had not awakened until he heard Cousin Nancy talking to some one. He had never liked Cousin Nancy because she had such a cross voice, and she always asked him if he had mud on his boots.

When he realized that the speakers were unaware of his presence, he thought of getting up and leaving the room. But, no, Cousin Nancy would be cross if she found him there, so he made himself as small as he could, and tried not to listen. They were talking about money. Indeed, Cousin Nancy often talked about money at the supper table, when he would just sigh and pretend to be listening politely.

"It isn't that I care about money, Elsa," she was saying to her friend, "what makes me so angry is to see someone outside the family getting it. This child, this orphan, is to get part of Peter's money when he is twenty-one!"

"Orphan!" She meant Joe. Uncle Peter was going to give him some money, and Cousin Nancy did not like it.

Joe chuckled inwardly. Why he had all Uncle Peter's money right now, for Uncle Peter had given it to him this morning when Joe had found the lost jackknife. All the money in Uncle Peter's pocket, all the dimes, nickels, and pennies were now in Joe's pocket. Perhaps if he gave Cousin Nancy some, she would be nice to him.

"You know, Elsa," she continued, "Marcia and Peter have no further need of this orphan, now that they have a child of their own. I know that they don't want him!" She tapped emphatically on the edge of the teacup with her lorgnette.

Joe sat up at these words. So Uncle Peter and Aunt Marcia did not want him because they had Baby Sue. He thought about it all afternoon, and by evening he had decided that he would go back to the orphanage.

It was very cold walking along the dirt road that led to the main highway, and Joe had never been out alone in the winter twilight. He kept wishing that he had said "Good-bye" to Baby Sue, and that he had waited until morning to start on his journey. The recent rains had caused deep ruts in the road, which were frozen now, and Joe made slow progress because his small feet kept stumbling over the rough ground. He had to pass the little shack where the cranberry pickers kept their boxes, and, feeling tired, he went in. He sat down in a corner behind some boxes on a pile of sacking and fell asleep.

He was awakened by voices. At first he thought it was Uncle Peter looking for him, but he could discern two figures moving stealthily about. Joe would have liked to go out, but a man, with his coat collar up and his hat pulled away down over his eyes, was playing the beam of a flashlight around and the rays lighted the shack dimly. Another man was carrying a bundle wrapped in an overcoat. The two men were whispering together so softly that Joe could not hear their conversation. As soon as the man put his bundle on the floor, quite near to the boxes that formed Joe's shelter, there was a cry from the bundle, and the man's voice was rough and angry as he bent over, pulled the coat away, and put a wet cloth inside. "I guess you haven't had enough of this yet," he said, addressing the bundle.

As the flashlight shed a dim radiance upon the object in the coat, Joe froze with horror as he saw Baby Sue's yellow curls and heard her muffled sobbing. These men were "bad men" and they were hurting Baby Sue. But why was she with them?

Being a timid little fellow, Joe decided he could help Baby Sue more if the men did not see him. If only he dared to go to her!

"I tell you ten thousand dollars will be easy money for us," said the first man.

"But will McMahon pay that much?" asked the other.

"Of course, this kid is the only one they have; it will be easy!"

Joe was mystified at the conversation about money, and he felt sure that these men must know Cousin Nancy.

"What will we do with the kid until we get the money?"

"I have made my plans carefully, but I wasn't risking telling you. She will be kept at Maromoneck Beach, in the hideout on the flats. Savoldi is waiting on the state road to drive you and the kid to Maromoneck. But now you walk toward the house and see if the alarm has been raised, and I'll walk out and see if the car is here. Then you come back, get the kid, and follow me."

"Still yellow, aren't you, Gus? I do the dirty work, while you are the brains," the short man smirked.

The door opened and the men went out.

Joe kept very quiet for a long while, as the realization of the situation swept over him. These men had stolen Baby Sue, and they wanted money before they would give her back to Uncle Peter. Joe felt very brave and grown-up to have thought this out by himself. He nodded his head wisely, yes, indeed, these men were kidnappers.

Since he was alone now with Baby Sue, he crept softly toward her. She was still. Yes, she was asleep. As he pulled away a cloth that lay on her face, a sharp odor bit his nose, bringing tears to his eyes. There was something on that cloth that made Baby Sue sleep, because she stirred restlessly when the cloth was removed. His chubby hands smoothed her tumbled curls, as he cried softly, "Baby Sue, wake up! Please, wake up!" But there was no response, and her long blond lashes rested serenely on her white cheeks.

Since the men would come back any minute now, he must act quickly. If only she would wake up! She couldn't walk very much, so he decided to carry her. Pulling away the coat he put his arms around her waist, lifting her in front of him, half dragging her through the door. It was easy to carry Snooks, the cat, this way, but Baby Sue was ever so much heavier.

Just outside the door he paused, as he thought he heard footsteps. Then pulling and tugging, he carried his burden around to the back of the shack, and sank exhausted on the dry leaves.

Only one of the men returned. On entering the shack and seeing that the baby had gone, he muttered an oath, "So, he thinks he can double-cross me!" and he ran from the shack toward the highway.

Unable to understand this, Joe sat fearful holding the baby. He was afraid to leave her, and he knew that he could not carry her home. The night had become bitterly cold, and although Joe was fully clad, the baby wore only pajamas. Carefully he stole into the shack and brought out the overcoat. Fearfully, lest the slightest noise might bring the men, Joe wrapped the baby in the coat, whispering all the time, "Wake up, wake up for Joey." He shook her gently, but she did not awaken. A terrifying thought came to him: suppose she were dead!

And he began to cry softly, though he tried to stifle the sobs and to hold the baby carefully.

Hours passed, and poor little Joe's arms grew stiff from holding the motionless baby, and his feet were numb from the cold. He felt dazed and sleepy.

Joe had put his red mittens on the baby's feet, and his hands were so cold that he thought he was dying. He was nodding sleepily, when suddenly he felt Baby Sue move. She opened her eyes and called, "Joey, Joey," in a cooing voice.

The effect of the chloroform had worn off in the chill air, and Baby Sue was wide awake. Joe wished that she could talk more, so that he could ask her what had happened. Instead, she squirmed about in the overcoat, while he took his numbed arms from around her, and swung them up and down until they felt warm again. If only some one would find them! An owl hooted high up in a tree, and the wind made terrifying noises in the leafless trees. Suddenly a light gleamed through the trees, followed by another, and another, and then a whole group of people came toward them with torches. Joe did not know that this was a search party, but he recognized the leader of the band, and he cried out, with tears streaming down his face, "Uncle Peter! Uncle Peter!"

The children were carried home, where Joe told a rather incoherent story of the kidnappers. His only explanation of his own flight was, "I thought you didn't want me any more!"

Marcia McMahon, crying and laughing at the same time, held Joe tightly in her arms, as he explained his flight. The orphan was at home, this time, to stay.

Anne Drinan, '35.

The Singing River

The story that I sing is strange
  Of a people and their woe,
How in their age-old pride they lived,
  And fought their ancient foe.

Many wars with the Biloxies
  The Pascagoulas fought,
Until at last, completely crushed
  Their peace they dearly bought.

Then blessed peace lay on the land,
  And hope and plenty throve;
The harvests all were plentiful
  From every field and grove.

For years the Pascagoulas lived
  In peace and friendship true
With all the other Gulf-coast tribes,
  Until around them grew

The legend of a strong, proud race
  Unbeaten yet in war;
Whose braves were tall and straight and swift,
  Whose feats were known afar.

The women all were strangely fair,
  And strong of back and limb;
And fairest far of all was Joy,
  A maiden, young and slim.

Beloved of all her father's race
  She lived for eighteen years;
The old chief's son had wooed her long
  With him she knew no fears.

But ere her wedding day had dawned
  There pierced her tender heart
The arrow of a Biloxi brave
  More deadly than rattler's dart.

Straightway, then, the Pascagoulas
  Arose in fearful ire,
And all night long they prayed and planned
  And danced about the fire.

Along the bayous the battle raged
  Throughout that cruel day,
Until at night, asleep in death,
  The Pascagoulas lay.

When the tidings reached the women,
  They dressed in their best array,
And singing aloud their song of death,
  They gallantly marched to the fray.

The river before them swiftly ran,
  Full with the new spring tide,
They walked into the rushing stream,
  A pledge to a people's pride.

And when the victors seized their homes,
  They found no trace nor sign
Of what they had hoped to make their own.
  Thus ends this song of mine.

And now on summer evenings
  When the twilight softly fades,
You can hear these women singing
  Sweetly in the sunset haze.

AGNES L. BIXBY, '35.

A Glimpse Into Shakespeare

Although nothing absolutely conclusive is known concerning Shakespeare's religious convictions, it is apparent that in numerous passages of his play, *Richard II,* he gives abundant proof that he held the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church in tender and reverential regard. Furthermore, this drama teaches a valuable ethical lesson, for particular stress is laid upon the highest Christian virtues, and the tragic characters come to their ruin through their own weakness or baseness, not because of external circumstances.

In *Richard II,* the character who embodies Catholic principles most completely is pathetic John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, who reveals his perfect resignation to the will of God when he placates the revengeful Duchess of Gloster. In response to her stirring speech, intended to arouse his brotherly love to vindictive passion, he calmly and patiently replies, "Heaven's is the quarrel." Then, commending her to "God, the widow's champion and defence," he hastens to Coventry, the scene of the duel of his son, "to add proof unto Henry's armour with his prayers." When dying of a broken heart, saintly old Gaunt makes a last desperate effort to instill kingly qualities in Richard, and to impress upon him the national duties and responsibilities of a ruler. He wishes to "breathe his last in wholesome counsel to Richard's unstaid youth." In his patriotic apostrophe to England, which is impregnated with intense feeling and beauty, the religious nobleman emphasizes, among the many attributes of his native land, his country's rule in defense of Catholicism.

> "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
> This nurse of Royal kings,
> Renowned for their deeds as far from home—
> For Christian service and true chivalry—
> As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,
> Of the world's ransom, Blessed Mary's Son;
> This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land."

Later, when Richard is vainly trying to convince himself that he is still king and always will be, he declares that,

> "God for His Richard hath in heavenly pay
> A glorious Angel; then, if Angels fight,
> Weak man must fall; for Heaven still guards the right."

In the deposition scene Richard dramatically and piously renounces his position and wealth, and although we are inclined to doubt Richard's sincerity, nevertheless the speech indicates Catholic thought.

"I'll give my jewels for a set o' beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown;
My figured goblets for a dish of wood;
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff;
And my large kingdom for a little grave."

Later, the Bishop of Carlisle testifies to the banished Duke of Norfolk's truly Catholic deeds, when he announces his death with the words:

"Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
For Jesus Christ, in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross.
Against Black Pagans, Turks and Saracens.
And, toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long."

Carlisle's denouncement of Henry's ascension to the throne is decidedly a Catholic one, when he appeals to God to protect His anointed minister, Richard, and to prevent England from being called "the field of Golgotha."

In his grief over his downfall, Richard declares that his subjects are traitors.

"Did they not sometime cry 'All hail' to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but He, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one, I, in twelve thousand none."

When confined in his prison cell, the former king grapples with the truths of the Catholic religion, and is convinced that the better sort are "thoughts of things divine."

Finally, and it is a fitting conclusion to the play, Henry feels responsible for Richard's death and announces,

"I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand."

In spite of the many proofs that Shakespeare deeply respected Catholic faith, the question of his religion is a debatable one. No one, however, can deny that his works are permeated with the spirit of Catholicism as the following quotations from two recognized authorities, who cannot be accused of religious prejudice in favor of Catholics, well proves. Carlyle, in "The Hero as a Poet" says, "In some sense it may be

said that this glorious Elizabethan era with its Shakespeare is attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The Christian faith which was the theme of Dante's song has produced this practical life which Shakespeare was to sing. For religion was then, as it is now, and always is, the soul of practice; the primary vital fact in men's life."

Heinrich Heine declares, that "Shakespeare came just at the right time, while Protestantism, it is true, expressed itself in the freedom of thought which prevailed, but which had not yet entered into life or feeling. True, Catholicism was gone as regards doctrine, but it existed as yet with all its magic in men's hearts, and held its own in manners, customs, and views. It was not until later that the Puritans succeeded in plucking away flower by flower, and utterly uprooting the religion of the past, and spreading over all the land, as with a grey canopy, that dreary sadness which has diluted itself to a lukewarm, whining pietism."

A. M. Handrahan, '35.

"They Also Serve"

"Gerald! Gerald!"

"Yes, Mother!"

"Come down to supper!"

"I'll be down presently, Mother." But the old man did not make any move to obey his wife. The fire on the hearth merrily burned low; he limped to the hod and threw more logs on the grate; then he came back and sat down. The light of the flames gilded his gray hair, lit the depths of his quiet eyes, and touched his hands. They were beautiful hands, very beautiful hands for an old man, quite firm and youthful, hands that were not quite like a man's, yet one knew instinctively that there was great strength in them. Nor were they like a woman's, although they suggested infinite gentleness.

"Father! Supper!"

"Funny," Gerald mused, "how Nettie is getting to be just like her mother! Why, that was the same tone her mother used in calling me a minute ago." As he rested there in the twilight, those voices stirred his memory and brought him back ten, twenty, thirty years—to other voices. . . .

"Gerald!"

The boy arose with an expectant face. "Yes, Doctor Harris. Did you bring the proofs?"

"Yes, I did."

"What do they show?"

The doctor's face was set in hard lines, and he spoke tersely. "The proofs show that you have fractured your shin bone vertically!"

"I knew that before. Is that all?" the boy urged.

"And I am very sorry to inform you that, after a consultation with Doctor Hyde and Doctor Wain, we have decided that a fracture of that nature cannot be set."

"That's great news!"

"Why?"

"Well, then, there won't have to be any operation. This foot doesn't bother now, it never has, and the chances are it never will."

"I can't vouch for that, Gerald."

"Will you sign this card, then?"

"What is it?"

"The slip, so that I can return to the novitiate right away."

"I can't, Gerald."

"You, what?"

"I can't."

"Why not? My foot doesn't bother. No operation is necessary. Why can't you sign it?"

"Because nothing has been done to remedy this fracture. I cannot sign, for I can do nothing for you. It had gone too far when you came."

"You mean that you won't sign it?"

"Yes."

"I can't go back until it is signed. You know that?"

"I know."

"Oh, Doctor Harris, there must be some mistake!"

"There is no mistake."

"Are you sure?"

"Positively!"

"All right, Doctor Harris; you know the way out. Please close the door behind you." Gerald clipped his words and indicated the door with a listless movement of his hands.

The doctor opened the door, went out, and closed it with a dull thud. But the boy did not move; he stared unseeingly into the fireplace.

"Strange," the old man mused, "there was a fireplace there, too."

That had been a bitter March day; the wind had wailed around the corners of the house, and whirled the dust and dead leaves with a mad vengeance against the window pane. The warm sun had cast a sickly light over the room, and all was dreary except the fire, which had been very bright. Gerald had sat thus for an hour, brooding. At last, a rap at the door broke the silence.

"I say, Jerry, can I come in?" his brother demanded.

"Go away, I don't want to see you!" Gerald echoed monotonously.

Another hour passed; the hall clock struck six, and his mother came in.

"Hello, Gerald, I met Doctor Harris down town. Has he been here?"

"If you met him, he must have said—"

"Too bad, Gerald, but I guess that's the end; it simply means that God has other work for you to do. Remember that 'they also serve who only stand and wait.' You don't need to fight in a war to participate, for bullets and ammunition must be made at home. You must find another way to serve God that will be more acceptable to Him."

Gerald did not answer, and his mother went away. At last he stirred. "O God, what have I done! You do not want me because I am a cripple! A cripple, ha! ha! ha! God!" Then he bent over his arms and burst into an agony of bitter tears.

Now, the old man could think it over calmly. There was no longer any bitterness in his heart. He realized that he was a cripple, not in the strict sense of the word, to be sure, but he was a cripple none the less. He limped badly and he could not walk rapidly. Nowadays he usually rode. No, he felt no bitterness. God had been right, but in those distant days it had not been so; he had hated God.

Even now, the sufferings of those weeks came back with painful vividness. The loneliness and the intense sorrow had hurt his sensitive soul and had made him moody, bitter, and reticent. His friends no longer bothered about him, and all he could do was think. "If only I could stop thinking," he used to exclaim.

One day he awoke to the realization that his mother could not support him for the rest of his life. He must work. That was very easy to say, but it was another day's work to find a job. Day after day he went searching—shops, stores, factories—he appealed to all, but there was no work for him.

One night his brother came into his room and asked, "Where are you going tomorrow, Jerry?"

"I am going over to Leeville to see about work in the silk mills. If I get nothing, I won't be back tomorrow night."

The old man now recalled that he had spoken loudly, so that his mother would hear him. He wanted to hurt her, because, not being able to attack God directly, since He was too far away, he did want to hurt someone, and to make them understand how much he had been hurt. Oh, he had been so hungry, so hungry. . . .

Then one day as he was slouching homeward he met Harry Green.

"Lo, Jerry. It's ages since I've seen you; what are you doing with yourself?"

"Hello, Harry, speak for yourself!"

"I passed the Bar exams in June and I expect to get work with the Elite Insurance next month. Good pay, too."

"Weren't the exams bad this year? They usually are."

"No, siree! Why, Jerry, I had a first-rate time; a little studying, and the 'fixin's,' and look at the job I've landed!"

"That's great!"

"What are you doing these days?"

"Nothing!"

"I say, Jerry, you have a mighty keen mind. Why don't you take a course in law? Once you've passed, you're fixed for life. Ever hear of a lawyer starving?"

"Can't say I did."

"Well, hope you'll think it over."

"Thanks, Harry, I will."

That night Gerald broached the subject to his family. His mother listened carefully to all he had to say. At last she asked, "Do you want me to give you money?"

"Say, Mother, what do you think I am talking for?"

"Gerald, enough!" commanded his father.

Finally his mother spoke: "No, Gerald, I won't give you any money. You have absolutely refused to attend to your religious duties. I certainly won't help you to dishonor God."

Gerald was silent for a time. At last he spoke wearily: "God does not want me, why should I bother Him?"

"O God, forgive me for my dreadful delusion," the old man prayed.

"Father, supper!"

Then he remembered that he had met Ella soon after he had started to work at the gas office. She had been very sweet and very sympathetic at a time when he craved sympathy and human understanding, and so he had asked her to mary him. "God has heard my prayers," she had said, and she made him promise that he would go to Mass with her.

Ella was so sweet and good that he wanted her, and so he went to Mass. He had to go out for his paper anyway on Sundays, and it was not out of his way at all to go to church. So he went to Mass, threw a penny into the collection, and stared around the church, but he did go. God didn't want him, but he went to please Ella.

Then his children came, and grew up before he knew it. One night his oldest son came to him. He had just had a good supper, and was very comfortable and satisfied in his easy chair.

"Father," the young man said, "I should like to be a priest."

"My son, your life is yours! If you wish it, I guess your mother will give you whatever aid she can." That was all he had said. It hurt him to give up his stalwart son, but if God wanted his son, He should have him.

Several years later he went to the ordination. He managed to maintain self-control and even interest during the ceremony. He heard the Bishop say that not everyone was called to serve God, that it was a special honor, and that he hoped that each of the young priests would cherish God's loving choice of him. He endured the ceremony patiently, but when he saw his son, now a priest, coming toward him, he fled. Grace came to him later, however, when he knelt alone within the chapel, and pleaded with God to forgive him. Yes, God had known what was best, He had had other duties for him.

The next morning, Gerald received God from the hands of his son. The flood-gates of his soul had burst. No more did he see God in a dark

manner, but he saw Him face to face. In His divine goodness he had wanted him to be the father of priests.

That had happened several years before. Since that time, he had tried to love God for those years of hatred; he had tried to expiate for those years of indifference. Just this morning he had slipped into the church for early Mass, and, finding that there was no one to serve the priest, he had done it himself, and it seemed but a day since he had last performed the same sacred privilege.

At home that morning, while awaiting breakfast, his little granddaughter climbed on his knee: "Grand-daddy, why didn't you become a priest like Uncle Peter?"

"Then you would not have such a nice grand-daddy," the old man answered.

"I'm glad I have you instead," she decided.

Later in the day he had gone to the gas office. To his surprise, the president of the company, Mr. Lewis, called him. "You are getting old now, you ought to take a rest, so I'm going to let you go."

Gerald had said simply: "Very well, sir."

Then Lewis had called him back. "No hard feelings, I hope. You have been the best worker I have ever had, but you are growing old, you know, and we must gave way to younger men."

"I understand perfectly. You do not need me any longer. Good day, sir."

"But" . . .

And so he had reached the end. He had worked all his life. He had provided a comfortable home for his wife and family. Three of his sons were priests, and his daughter had married well. Certainly he had lived his life well. He had made his peace with God, and was ready for His call. Though he had not served Him as well as he should have done, God had forgiven him. He knew it, for He had called him from the tabernacle this morning: "Gerald, Gerald, Gerald!" He almost fancied he had heard Him say: "Lovest thou Me?" and he had answered: "Yes, Thou who knowest all things, know it is so."

"Gerald, Gerald, Gerald!" . . . He would serve Him. God did want him.

His daughter found him so a few minutes later, when she came to find out why he had not come to supper. His expression was very calm and very peaceful.

"Father!" she called softly, for she fancied that he was praying. "Father!" But Gerald did not hear, he had already answered the Master's call.

MARY CASTELLI, '35.

March 4, 1934

He has gone to walk the pathways
Which Eternity has made,
Where the mists of time and spacing
With their fears have been allayed.

He has gone to tread the archway
Of the vaulted blue of night,
Where he'll see the moon-boat floating
On a sea of starry light.

He has gone to pace the garden
From which hopes eternal spring,
To pace the heavenly Paradise
In the footsteps of his King.

He has gone to dwell in glory
Near the golden gateway's bars,
He has solved the Triune mystery
Of the land beyond the stars!

Dorothea A. Dunigan, '34.

Daniel Goes To Judgment

Spring had come to Clonmalure. The gold and white glory of the gorse and hawthorn mingled with the lush green grass. The Wicklow Mountains that shelter Clonmalure shone purple in the distance, while a soft violet haze hung over their snowy peaks, and cast a glimmer over the little white church that nestled peacefully in a hollow of the rolling green plain.

It was Sunday and the villagers were coming from Mass. They usually congregated in little knots to talk. Today their voices and faces betrayed unusual interest. Suddenly there was a guilty hush and the people peered expectantly, as an ancient equipage drew up and two women came out of the church.

Lady Margret Fitzgerald looked with cold grey eyes disdainfully on the village folk. Her wrinkled hand gathered her rusty black skirts about her, as she ascended the carriage. Seating herself like a queen preparing for a triumphal march, she carefully shielded her haughty old face with a veil, and drew on her suede gloves with a graceful flourish.

Following her aunt, came Lady Connemara O'Moore, who was of pure Celtic beauty, with her white skin, blue eyes, and smoky black hair. As she smiled upon the congregation, they returned her greeting with, "Good morning, my lady."

One old man more bold than the rest ventured, "May God's blessing fall upon your happiness!"

Connemara's smile faded, as nodding her head slightly, she mounted the carriage. The ladies of the "big house" rumbled away in the dust, their ramshackle carriage swaying dangerously.

There was one figure that did not participate in the gossip, but threaded his way determinedly through the crowd, and walked swiftly down the white, dusty road that led to Ballyknoll.

Daniel O'Connor was of medium height, with fine, broad shoulders. His black hair, dark olive skin, and brown eyes proclaimed him as belonging to the handsome hybrid Celtic strain. His shoulders sagged a little under his threadbare brown coat, and his head was thrust forward as though he were buffeting a strong gale.

The small figure of Sean Lawlor, the old cobbler, overtook him. "Good morning to you, Doctor Dan," he greeted.

"Morning!" responded Dan, shortly.

They kept pace for some time, each intent upon the same thought. "You heard the bans this morning at Mass?" asked Sean unnecessarily.

"Yes," answered Daniel, a little belligerently.

"Ah, me!" exclaimed the little man, seeing that Daniel did not wish to enter conversation. "Faith, to think I should live to see the day Lady Connemara marries an Englishman from Ulster! The proud O'Moores united with the English, 'tis terrible."

Daniel offered no comment, and Sean continued: "Bruce Caldwell, indeed," he spoke the unfamiliar name venomously, "a cold English name it is."

They came at last to Daniel's gate, and Sean followed him anxiously. "Don't take it so hard, lad," he tried to comfort him.

Daniel spoke with a show of professional lightness: "The highborn Lady Connie was not meant for me, it seems."

"Well, 'twill go hard enough with her, lad, bringing an Englishman to the Manor House."

"Yes, an Englishman," said Daniel bitterly.

"Well, now, would you want her marrying any Irishman but yourself?"

"No, of course not," Daniel replied, and swung the little half-door of his cottage to.

Repulsed, the old man went off, with deep concern written on his kind face.

The unearthly beauty of spring dusk in Clonmalure was half-smothered by a soft grey dea mist, little drops of moisture gathered on the tips of the leaves and fell softly to the ground like slow tears. The thatches were damp, and a warm fire glowed on Daniel O'Connor's hearth. His long surgeon's hands were lifted gratefully to the heat of the fire. In the quiet room his thoughts went clamoring through his head. Connemara was going to be married! She had said that she would wait for him, five years ago, when he went up to London to medical school. How joyfully he had returned to Clonmalure, with a brilliant scholastic record, to be repulsed by Connemara's coolness. Lady Margret had looked askance at him when he asked to marry Connemara. This man was a lord, but Connemara wasn't one to marry for a title. The thought of her had carried him through that long struggle of borrowing money and mortgaging the little farm. Restlessly he wandered out into the thick, enveloping mists. It was a night such as the old folks claimed the spirits walked about, and Danel almost believed that he had met a wraith, when suddenly he came upon Connemara plunging through the fog with her dogs.

"Dan, is it you?" she called.

"Yes, Connemara," he answered reluctantly. He had thought that he could slip away in the fog again, without being discovered. How like some old-time Celtic queen she looked, her wild curls tossed about by the

wind! How regally she carried herself, so slim and straight. It was a pity her title was only one of courtesy now!

"Dan, you know that I am going to be married?" she asked straightforwardly.

"Yes, Connemara," he responded politely.

She came close and put out her hands in a pleading gesture that made the dogs crowd about her, as though to protect her.

"I had to do this, Dan," she said.

"Lady Margret forced you?" he questioned abruptly.

"No, Aunt Margret did not even urge me," she answered.

"When did you decide this, Connemara? You know you had no thought of it a fortnight ago." His voice was hoarse.

"I decided the day I sold the roan. The 'Bard of Innisfree' was the last horse, Dan, and it almost broke my heart. I felt as though Dad was watching me, and that his heart was breaking, too. I knew that the house would go next, and I could not bear that. It has been a terrible winter. The wind roaring through the cold halls, and the plaster cracking and falling. Every time I hear it, I feel that a part of me is dying, too. It killed my father to see the place fall to ruin before his eyes, and I am going to save it—to restore it all." Her eyes held a far-away look, as she saw the Manor House restored, and the great O'Moore stables filled with swift, powerful stallions.

Daniel's face was drained of color, and his eyes were anguished. "Do you love this Bruce very much, Connemara?" he asked.

"I am very fond of him," she said, tossing her proud head defiantly.

"If I can ever do anything for you, will you come to me, Connemara?" he asked.

"At any time?" she questioned, gloating a little at her power over him.

"I promise you, Connemara, at any time," and turning, he disappeared, leaving her staring after him. The dogs strained at their leashes, and she groped blindly through the night, her own tears and the thick fog half-choking her.

Daniel entered the common room of the village inn, and seated himself at a table with Sean Lawlor. The villagers were gathered here talking over the latest news. There was much talking and more laughter. But there was little laughter at the table next to Daniel.

A group of Ireland's youngest revolutionists, the "Blue Shirts," were discussing a certain topic with much heat. "A North of Ireland man representing us in the Chamber of Deputies; think what it will mean, men, think! It is but a plot to bring us under English rule again."

"How do you know he will represent us?" asked a tall youth.

"There are great plans about to restore the Manor House and the racing stables. Of course our vote is free, but if we work in his stables and his house, we will have to elect him," said one wisely.

"If the old house wasn't there, it couldn't be restored," said a youth, with a wild gleam in his eyes.

"What do you mean?" they asked in chorus.

" 'Tis such a night as this evil spirits go about setting fire to barns, and houses, too. The feys of Ballyknoll would dance merrily on the ashes of a traitor's house."

They nodded their heads wisely in agreement. Some more of their companions entered, and they all moved to a large table on the other side of the room, where Daniel could not hear them.

The youths continued their conversation, listening to their leader, Kevin Hanalon. "We would be at loss for a candidate. There are none among us with the learning to be in the House of Deputies."

"No," answered another, and his eyes roved over the room filled with stalwart farm lads, until his gaze rested on Daniel O'Connor. He jerked a broad thumb in Daniel's direction. "Our fine bone-setter has had book learning."

"Book learning, yes, but he never opens his mouth except to answer the complainings of children and old women," supplied another sneeringly.

"No, but he is good-hearted to everybody," said an older man.

"Good-hearted, you call him, when it is nothing but pride of his learning that makes him too good to talk to us?" a brawny shouldered young farm lad commented.

"Would Daniel O'Connor go to Dublin?" asked one suddenly.

"No, we have asked him before. That would call for talking and speeching, and he would have none of that," said Kevin Hanalon.

Daniel was walking slowly homeward, when he heard the murmur of voices behind him, and turning about, he saw that a band of "Blue Shirts," led by Kevin Hanalon were coming toward him. There was an air of great excitement about them, and Daniel knew they were bent on an evil mission. As they came abreast of him, he heard their conversation: "The old place is dry as powder; it will burn like tinder."

"I hope the women are not in the house," said a frightened boy.

"What difference does it make? Lady Connemara is a traitor to us, is she not?" was the callous answer.

Daniel O'Connor advanced toward their leader, and stood so they could not pass him. He addressed Kevin Hanalon: "You cannot carry out your plans. You are not to go to the Manor House."

They looked contemptuously at him. "Your word cannot stop us. You that should be helping us," said Kevin.

"Helping you—I do little else but that," said Daniel mystified.

"Yes," they sneered, "you can tell us what kind of bread to eat, but you stand by and let the taxes take the bread from us. You that could be fighting for us in Dublin."

"In Dublin—the House of Deputies?" he asked, the light breaking at last.

Kevin was anxious for arbitration, now that his plans were known. "We will not burn the House if you will go to Dublin for us," he bargained.

Daniel made his decision in an instant. "I promise to go to Dublin, if you wish to elect me," he stated tersely.

A murmur of assent ran through the crowd, and soon they retraced their steps to the village.

Daniel entered his cottage disconsolately; he had done something for Connemara, perhaps even saved her life, but the sentence of his judgment he had imposed upon himself. The work he loved so he must give up that he might do something for Ireland, and for Connemara.

It was on a warm day in September that the shuttle train to Dublin was making an infrequent stop at Clonmalure.

Lady Margret Fitzgerald and the girl who had been Lady Connemara O'Moore alighted from their smart automobile, resplendent in furs and jewels, and boarded the first-class section of the train. They were going to Connemara's new great house on O'Connell Street for the winter season.

Daniel O'Connor alighted from Sean Lawlor's little gig, and after gravely shaking hands with the old man, he boarded the third-class section of the train.

The train wheezed away through the countryside, and the man stared out of the window. Daniel O'Connor was going to Dublin to serve the sentence of his judgment.

Anne Drinan, '35.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

WHAT PLACE RELIGION?

During the past month we have witnessed the spectacular apprehension of three of the most daring, vicious criminals on record. The vastness and the horror of their criminal careers would appall even the most calloused individuals. On reading the incredible account of their deeds, the first thought that presents itself to one's mind is, why did they do it? What caused them to turn to crime? This question has been widely asked and diversely answered. Some think that the unfortunate individuals had a desire for an "easy living." Others maintain that they gloried in power. One person, I think, guessed the right cause. His Excellency, Governor Joseph B. Ely, commenting upon the plight in which the young men found themselves, said that he laid the blame to the fact that their lives were utterly devoid of religious influence. Such a statement does credit to the intelligence of the one who made it. The men did not lack mental development, for they were exceptionally well educated, as the word "educated" is understood today, but they were not spiritually developed. They seem to have had no standards of right or wrong; they did not realize their responsibilities as contingent or social beings. What did it matter, then, if they had keen intellects and brilliant minds?

Some people today, and among them well-known figures in the educational world, assign to religion a place among those things which can be tolerated but which must never at any cost hamper freedom of expression or fulfillment of desire, whether it arises from base passion or impulse. Develop our minds? "Yes, indeed, to the fullest extent," says the irreligionist. Our soul, too? "Oh, if we have one it will take care of itself." It most certainly will and the result will be similar to the case of these deluded law-breakers. Religion and morality go hand in hand. Separate them and you have neither. Intellectual advancement and spiritual stagnation or retrogression produce a queer phenomenon, the trained irreligionist. Religion, if it is to fulfill its function, must be allied to our everyday life. It has a place there by a God-given command, and it is satisfying to note that our Governor has recognized and pronounced this fact.

AMERICAN OR ENGLISH?

During the past year the Oxford Dictionary published a supplementary section, containing an alphabetical list of the popular or slang expressions of the present, and lo and behold, we find this bit of information: that the largest per cent of these expressions are used in America. Let us hang our heads in shame, indeed!

The use of slang is prevalent in our country. It is not only upon the street corner that we hear it, as formerly, but even in the speech of bespectacled "intelligentsia." Some people, and their number is not small, feel that to speak correct English is to be autocratic; if they would be of the democratic majority, they must adorn their speech with such expressions as, "scram" and "oh, yeah!" Although the English language has been a fitting vehicle for the thought of centuries, the youth of the twentieth century are finding it inadequate for their use. We are free to draw our own conclusions as to whether the language or the generation is at fault.

If an English person were to listen to an American, who made frequent use of slang expressions, I wonder just how much of the conversation he would understand. Would he know what the American meant if he said, "I'll tell the world!" or "That's a hot one," or "You're telling me," or "Don't go up in the air about it," or if he concluded every sentence with "Do you get me?' or "Savvy?" or "Catch on"? I doubt it very much indeed. What matter if we are annoyed sometimes by his "beastly's" and "jolly's." We do not have to feel responsible for what the English do to the English language, but we are responsible for American mutilations of our linguistic inheritance and we are especially accountable for our share in its ruthless murder.

Twenty years from now, what shall we be speaking? Will it be American or English? If we continue to coin new words and misappropriate old ones which mean little, but which we say with a vehemence, as if all English dictionaries favored their birth, then we shall be speaking American. If, on the contrary, we have some regard for the labors of Webster and of Johnson, and leave the making of new words to the more learned, then we shall be speaking English. Which shall it be, American or English? The decision lies in the hands of the jury, one hundred and twenty million Americans.

HELEN A. GLYNN, '34.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

ON ORANGE JUICE, GEOMETRY—THEN BLACKNESS

Whatever nature I heretofore possessed, has completely disappeared. For I now belong to those souls who have tasted the crushing defeat of an overwhelming burden, and have, in consequence, developed in myself the power of sympathy and of compassion for fellow sufferers. I shall never forget it. Even today the vivid memory of its weight oppresses me and causes my breath to come in short, fitful gasps, like that of a new swimmer, who, trying out the waters of Salt Lake City for the first time, finds after a thorough all-over wash, that even in those waters the salt is not enough in quantity to keep amateurs afloat above the chin limit.

It is a warm afternoon, in fact it is a very warm afternoon. I feel my shoulders burn under the penetrable rays of the sun, and my tongue repeatedly moistens my parched lips, whose whiteness annoys me more than it troubles me. I stop at a queer little stand, which is so small comparatively, that I find I must abandon any idea of sitting down on its miniature stools. I order a glass of orange juice, ice cold, and proceed to sip it leisurely, but when I try to draw in the liquid I meet with no success. It is orange juice no longer, but instead a series of right triangles, isosceles, tangents to circles, etc., which must be solved before I can get to the liquid in the bottom of the glass. I am in despair. I cannot think. I might just as well be called on to converse with Hitler on German war debts as to attempt to solve these problems. A sickening pain tears at my eyes and my throat feels like a burning coal. I am miserable. I beseech the first of the figures, a gentleman wearing a "90 degree angle" to have pity on me, but to no avail. He is stubborn. Unless I solve them, not a drop of that glorious orange liquid may I taste. I begin to feel like a painted ship upon a painted ocean, with water everywhere and not a drop to drink. And then I grow weak. The triangles are growing monstrous. They leap out of the glass and entwine me with their arms. The tangent is cruel. He knocks my weary head, he is so powerful and I am made helpless by his blow. I sink gracefully to the ground. I keep falling, falling, falling. The circle laughs at me. By now I am too weak to retort. I keep falling. The geometrical figures grow more obscure. At last I hear the tangent murmur, barely above a

whisper: "That's the way to do it." And then, I strike something soft. My senses return. It is black, deathly black everywhere. I find myself on a beach, with the water tearing in at my feet and the wind howling above the tips of my ears. I have no conception of where I am. But somehow I imagine myself on the Aegean Sea of which Socrates spoke long ago, referring to the ebb and flow of human misery. I feel cold. I must get up and run and get warm. But everything is so black. It is terrifying. I leap up and start forward. Before me I see a cliff, which seems to rise up suddenly out of nothing, and yet down below it are rocks, ugly, jagged rocks over which black waters tear furiously and whip its black foam around the death-producing stones. I am frightened. I feel the lack of human company in this cold place. I pull my sweater closer about me. The wind comes bouncing up, it twirls around me, it shoots through me. It laughs scornfully in my ear. It is so biting.

And then my eyes are drawn upwards to the top of the cliff. On its peak I see the figure of a person, standing on the edge and gazing down on those death-strewn waters below. And then I can see the person's face, it is young, piteously young, with deep sorrow tinting the lips and eyes and over it all a look of sharp, terrifying determination, the look of one who is contemplating self-disaster. An idea comes to me. If only I can reach that cliff before she falls. I start to run, but I cannot. Some irresistible force is holding me back. Again I lift my eyes and search the cliff. She is smiling, and her face shines as though the grace of God were in her soul. She turns and walks away from the cliff, but before she goes, she looks down at me and smiles—a dazzling smile of one who has at last found the light. She is gone, and I turn back.

I am weary. I hear my voice crying out, but only the black waves answer me. I feel like the traveler knocking at the moon-lit door, and saying: "Tell them I came, but no one answered, that I kept my word," he said. I was cold, tired, and frightened. I threw myself down on the sand and wept.

MARI-ELIZABETH MCCARTHY, '36.

BLESSED BE THE FAULT-FINDERS

Not every cat can boast of an angora forefather somewhere up in the topmost branches of his family tree. "Bill" was not an angora, but it was very generally acknowledged that his chances for such a promotion were unusually propitious. His striped, tawny coat was sleek and soft with, here and there, a tuft of fur slightly longer than the rest. By no standard of judgment could anyone say that "Bill" was other than a well-fed, common species of a cat, although I had been assured that he would be a "bona fide" angora and, meanwhile, I was content to see that

the necessary vitamins were contained in his pussyship's diet, in order that his fur might become all the more luxuriant.

Much time elapsed and "Bill" grew long and somewhat lanky. His utter indifference as to the condition of his fur troubled me not a little, for I had great faith in his ability to grow a crop of angora fur which would do justice to his noble ancestor, and, incidentally, quiet the tormentors who bantered me for my gullibility. Finally, I conceived an idea whereby I might aid "Bill" and myself, too. Very cautiously I made inquiries about the potency of several brands of hair tonic and the evidence was encouraging. If hair-tonic would grow a mustache for a languishing swain, why would it not elongate the fur which already existed on "Bill"? I could see no reason why it should fail, so I secretly anointed him, very liberally, with an odoriferous brand of the precious tonic. "Bill" was not exactly pleased by my interest in his welfare; in fact, his little claws made several large indentures on my arm. It was shortly after this that "Bill" started to become a real angora. His fur has grown much longer until now the longer hairs stand out from his body not unlike the quills of a porcupine. "Bill" will yet do justice to his family tree, if the makers of the hair tonic do not go out of business.

Ah, the glory of successful accomplishment! My tormentors are quieted, and in admiration of "Bill's" remarkable progress, while I am basking in the comfortable warmth which emanates from the knowledge of a deed well done. Blessed be the fault-finders and critics, I say; for to them it is given that they enkindle the embers of dry ambition.

CORNELIA E. SHEEHAN, '36.

HATS

In London, Bond's, I have heard told, is the place for English gentlemen to buy their hats, for Bond's has the reputation for correctness and exquisite taste. Now Lord Bunty and Sir Appleby awoke one morning and realized that the following day were the Derby races, and that two very charming young ladies were eagerly awaiting to be escorted thither. So Lord Bunty grasped his cane, and hustled down to Bond's. Now Sir Appleby was also struck with the same idea and he, too, rushed down the steps of his club, and just then encountered his dear friend, Bunty. Greetings over, the two hurried down the street, and turned in at the destined shop. Long deliberations with the wise men followed, and finally Bunty and Sir Appleby emerged puffed with anticipated joy.

All London knew these jolly bachelors. Lord Bunty tipped the weights at two hundred and fifty pounds, and reached the height of six

feet and three inches, while Sir Appleby barely saw five feet five, and with all his puffing could only attain one hundred and twenty-three pounds on those horrid scales. You can understand, therefore, that in this case head size varied very much. Approaching his club, Sir Appleby touched Bunty's hand, tapped him with his cane and entered the sacred portal of the Club Eatmore. Bunty wandered on alone, breathing in deeply the freshness of Spring air and allowing white sunlight to beat a tattoo on his back. He was gloriously happy, for tomorrow he would escort the daintiest creature in all London through admiring Derby throngs, and above all he would wear a Bond's topper. Ah, joy of joys! Was life ever so sweet?

Arriving home, he settled down to await the treasured arrival, and to put it away for tomorrow's feast. Minutes ticked into hours, but still no hat. Bunty paced the floor. He strode to the window, peered anxiously down the street, but no bellboy did he see. At last his anxious worry was dimmed by loud talking and shouting outside, and there he discovered the boy from Bond's in the midst of an argument while the two hat boxes rested perilously on the curbstone. "Ah, woe is me!" sighed Bunty, while viewing his topper in a London gutter. With a loud bellow that echoed far into Piccadilly, Bunty called the boy and demanded his hat. The boy, frightened beyond words, picked up a box, and placed it in Bunty's hands.

Derby morning dawned dazzling bright. Bunty awoke, stretched, yawned, and regained consciousness. His glance rested on the hat box. Ah, what a delight! He arose, dressed most carefully and then took a long, deep breath. The treasure of treasures was about to be placed on his head. He opened the box and drew it forth. With both hands he grasped it, gazed at it lovingly, and rested it on his head. Why, how queer! it did not even cover his skull. It must, but no, it could not be too small, for indeed did he not buy it at Bond's?

Now Sir Appleby had a similar experience. When he put his topper on, it raced right down over his eyes, and dear old Appleby was forced to tilt back his head and peer out from underneath. And now comes the tragic story. On arriving at their fiancées' houses both were rejected. The reason was that Bond's toppers were not the right size. Bunty stormed, and Appleby wheedled, but to no avail.

It is the same day. The sky is a robin's blue, the wind is east, the air just crisp, a perfect racing afternoon. Two figures approach from opposite directions. Their shoulders droop, their heads heave forward, even their honor seems abandoned. It is Lord Bunty and Sir Appleby. They stop. They look at each other. They understand. They step into dear old Appleby's club for lunch. They place their toppers on the rung and sit down. It is a gloomy meal. Luncheon finished, they

arise, take their hats, put them on, and walk out. They leave each other. Bunty walks sadly down the street. His hat feels perfect. He looks at his reflection in a window. Why, his hat fits perfectly, even better than it did this morning. He sighs and ambles on. Now dear Sir Appleby goes to his room and stops before a mirror. Why, this topper fits! In fact it really looks quite jaunty. He sighs and takes it off.

As you must have guessed, the bellboy from Bond's had given Sir Appleby's box to Lord Bunty, and vice versa, but when the two went to lunch, by a trick of fate, each took his own hat from the rung, and the mystery of size solved itself.

Mari-Elisabeth McCarthy, '36.

E. C. ECHOES

On February third, the night of nights of Junior year arrived for the Class of '35, and measured up to our highest expectations. It was, indeed, the culmination of all our social successes so far. As the class, led by our president, Dorothea Hoar, tastefully gowned in coral velvet, proceeded down the stately ballroom of the Copley Plaza amidst a confusion of confetti and serpentina, the promenade, the height of the evening's glamour, was in full swing. Vivid and graceful, the marchers gayly wended their way through the colorful blizzard until the orchestra glided into a medley of dance tunes, and the junior dance began, as a huge cluster of purple and white balloons floated to the floor from the central chandelier of the ceiling. Music, under the capable baton of Jack Marchard, favors of tiny silver and black pendants with the college seal and of cigarette cases in black leather also with the college seal, gowns of every color and type, flowers in profusion, all blended harmoniously into an evening of perfection. Much credit for the success of the prom is due to the chairman, Sally Kane, who marched second in the promenade, in an effective gown of crystal beaded white crêpe. Her assistants were Ruth Barry, Genevieve Connor, Constance Dolan, Mary Groden, Evangeline Mercier, and Rose Mullin.

Junior Promenade

On Wednesday, February the twenty-first, Mrs. Theodosia Crosse, distinguished authority on etiquette, gave the second of a series of delightful lectures, every minute of which was most thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the student body and a large number of friends. Conversation as a social asset was the appropriate choice of subject by Mrs. Crosse. She pointed out that conversation was the one art in which woman should excel, and in which history proves that she does excel. By the suggestion of a few simple rules Mrs. Crosse indicated some means of acquiring impeccable speech, as well as conversational facility: to talk of interests of your listener; to pause after your remarks to allow comment; to avoid personalities; to keep to generalities, and to avoid being a conversation blocker. Conversation, Mrs. Crosse insists, is giving. Words are the vehicles of thought, the tools with which we chisel our personality — the mirrors of our ideals.

Mrs. Theodosia Crosse

The "Dean's List" includes the following names of students whose rank in class averaged ninety per cent or higher for the first semester of this scholastic year.

Senior Class

Buckley, Marion
Burke, Margaret
Caliri, Fortunata
Crane, Agnes
Cullen, Margaret
Cummings, Mary
Dempsey, Elizabeth
Dunigan, Dorothea
Glynn, Helen
Keating, Helen
Lane, Catherine
Maffeo, Rose
McInerney, Mary
O'Reilly, Mary
Quinn, Margaret
Reilly, Isabel
Smith, Mary
Stankard, Eleanor
Sullivan, Margaret
Thomas, Mary
Webber, Gertrude

Junior Class

Attridge, Helen
Castelli, Mary
Coyle, Kathryn
DeGuglielmo, Mary
Devenny, Mary
Dolphin, Alice
Flanigan, Margaret
Glidden, Eileen
Handrahan, Agnes
Hoar, Dorothea
Kavanaugh, Mary
Kelleher, Ethel
Kelleher, Helen
Lynch, Kathryn
Maguire, Agatha
Murphy, Claudia
McBrien, Margaret
McClure, Oda
McDonald, Dorothea
McGettrick, Helen
McGoohan, Margaret
McNamara, Elizabeth
O'Brien, Claire
Stanton, Mary
Vaas, Mary
Wallace, Eleanor

Sophomore Class

Cahill, Patricia
Carr, Frances
Denning, Mary
Duffy, Martha
Ferguson, Barbara
Harvey, Alice
Goodwin, Helen
Keating, Madeleine
Koen, Rita
Larkin, Gertrude
Lyons, Helen
Murphy, Mary
McCarthy, Mari-Elizabeth
Rafferty, Mary
Shannon, Mary
Sheehan, Cornelia
Sister Doucet

Freshman Class

Brulé, Dorilla
Busby, Claire
Cuttle, Catherine
Henderson, Mary
Jackson, Ruth
Maynard, Lillian
Miller, Mary
Murphy, Anna
Powers, Mary
Sheehan, Anna
Spellman, Mary

Classical Society

On February fifth, the Classical Society held its third meeting of the year. During the short business meeting which preceded the program, it was decided that the Society purchase a miniature Roman house which, we are sure, will be of great use in our study of Roman architecture. The remainder of the hour was devoted to a review of "The Women of the Caesars" by Guglielmo Ferrero which gives an interesting and enlightening account of the glories, conquests, and tragic destinies of the Caesars, particularly of the women connected with that illustrious family. The book reveals many facts which the ordinary historian does not include in his writings and presents a truly fascinating picture of Roman life under the Caesars. The members who reviewed the book were: Helen Lyons, '36; Helen Attridge, '35; Agnes Crane, '34; Mary Smith, '34; and Catherine Lane, '34.

Athletic Society

On March fifth, there was a basketball game between the Sophomores and Freshmen. Acknowledgment of fine athletic ability is to be extended to the Freshmen, who, with the score of 21-10, are recognized as our laurel-wearing athletes. The triumphant Freshmen team included the following: guards, Kathleen Henneberry and Mary Farrell; forwards, Louise McAuliffe and Kathleen Mellen; jump center, Yolanda Lodie; side center, Eileen Sullivan. The Sophomore line-up included: guards, Eleanor Barry and Mary Murphy; forwards, Mary Barnwell and Catherine Flatley; jump center, Mary Denning; side center, Alice Gallagher. The referee of the game was Phyllis Drew, '35, and the time and score-keeper was Marguerite Carr, '35.

The Athletic Society, under the direction of Marion Buckley, '34, is sponsoring a succession of basket-ball games. On the afternoon of January twenty-ninth, the students witnessed the defeat of the Seniors by their sister class, the Sophomores, with a score of 36-16. In the Senior line-up were: forwards, Lillian Dale, Marion Buckley; center, Loretta Daley; side-center, Margaret O'Neil; guards, Margaret Sullivan and Agnes Crane. The laurel-bearing Sophomore team was composed of the following students: Catherine Flatley and Patricia Cahill; center, Helen Goodwin; side-center, Alice Gallagher; guards, Mary Murphy and Elinor Barry. The referee was Phyllis Drew; the time keeper and score keeper were, respectively, Eileen Sullivan and Louise McAuliffe.

The Historical Society

On February fourteenth the members of the Historical Society and their friends had the pleasant privilege of listening to the Reverend Terrence Connolly, S.J., of the Boston College Graduate School, who gave a most scholarly and penetrating interpretation of "The Ballad of the White Horse," by Gilbert Keith Chesterton. The message of this poem, which Father Connolly considers the finest ballad written in the language during the past century and the nearest approach to an epic poem written in modern times, is the lesson of militant humility, a lesson much needed by the age of arrogant pride in which we are living.

El Club Español

El Club Español held a bridge in the music hall on Monday, February twenty-six. Fifteen tables were in progress. A pleasing touch of variety was added to the afternoon's enjoyment by the playing of Spanish records. Delightful prizes were awarded to the bridge winners.

French Club

At the meeting of the Cercle Louis Veuillot held on Wednesday, January thirtieth, various phases in the life and works of Paul Claudel were discussed by Mary Kavanaugh, '35; Isabel Reilly, '34; Mary O'Reilly, '34; and Mary Malloy, '34. Dorothea O'Brien, '35, entertained the society by reading several of Claudel's poems.

Poetic Readings

On Sunday afternoon, February the eleventh, members of Le Cercle Louis Veuillot and many of their friends enjoyed a delightful hour of Poetic Readings given by Father Leonard Feeney, S.J. Father Feeney's choice of readings was indeed interesting and indicative of his own poetic tastes and ideals. Among his selections were: "The Unpardonable Sin," by Chesterton, considered by Father Feeney to be the finest expression of chivalry in our modern literature; Hilaire Belloc's "The Rebel," in which he holds up to ridicule in his own inimitable way the erstwhile studied irreligion in England; Maurice Baring's "Elegy on Juliet's White Owl," so charmingly reminiscent of Catullus; Sister Madeleva's "Penelope," exquisite in its lyrical fancifulness and elevation; and finally, the most delicate of spirited fantasy, "Ducks," by F. W. Harvey. It was a privilege to hear poetry read so appreciatively. Father Feeney's comments were invaluable from every point of view, but especially because they were a poet's opinion of poets. Our only regret was that Father Feeney did not choose to read some of our particular favorites from "In Towns and Little Towns" or from "Riddle and Reverie." The hour of readings was preceded by a short concert given by Margaret Rose O'Connell, '32, accompanied at the piano by Charlotte Winchester. Miss O'Connell's charmingly well-balanced program was enthusiastically received. It included selections from Schubert, Goddard, and Dvorak. Miss O'Connell concluded her concert with Oliver Plunkett's "I See His Blood Upon the Rose," set to music by Hernando Lopez.

Catholic Action

During the past month several very interesting and instructive talks have been given to the student body, besides the usual explanation of the day's feast. Martha Doherty, '35, in her talk, "A Valentine to Our Lady," urged us to send a spiritual valentine to our Mother Mary, with a heart of love and a lace of prayer. Catherine Murphy, '34, speaking on the "Devotion of Artists and Poets to the Virgin Mary" was most enlightening. Winifred Burdick, '35, reviewed Temple Bailey's "Enchanted Ground."

Emmanuel never fails to honor the scholars of the Church, so on Wednesday, March seventh, we celebrated the feast of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the patron of schools. An original poem was read by Mary Devenny, '35; an essay, "The Angelic Doctor," by Helen Glynn, '34; "Panis Angelicus" was sung by Martha Hurley, '34; and a violin selection was rendered by Elizabeth McNamara, '35, accompanied at the piano by Mary McNamara, '37.

Saint Thomas Aquinas

On Wednesday, the fourteenth of March, the Literary Society sponsored a delightfully enjoyable and illuminating lecture on Alice Meynell, given by the Reverend Terence Connolly, S.J. Father Connolly's distinctively revealing analysis of the spirit of Mrs. Meynell's poetry was particularly inspiring. With delicate touch he showed that her unique, poetic spirit emanated from her solitude and her vigilance. In delineating the poet's style, the Reverend speaker stressed her decided lack of Victorian sentimentality, and by way of contrast, her genuinely passionate and emotional nature. Mrs. Meynell wrote with radiant originality, and no poem of hers is without some mark of distinction. Mrs. Meynell was no mere impressionist, no mere imagist, she insisted on thought and worked in accordance with the tenets of her art. The Literary Society will long remember this perfect tribute to a perfect woman.

The Literary Society

At assembly on Friday, the sixteenth of March, we celebrated, in anticipation, the feast of St. Patrick, the patron of Ireland. Cornelia Sheehan, '36, struck the first appropriate atmospheric note with a spirited rendition of, "The Kerry Dance." Agnes McHugh, '34, heightened the festive Gaelic strain with a delicately blended medley of Irish airs. Mary Shannon, '36, offered two lovely vocal selections, also chosen from Erin's incomparable music lore, "The Last Rose of Summer," and the "Low Backed Car." Agnes McHugh, '34, at the harp and Eleanor Fogarty, '36, at the bass viol, played a delightful arrangement of the "Londonderry Air." Claire O'Brien' '35, varied the program with the reading of an original poem, "Saint Patrick." The program was brought to a close with those well-known musical gems, "Where the River Shannon Flows," and "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," sung by Martha Hurley, '34.

Saint Patrick

The Musical Society

On the feast of Saint Joseph, March nineteenth, the Glee Club sang Benediction at the Home of the Aged, in Roxbury, which is conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor. The program for Benediction included the usual hymns. The "Ave Maria" was sung by a quartette composed of Mary Shannon, '36, Mary Salmon, '35, Gertrude Larkin, '36 and Agnes McHugh, '34. Later an impromptu entertainment given in the dining hall for the enjoyment of the old people consisted of vocal solos by Mary Shannon, '36, group numbers by the Glee Club, violin solos by Eizabeth McNamara, '35, and a dramatic sketch by Martha Doherty, '35. The program was enthusiastically received and the entertainers were extended an earnest and cordial invitation to return again soon.

Fashion Show

It is rarely the case that a much publicized affair lives up to the expectations aroused by persistent publicity, but it must be conceded that The Fashion Show that was sponsored here by Madame Dussault on March twelfth, for the benefit of the *Epilogue,* certainly exceeded all our expectations, financially and socially. Members of the student body served as attractive models: Loretto Murphy, '37; Anne Quinlan, '36; Marita Dwyer, '35; Shirley Fay, '35; Eleanor Sullivan, '34. The gowns and hats that were modeled were ultra-modern, and, what is better, surprisingly inexpensive. Undoubtedly, Madame Dussault's display gave many of us some helpful suggestions for spring wardrobes. For any who may be contemplating matrimony the feature of the display was a charming bridal group. Refreshments were served immediately after the display was concluded. The memory of the Epilogue Fashion Show will remain with us for a long time.

Foreign Mission Society

The Junior activities for the Society were planned by Agnes Bixby and Helen Kelleher, in the form of horse races, a "Cootie Game," and roulette wheel. Before the eventful day, eager horses and gay jockies adorned posters on the student bulletin boards, the sight of which aroused the sporting blood of the college. On February nineteenth a large audience assembled in the gymnasium. Before the races started much interest was manifested in the "Cootie Game" and roulette, under the direction of Anastasia Kirby and Eleanor Farr. As last, however, the Booking Office, in charge of Mary Stanton, Mary Vaas, Marguerite Carr and Eleanor O'Brien, was closed, the horses were arranged, and the signal given. They were off! Martha Doherty and Mary Devenny were in charge, noting the progress of the horses and naming the

winners. The proceeds of this hour of fun were most gratifying and were deposited in the Mission treasury.

On March nineteenth the Freshmen did their Lenten bit for the Foreign Missions by presenting a circus. The first feature of the afternoon was a colorful parade, including the animals. Alice Quartz, chairman of the entertainment committee, was mistress of ceremonies. The program consisted of such circus features as a chariot race, swimming match, radio program and a bull fight. The sideshows, in charge of Yolanda Lodie, assisted by an able committee, furnished a great attraction. Interesting fortunes were told by Marjorie Ryan, and pink lemonade and peanuts were sold by the refreshment committee under the direction of Rita Morris. The circus was a success both financially and socially.

El Club Español

Spain has come to Emmanuel in behalf of the class of Spanish 12, composed of Emily Collins, '34; Dorothea Dunigan, '34; Rose Maffeo, '34, and Helen McGettrick, '35, who, in conjunction with their reading of *Don Quijote,* studied Concha Espina's book which was formerly entitled in Spain, *Al Amor de Las Estrellas,* but now is known as *Las Mujeres del Quijote.* It treats the different women characters which are introduced throughout *Don Quijote,* and, like all of Concha Espina's books, is unusually successful, giving a decided insight into the women characters of Cervantes' novel, as well as into Concha Espina's own personality. In view of the fact that the class received genuine enjoyment from this book, the four members wrote appreciations of it and forwarded them to Concha Espina in Spain. The novelist, a noble woman and devout Catholic, favored her Emmanuel admirers with a personal note written in acknowledgment of the appreciations. We quote in full the letter of acknowledgment received from Concha Espina, and also an English translation of it.

Secretaria del Club Espanol de Emmanuel College.
Srta. Distinguida Senorita: Helen McGettrick.

Me complace contestar por mi mano al gentil envio de Vds; que agradezco mucho y muy de veras me ha gustado.

Son preciosas estas paginas de estudio que sobre "Mujeres del Quijote" han tenido Vds. la bondad de hacer, con indiscutible acierto psicológico y habilidad crítica, revelación de dotes muy excepcionales en Vds. para la literatura, aparte del gran conocimiento del idioma que Vds. revelan pot todo lo cual les felicito cordialmente.

No sabria decir cual de ellos cuatro estudios considero mejor; tiene cada uno su gracia propia y un sabor delicioso.

Estimulo con mi aplauso a las autoras de ellos: Helen, Rose, Dorothea, Emily; les deseo un año muy feliz con los mejores exitos escolares.

Y con mis atentos saludos a ese culto profesorado, les abraza y quiere su amiga,

CONCHA ESPINA.

Madrid, 2 de enero, 1934.
Secretary of the Spanish Club of Emmanuel College
Miss Helen McGettrick
Dear Miss McGettrick,

I take pleasure in replying personally to your letter and to the literary enclosures which have truly pleased me, and which I acknowledge gratefully.

These critical studies of "Mujeres del Quijote" which you all have been kind enough to write with undoubted psychological insight and critical ability, reveal in you all exceptional gifts for our literature, besides a great understanding of the language. For all these reasons, I congratulate you most heartily.

I could not say which of the four studies I consider the best, each has its own special attraction and its own delightful style.

With sincere praise, I encourage the authors of these studies: Helen, Rose, Dorothea, Emily. I wish you all a very happy New Year and the best of success in your studies.

With friendly greetings to your prosperous Spanish Club, I am,

Ever your affectionate friend,

CONCHA ESPINA.

Madrid, January 2, 1934.

Dramatic Society

On February twenty-first, the Dramatic Society, under the direction of Eleanor Stankard, '34, introduced a new feature, namely drama reviews. Mary Stanton, '35, reviewed *Days Without End,* the recent success of Eugene O'Neill, and Alice Quartz, '37, gave a delightful reading entitled *The Bath Hour.* As the climax of a very active and successful season, the Dramatic Society, under the direction of Miss Jane Holland, presented a Lenten drama, entitled *In the Shadow of the Cross,* written by the Reverend John J. McMahon. This production was given in three performances, on March twenty-third, twenty-fourth, and twenty-fifth. The plot of the play is based on the early opposition to Christianity, the courageous spirit of faith in Christians, and the final triumph of Christianity over Roman paganism. The proceeds of the play were for the benefit of the scholarship fund, the completion of which is soon to be realized.

ALUMNAE NOTES

DAY OF RECOLLECTION

On Sunday, March 4, Sister Helen Madeleine welcomed the members of the Alumnae Association to the College for their annual Day of Recollection. The conferences were given by the Reverend Father Charles Barry, O. M. I., who clearly and eloquently recalled for us the joyful years of our college life, when our teachers gave us the inspiration to model our future lives on the life of Him who is our Emmanuel. He emphasized that our final success or failure would not be measured in material acquisitions, but rather according to the loyalty with which we had lived up to the principles inculcated in us during our final years as students. During Mass and Benediction, hymns suitable to the Lenten season were sung by Margaret O'Connell, Rosemary Stanford, and Phyllis Joy. All the members present expressed their appreciation of all that Alice Johnson and her committee on arrangements had done to make the day so pleasant.

A business meeting was held in the auditorium after Benediction, at which our president, Mrs. Marion McDonald Sheehan, led the discussion of future events. It is hoped that either a theatre party, or a bridge and fashion show can be held in April, and perhaps a spring dance in May. A membership committee, under the chairmanship of Miss Hinchey, was appointed to decide upon the eligibility of new members and of members previously dropped for non-payment of dues. It was decided by a general vote to hold the Fall Dance on November 2, rather than on Thanksgiving evening. Tentative plans were also discussed for a play to be given sometime next year, perhaps at the Repertory Theatre, by the members of the Alumnae and their friends. The whole day proved to be most enjoyable, and we hope that next year many more of our fellow-members will be able to share the hospitality of our Alma Mater with us.

Members of the Alumnae will be pleased to read the following clipping recently received from a suburban paper:

"The local graduates of Emmanuel College feel very proud of the record that their school made in the recent Peabody teachers' examinations, and the college heads are elated over the results obtained by its graduates, according to a young woman now attending the college.

Emmanuel graduates obtained three first places in the exams, two second, and two third places. Harvard had one first place, as did Dartmouth."

Sister Bernard Marie (Esther V. Fox, '28) received the religious habit at the novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame in February.

Sister Patricia (Ethel Morris, '28) is teaching in St. Bernard's High School, West Newton.

Sister Mary John (Mary Hoye, '30) is teaching in Notre Dame Academy, Granby Street, Boston.

Sister Ann Cyril (Mary Delaney, '30) is teaching in St. Mary's High School, Waltham.

Sister Clare Francis (Susan Brennan, '31) is teaching in Notre Dame Academy, Granby Street, Boston.

Sister Barbara (Agnes Martikke, '31) received the religious habit at the novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame in February.

Sister Agnes Clare (Eileen Donovan, '32) is teaching in St. Bernard's High School, West Newton.

Sister Julia Louise (Kathleen Sullivan, '32) is studying at Trinity College, Washington, D. C.

Mary Donohoe, '32, is an assistant in the Chelsea Public Library.

Mary Barrow, '33, is teaching in St. Augustine's High School, South Boston.

Mary Flatley, '33, has a government position in Washington.

Colette Fulham, '33, is a technician in the Boston City Hospital.

Constance Hurley, '33, is an assistant in the Teachers' College library.

Blanche Kane, '33, is substituting in the Hudson High School.

Catherine Leonard, '33, has entered the Training School for Nurses at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

In Christo Quiescentes

Jeanne Bourgeois, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Bourgeois (Juliette Marin, '27).

Patricia Field, sister of Kathleen Field, '35.

Mrs. Edward J. Martin, mother of Mary Martin, '30.

Mr. Francis J. O'Connor, father of Mary Rita O'Connor, '28.

EMMANUEL LEAGUE

The January meeting of the Emmanuel League was held on the afternoon of Sunday, January twenty-first. The League members were the guests of the Emmanuel Alumnae and enjoyed a delightful afternoon's

entertainment. Miss Rose Walsh read a three-act play entitled, "The Kingdom of God," to a very appreciative and attentive audience. This joint meeting strengthened the union of the Alumnae and the League.

Mrs. Patrick Macken, Mrs. Marguerite Maguire, and Mrs. John J. Quirk were hostesses at the regular monthly bridge on Tuesday, January sixteenth. These parties are enjoyable to those who attend and are adding substantially to the League treasury.

The guest speaker at the meeting held on Sunday, February eighteenth, was Mr. William H. O'Brien, whose fund of knowledge regarding international relations made his talk, "Old World Politics," very delightful and enlightening. Mr. John Herrick, baritone, sang and the applause of the audience proved his popularity and success. He was accompanied at the piano by Mr. Wendall Luce. The guest of honor at this meeting was Mrs. Frederick Mansfield, wife of His Honor, the Mayor of Boston. It was a pleasure for the members of the League to welcome Mrs. Mansfield as a member.

Mrs. John Piscopo, Mrs. William Prendergast and Mrs. William Koen were hostesses at the monthly bridge held Tuesday afternoon, February twenty-seventh. Because of the severe snow storm the party had been postponed from the previous week, but in spite of the hardships of travel on the day of the party the response represented genuine loyalty to the hostesses and the cause.

The League attained one of its most brilliant successes on March sixteenth when a Green Bridge and Coffee Party were held in the gymnasium of the College, which had been gaily decorated for the occasion. There were attractive prizes, dainty refreshments, and a cordial social spirit, which is distinctive of all League meetings. Mrs. John J. O'Neill was chairman of the committee for the Bridge, and was assisted by an efficient committee.

On the following Sunday, the eighteenth, the monthly meeting was held as usual at the College. Miss Agnes Carr, of Woburn, was the guest speaker and addressed the members on Women in Newspaper Work.

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The Ethos

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Ode

To Our Beloved Archbishop
William Cardinal O'Connell

What can we speak who would have some small share
  In this awaited, memorable feast,
When vested dignitaries humbly bear
  Awed greetings from the great,—we, but the least?
Not Fame's loud echo: furthest Christendom
  Outcries the voice of mere propinquity.
Nor Honor: half a century has done
  Much more to fill the golden cup than we
Who can but marvel at the wondrous plan
That makes a Bishop, poet, patriot, man.
  Our peers may praise; but we, thy children, pray.

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

Catholic Action in Practice

A chill, rainy day did not seem propitious for my first trip to the lower East Side of New York, and when I discovered that my destination was a long distance from the subway, I almost regretted my decision to go there. Nevertheless, I had determined to seek out the office of "The Catholic Worker," and this was my only opportunity to do so during a short visit of three days in New York. Yet, as my sister and I trudged along, getting our feet wetter and wetter, I felt that it would be worth the trouble, and I soon discovered that that premonition was a very mild one indeed.

From the subway station at Union Square, we walked to Fifteenth Street, feeling then that we were far over on the East Side and must be near number 436. But we soon discovered that the nearby numbers were low ones and we had to walk many blocks before we reached the so-called "office." The district was miserable with endless blocks of typical city tenements, and the home of "The Catholic Worker" was tucked away in a basement store in one of these. As I opened the door to enter, I felt strangely excited about this first glimpse into an entirely new world.

Inside the door, two men stood and talked very enthusiastically. One of them turned to us and smiled in greeting as he called to a back room: "Dorothy, come here!" After a second or two, a woman entered, and as she approached, I noted her appearance in detail. She was tall and large-boned but thin, her face was pallid, her eyes seemed tired and her dark hair was sprinkled with premature gray. Her whole appearance suggested a person who had found life hard, but her expression, although serious, and her voice, though quiet, showed that she possessed a sincerity and vitality that could carry her triumphantly through misfortune. This was my first impression of Dorothy Day, the founder of the little paper called "The Catholic Worker." Because of what I knew about her she impressed me as a very extraordinary figure, and yet she appeared just as matter-of-fact as I had expected she would. People who accomplish the greatest amount of good never look heroic.

The background of the paper must include a few facts from the history of Dorothy Day. For several years I had been reading her articles in Catholic magazines and periodicals of the better sort and from them I knew that she had become a convert to Catholicism eight years ago. Before that she had been a writer for communist publications and

had radical tendencies, although she was never an actual member of the Communist party. Since her conversion her chief aim has been to spread the Catholic viewpoint on labor and to better the condition of the working man by the application of Catholic principles.

In the spring of 1933, the Catholic press carried favorable comments about a new co-laborer in the field, "The Catholic Worker," which bore Dorothy Day's name as founder and editor. When I subscribed a little later, I discovered that she had been able to realize her ambition in the form of a monthly newspaper which emphasized in its name its intention of becoming the rival of the powerful communist organ, "The Daily Worker." Just as the latter carries to the man in the street the godless tenets of Marx, the new paper aimed to put in easily accessible form the doctrines of Social Justice as exemplified in the Gospels of Christ and the Labor Encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI. Those who are the victims of the radical propaganda are not people who would go out of the way to learn other viewpoints and compare them, so the Catholic standard was to be carried down and handed to them. As Cardinal Manning said, "The future lies with the masses and it is up to the Church to align herself with them."

In starting this work Dorothy Day had the help of Peter Maurin who had made it a practice for years to leave his work in upstate New York at intervals and go to the squares of New York City to distribute Catholic pamphlets and to start arguments with the radicals loitering there. All he ever wanted was to find an antagonist and that gave him an excuse to raise his voice and attract a crowd and then launch into a pointed speech. This twentieth-century apostle was the one who suggested the idea of starting a magazine to Mrs. Day at the very time she had been praying for an inspiration for a practical way to work for labor and the Church. So, with the encouragement of the editors of "America," "Commonweal," "The Sign," members of the Paulist Fathers, and others, and with only enough money on hand to pay the first printer's bill, "The Catholic Worker" was started. The first issue of twenty-five hundred copies was ready for May first, the date of world-wide communist celebrations, and Mrs. Day and Joseph Barnes Bennett, a recent convert, went forth into Union Square, the scene of the greatest gathering of all, and sold the paper in the crowd.

All these facts I knew when I went to 436 East Fifteenth Street, and I knew also the financial difficulties which beset the new enterprise. In order that those who needed the paper's teaching the most,—the poor laborer and the unemployed,—might be able to purchase it, the price was set at one cent a copy, or twenty-five cents a year by mail. It is easy to realize that this arrangement could not make the paper self-supporting.

In fact, this problem of money was the most serious obstacle to the plans and almost prevented their fulfillment. Weaker faith in God and lesser love of neighbor surely would have been overcome by this enormous difficulty, for Mrs. Day had not only herself but a small daughter to support by her writings. Mr. Maurin had no money, nor had their friends and advisers. There was no endowment except a firm trust in God and the example of Saint John Bosco who had started so many good works and charitable projects without money. On this foundation the structure was built, and the remarkable result is that it has increased and grown so that its first anniversary edition reached a circulation of thirty thousand. Its financial future, however, is no more assured than ever. The Franciscan rule of begging was adopted, and so far, every month has seen the bare necessities provided for. Friends have been made all over the country, and they in turn have spread the message to others, but even their continued support does not mean prosperity for the editors and their helpers, because most donations are small though generously given.

The spectacle that confronted me there in that office was so amazing and so inspiring that I have not yet ceased to marvel at it. I met and talked to a young woman who has only been within the fold of Catholicity for eight years but who considers the Faith such a precious gift that she feels obliged to share its benefits with others. She has absolutely no thought of herself, of her financial security, or of personal comfort. Since the inauguration of the paper, she has been joined by Dorothy Weston and Eileen Corridan, who work as co-editors, and they are all willing and eager to cast their lot together to work for the same purpose. Their home is a room or two behind the office, their pay is only the food they eat when they can afford to buy any. In fact, the day I was there their breakfast had consisted of pork and beans supplied by a welfare agency. All their clothes are hand-me-downs from more affluent and generous friends.

All this seems unbelievable in this day and age of selfishness and pleasure-seeking, but I saw it with my own eyes. This, however, is not the limit of the work done by this little group of Catholic workers. The office, as I said, is a basement store which is fairly capacious, and which on several nights a week is turned into a workers' school where lectures are given by prominent Catholic speakers, laymen, and religious, who volunteer their time and services. Round-table discussions in which the audience participates always follow. Thus, the written word is emphasized by the spoken, for the benefit of the more interested inquirers.

One more charitable enterprise has been undertaken by the group. Although not certain of a roof over their own heads they were stricken to the heart by the appeals from homeless and unemployed girls who drifted

in to them from the streets looking for a place to sleep. Most of them were good, respectable girls who were repelled by the municipal lodging-houses and similar places in which they had been forced to stay. Many were roaming from city to city and had no place at all to go. During the past bitter winter, Dorothy Day was able to solicit small monthly subscriptions from people in the local parish who were poor themselves but who had at least homes and jobs. On the strength of this she rented an apartment in the neighborhood for fifty dollars a month, furnished it with donated furniture and accessories, and turned it over to several of these girls as a shelter. They must get their food from soup kitchens, but every month so far the rent has been paid, and fewer girls roam the streets of New York all night. Mrs. Day hopes to arouse the interest of groups in other cities to follow her example in this regard. Already it is being done in Chicago.

Nearly two months have passed since my visit to New York. The memory of the plays I saw is growing dim, and I have forgotten just what purchases I made, but the impression I received at the office of "The Catholic Worker" remains as vivid as it was when I made my way back to Union Square on that rainy Saturday morning. I have retained a glowing picture of real Catholic Action carried on with utter forgetfulness of self by Dorothy Day and her associates. Yet she feels that she is only doing the work God intended for her in the way He wants it done. I can best end my little description of this great service in her own words which appeared in an article telling her story in "The Queen's Work" for April:

"Compared to the mighty works of the Church, these are little things, all of them. But they are the beginnings of the work we feel God wants us to do.

"To bring the Gospels and the message of the Pope's encyclicals on labor to Union Square and to radicals all over the country; to arouse the indifferent Catholics to what the Church wants us to do; to tell the fallen-away Catholic who is taken in by communist propaganda the message of the Church—these are our aims."

MARY T. SHEEHAN, '29.

That Light Whose Smile

My footsteps rap against the silent night,
Against the winter sky, against each star
Shining a frozen echo, bleak and far . . .
Could warmth have kindled stabs so piercing bright?
Light that's born of fire is lenient light,
Not sharp, unkind, that heat can never char
Nor flame past leaping leave a memoried scar.
But 'round this corner, see a happy sight!
Curling chimney smoke, that cottage there
So snug and pleasant, gleaming, candle-lit;
The curtains—bless them!—wide apart to show
A friendly room with cozy comfort in it:
A table, books, a picture, and a chair,
And on it all the hearth-fire's beaming glow!

L'ENVOI

Just because stars are far from men,
(With timid, new-fledged wings),
Oh, why should I a sonnet pen
In praise of simple things?
The self-same smile that lights the fires
On homely hearths throughout the earth
Has lit new stars for man's desires
By stooping to His birth.

KATHLEEN MORLEY ROGERS, '29.

Commencement

Emmanuel, before your throne we kneel,
To pray from you the blessing of our Lord!
Sign with His precious cross our brows, and seal
Our young and tender hands which hold His sword!

All through the dawn our feet have touched cool palm,
Our ears have heard the strong hosannas sound,
Our troubled lips your answering voice made calm,
Our fragile strength your purer wisdom crowned!

The day is now, the night will come, too fast.
We go to wield your sword to succor pain,
To keep unstained your honor to the last,
To share the gifts you have not given in vain!

We yield the world one only taunt to tell:
"Behold the daughters of Emmanuel!"

Mary Rita O'Connor, '28.

Between Trains

Chicago is a wonderful city. It is the beginning of everything for some people, for others it may be the end. Most of its most throbbing action centers around its Central Station, where dramas are enacted every hour while people wait "between trains."

It was fifteen minutes before the New York bound express was due, but already the waiting room was rapidly filling with all types of people. Two men, both about thirty-five, were leaning back against one of the benches. One was occupied in reading a late tabloid. The other just sat and smoked. That they were strangers there was no mistaking, but soon the man with the paper turned to the other occupant of the bench and pointed to a column.

"Say, buddy, look at that! If that isn't rich——!"

The smoker glanced at the speaker and then to the paper. The article was captioned, "Radio Star Becomes Doctor." There followed an article telling about the famous radio star who, when his voice failed, turned from the "mike" to the "scalpel." Without fiinishing the account, the smoker looked up.

"Well, what is so odd in that?"

"Odd? Say, that's wonderful publicity for that singer! Imagine him a doctor! I'll bet he can't even tell what a bone looks like! Bet he's getting big money for that. Wish I were in his place!"

"You do?"

"Sure! Don't you?"

"I don't know. Have you ever heard his story?"

"No. Has he one?"

"Almost everyone has!"

"Have you?"

"Isn't that rather personal for strangers?"

"Sorry, buddy. I didn't think. Sorry."

"That's all right." He paused and the other man became silent for a while but soon turned to the slow-speaking, quiet smoker.

"You asked me if I knew this 'actor's' story. Do you? I'd like to hear it. The train won't be in for ten minutes or more and I've finished this 'scandal sheet.' Would you tell me——"

"Well, it won't take long. You see, it happened about five years ago. Alan was newly graduated from college and by chance had obtained a place as the 'Vagabond Singer.' He was making good money, too, but

his throat was never quite strong. So you see, it was simple to bring it all about." He stopped. The other folded his paper and leaned back more comfortably to listen.

* * * * *

Slowly the singer stepped back from the microphone to give the "fading" effect to his theme song. The announcer brushed by him to say softly into the "mike," "You have been listening to Alan Trevor, the 'Vagabond Serenader.' His program came to you through the facilities of Station XYZ. He will be with you again one week from tonight at the same hour. Until then, Good-night!"

By that time, Alan had left the studio and was preparing to leave the building. As he was putting on his gloves, the announcer said to him, "Your voice was the best ever! What fan mail you'll be getting tomorrow! Why, what's the matter? Aren't you well?"

"It's nothing. Just nerves, I guess. My throat doesn't feel so good. It will go away, though. By the way, I'm singing for the kiddies tomorrow. The program for the children's ward that I promised ages ago. 'Doc' North said for me not to go, that I'll ruin my voice if I do. . . . Said I was singing too much outside of my program, but I can't let those little tikes down like that! They think I'm great! Why, the other day when I was over there one little fellow—a cripple, who will never get out of his wheel-chair, said, 'Gosh, Mr. Trevor, you're simply swell!' He meant it, too! . . . Well, throat or no throat I'm going there tomorrow!"

It was the next day when the turning point came to Alan. He had gone to the children's ward as he had promised, and had cheered the babies with his songs until he could hardly speak above a whisper. It was at the moment when he decided to leave the children that Doctor North made his appearance, dressed in white in preparation for an emergency operation.

When he saw Alan he smiled grimly.

"So you came? And your voice is about gone by now, I suppose?"

Alan tried to tell him that he had felt bound to visit the poor sick children, but the doctor waived his explanation, and he led the way back to his private office saying, as he turned to Alan, "I told you what would happen if you persisted. But I have no time for that now. There is a little boy here who must be operated on before five minutes have passed or——" His hands spread significantly. "Alan, I'm afraid your voice is gone for good, but at least since you think so much of these children, and I need a helper immediately, I shall let you try your hand at being a surgeon's assistant. Here, put on this coat, and these gloves. Hurry!"

Alan assisted at his first operation that afternoon. He saw before his very eyes the difference between the life he had been leading with its pretense of cheering people and the life which was instituted to bring back broken bodies and mend physical wrecks. The next day he, himself, was in the hospital, but not as a doctor, as a patient. His voice, true to Doctor North's prediction, was gone. He would never sing again. In fact he would be lucky even to talk again! By degrees, his power of speech returned, however, and when he recovered sufficiently, Alan Trevor said "farewell" to the station he had learned to love, and to the program that offered the "Vagabond Serenader" to the fans, and entered medical school.

He was graduated last year and within six months he had arranged to operate upon the little cripple who once had said, "Gosh, Mr. Trevor, I think you're simply *swell!*" No one believed he could cure the boy. Others had tried, but they had not had the encouragement from the patient he had received. The operation was a success and Doctor Trevor became famous. It was only last night the world learned he was the same man who had sung to it over the radio five years ago!

* * * * *

The voice of the speaker had become a trifle huskier and his cigarette had fallen to the floor unheeded long before. The reader of the tabloid stirred. Then he said, as the whistle of the train was heard, "Gee, that was some yarn, stranger. Too bad it's not true. That would make a fine story in the movies! Thanks, it certainly whiled away the time. You're a great story-teller. If I only had more time I'd like to hear more. He could have made more money as a radio star, though!"

"That story is true, and there isn't any more to it. Not only that, but he is making more than a radio star. He reaps a double profit, one in coin, the other in the joy of seeing miracles happen before his eyes!"

"Maybe you're right, but I doubt it! I'd rather have the coin, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know. I couldn't say for sure."

"You what? Say, fella, you must be crazy! Well, here's my train. Guess I'll have to be going."

"Well, good-bye. Perhaps you would like to know that you are the first one to hear that story?

"O, Sure! Sure! Well, so-long! Good-bye, Mr.——"

"Trevor. Alan Trevor!"

DOROTHEA A. DUNIGAN, '34.

Alice Meynell: the Contemplative of Letters

In imputing this title to Alice Meynell, one might be tempted to think that it is an unhappy one, for the meditative strain, the abstract vagueness of her verse, are the very qualities which prevent her becoming a popular poet. But when one grasps the beauty that this solemn asceticism captured, the title is at once appropriate and charming.

Poetry to Alice Meynell, and to her protégé, Francis Thompson, was an art thrice holy, a vocation of priestly dignity and of priestly pain. Poetry demanded something more than lyricism, imagery, or force, it demanded thought, deep and spiritual. The strange remoteness of Mrs. Meynell's verse is a necessary result of solitary flights into the wondrous realms of the spiritual; in this supernatural school she learned the futility of emotional indulgence as a medium of true poetic expression. Her rare asceticism shines unconsciously in all her verse, but particularly in her religious poems, doubly fervent because of a new-born faith.

With her acceptance of the Catholic religion, Alice Meynell seemed to become even more of a recluse, or a mystic, and her courageous resignation to all sorrow is expressed in the lines:

> "I light the tapers at my head and feet,
> And lay the crucifix upon this silent heart!"

In her religious poems, the art of Mrs. Meynell finds its fulfilment. Her reticence in religious matters is a beautiful example of reverence. Wistfulness and adoration are alike absent, yet there is a vibrant strength in the very detachment of her thought:

> "I saw the throng, so deeply separate,
> Fed at one only board—
> The devout people, moved, intent, elate,
> And the devoted Lord.
>
> O struck apart! not side from human side,
> But soul from human soul,
> As each asunder absorbed the multiplied,
> The ever unparted whole."

George Meredith said of her: "Her manner presents to me the image of one accustomed to walk in holy places, and keep the eye of fresh mind

on our tangled world" and in this very distinction of solitude lay her greatest charm. Her continual search for spirituality is betrayed in "To a Daisy."

"Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide,
  Like all created things, secrets from me,
And stand a barrier to eternity,
  And I, how can I praise thee well and wide

From where I dwell—upon the hither side?
  O daisy mine, what will it be to look
From God's side even of such a simple thing?"

Surely such a poem is a certain proof of a deep meditation and a very great sanctity. And here I cannot but make a comparison between her poetical creed and Francis Thompson's. Both united in theory and practice Song and Sanctity: to both poetry was a holy thing. It is small wonder, then, that Mrs. Meynell and Thompson appeal only to the highest faculties of the mind, that their works are too mystical for the popular intellect. Alice Meynell's "Via, Veritas, et Vita" is fraught with meaning:

"You never attained to him?" "If to attain
  Be to abide, then that may be."
"Endless the way, followed with how much pain."
  "The way was He."

Not only is the thought of unusual delicacy but the restraint which is characteristic of the poet imparts the strength of a firm faith.

Alice Meynell, the contemplative, is individualistic, she stands a little apart from the main way of English poetry. Hers was no wild, unbounded lyricism, no extravagant word-painting, no uncontrolled emotional indulgence, but a quiet vigilant watchfulness sensitively alive to beauty, a delicacy of touch, a fastidious taste at once restrictive and elevated, a sympathy and color of lasting loveliness. So deeply spiritual was she that her verse was haunted with that universal beauty that cannot fade. As George Meredith at another time said of her: "She waltzed on celestial heights."

Mary A. Barrow, '33.

The Rosewood Box, 1865

A pale moon was riding high in the cloudless sky, shedding its silver rays on the wide veranda of the old mansion. The air was warm and balmy, and fitted with the soft melodious singing of the darkies that came from a distant part of the plantation. John Fairclough was strolling up and down the veranda. As he passed from the shadow of one pillar to another the moonlight gleamed on the gold epaulets of his uniform, and glowed like molten metal. The young man paused at the door as he heard a faint rustle of silk, and caught sight of Linda Carey, descending the wide stairway. She moved lightly, holding her wide skirts about her, and John stepped toward her eagerly.

"Linda, tell me! Quickly!" he commanded.

He grasped her two hands while his eyes expectantly sought an answer in her face. Linda turned her head slightly, so that her soft brown curls hid her tremulous mouth. As she rested her head against a white pillar, the moonlight traced the perfection of her cameo-like features. She took a deep breath and faced the boy.

"I cannot marry you, John," she said simply.

"Linda, you don't mean that!" he gasped.

Her words came with an agonized rush.

"I do, John. The difference is too great. We could not be happy."

"Linda, you and I are no longer separated by the barriers of North and South, we are all of one nation now."

"Yes, John, we understand all that but—Father does not." She bowed her head as the tears filled her eyes.

"He talked to me only this afternoon about the treachery of the North. He made me promise never to forget that I am a Southerner. I think he knows how much I care for you, and he wanted to warn me." Her hands trembled as she twisted her handkerchief.

"Then you love your father more than you love me?" John's voice was sharp with youthful cruelty.

"Oh, no, no, you don't want to understand me! I love Father too much to break his heart by marrying a Northerner. I am afraid this is the end of—everything, John." She tried to smile bravely, and the result was pitiful.

They stood in silence, realizing that this was the last time that they would see each other. John's soldierly bearing had disappeared, and his shoulders were bent, as though he bore a heavy burden. Linda toyed

with a camellia, cautiously watching his face. She put her hand gently on his arm. He glanced at her, immovably, and taking the flower from her, he stared at it. Suddenly, he began tearing the white petals ruthlessly apart, strewing them on the porch rail. Linda caught her breath sharply at this vandalism.

"Don't do that!" she admonished.

"No, don't!" he mocked grimly. "You can tear my heart apart, but you cannot bear to see me hurting a flower." He put the remainder of the flower into his pocket, and strode angrily to the other end of the veranda.

Linda followed him swiftly. As he turned around, her anguished face filled him with compassion.

"This is the last time I shall ever see you, Linda. We go North tomorrow."

She nodded her head dumbly.

"Good-bye, Linda."

"Good-bye, John."

Her voice was scarcely audible. She leaned heavily on the rail of the veranda, watching him, while her hand crushed the camellia petals. At the bend in the path he raised his hat in an attempt at gallantry. Gathering the petals in her hand, Linda fled up the wide staircase. In her room she sank, sobbing, on the bed. The gray finger of dawn had replaced the silver shafts of moonlight, when she fell into a restless sleep.

The last bugle note had died away, and the northbound train had whistled faintly in the distance, when Linda awoke and found waxy white camellia petals on her counterpane. She held them, carefully, as though they were pieces of a broken heart, and then, tearfully, she placed them in the bottom of a little rosewood box, pressing a piece of thick paper over them.

"Some day I won't even remember what these are," she thought in a futile attempt at bravado.

"Camellia petals are my relics of war,—war between love and duty," she mused, ruefully, as she replaced the box with unsteady fingers, and, bowing her head in her hands, she wept.

The Rosewood Box, 1930

Alicia Lane hummed softly as she sat in a window seat, plying her needle swiftly through silks and laces. The afternoon sun was beginning to wane, and already there were long shadows across the geranium beds. Raising her bright head, Alicia paused. It was four o'clock, and time to go down to the library, she thought, and have tea with Uncle John.

Alicia's forehead was faintly wrinkled, as she crossed the room and made her way through the silent, empty halls, and down the stairs. She would have to tell Uncle John today, she thought. She had hesitated long enough in letting him know that she was going to leave him and go to Washington as the bride of Robert Winslow.

She tread softly through the portrait gallery, looking at the pictures of the dead Faircloughs and realizing that Uncle John would soon be among them. He was eighty-four now, and one of the last of the Civil War veterans. She turned the massive silver door knob carefully, and entered the library. Uncle John was nodding over his book, but he raised his snow-white head, as he heard her step.

"Ah, Alicia, you caught me napping!" he exclaimed.

"Are you feeling better this afternoon?" she asked, anxiously.

"Very well, indeed, my dear," as if his rheumatism had never bothered him.

The old man was in a rare mood, and he talked gaily for some time. Finally he stopped abruptly, and fell to musing as he listened to the soft cadences of Alicia's voice.

"You sound so like Linda. Her voice had that soft tone that only Southern voices have.

When she was very young, Alicia had heard about the beautiful Linda, and the child had been enthralled by what seemed to her a very real fairy story. On her sixteenth birthday the old man had given her a little rosewood box that had belonged to Linda, and at once it had become her most prized possession.

The misty grayness of twilight had entered the old oak-panelled library, and in the shadowy quietude, the past seemed very near to the old man. His face seemed to change and grow young again as the fire-light cast a ruddy glow over him.

"Uncle John," whispered Alicia.

"Yes, child," he answered still wrapped in thought.

"Why—why didn't you marry Linda?" she questioned timidly.

"Because she would not leave her father, and live in the North," he said.

The simplicity of the explanation and of his lost happiness stunned Alicia, and she asked incredulously, "Was that all? Was that the only reason?"

"All—Alicia, you ask me that, when losing her meant my whole life?"

His voice rose higher, and higher, and he stood up, the folds of his dark dressing-gown clinging like a military coat, as he brandished his gold-headed cane like a sabre.

Alarmed, Alicia ran to him, and gently forced him back into his chair.

"Oh! Uncle John, I am sorry. I did not mean to say that!" she pleaded.

The old man sank back in his chair, his face hidden in his hands. When he had regained his composure, he looked strangely peaceful. As he touched her dark hair lightly, she caught his hand, and held it. His lips twisted into a pathetic smile.

"Alicia, have you always been happy living with your queer old uncle?"

"Always," she answered truthfully.

"My child, you must never let anything stand in the way of your happiness—the way Linda did."

"No," she said faintly.

The bright flames had died down, and Alicia stared hard at the graying ashes striving to keep her thoughts from herself. After some time, she slipped quietly from the room without disturbing her uncle, and went wearily to her room. How ironic it had been! With what a blithe heart she had gone down to the library to tell her uncle that she was going to marry Robert Winslow! She sat down on the bench before the dressing table, her hands touching the little rosewood box, and her fingers caressing its smooth wood. She couldn't leave Uncle John, not now. He had seemed so old and lonely. His only happiness lay in those moments when he talked of Linda, and Alicia knew that without her to listen to him, and to comfort him, the old man would be lost. Absently, she opened the box, her restless fingers prying at the cardboard in the bottom. She was amazed when the paper came out, and some faded flower blossoms fell into her lap. Curiously, she examined them and found that a slight fragrance still clung to them. Linda must have put them there! Uncle John had bought the little box when the old Carey mansion had been sold at auction.

Feeling that her uncle would be delighted at this little memento, she decided to show it to him at once. She rose quickly, but catching her own reflection in the mirror she bent forward, and looked scrutinizingly, at her face. How old she looked tonight! But then, she was twenty-six, even if Uncle John still called her "little girl." Robert would be in Washington four years; in four years she would be thirty, and thirty was old. She held the rosewood box tightly. The lovely Linda had been nineteen when she had made her choice between love and duty. Nineteen, and beautiful; twenty-six and far from beautiful! Probably it was absurd to think that her whole life depended on this single choice, yet Alicia felt that all her future happiness now hung in the balance.

As Alicia started downstairs, she imagined herself in a few years to come, leading the same secluded life with her uncle, and then later, leading it all alone in the old house. On entering the library she found her uncle sitting before the fireplace.

"Uncle John, I have something to show you!" and she placed the box in his hands.

He opened it and the faded petals slipped through his fingers like a cascade of brown moth wings.

"Do you think Linda put them in there?" she asked.

He did not answer. He rose from the chair, and leaning heavily on his cane he went to one of the many bookcases. Carefully he extracted a small volume, and came back to his chair.

Alicia, watching him, saw the book fall open and expose a pressed flower. Reverently he placed the flower in the box, with its shorn petals.

"What kind of flower is it?" questioned Alicia.

"A camellia blossom," he answered, and added slowly, "I wonder if it is the same—."

He closed the box, and handed it to her.

"Alicia, the camellias are still blooming there and I should like to see them again."

"Oh, no, Uncle John, you could not," she admonished.

"Too old, eh?" he said sharply, "too old, and my father was a judge until he was eighty-five? Come here!" he commanded.

Alicia sat on the arm of his chair, and he looked at her fondly.

"Judge Hildebrand was here yesterday. He told me that young Bob Winslow had been appointed. Could not you and I go South together? Washington is not far from Caryville."

"Why, Uncle John, how did you know about Bob?" she asked surprised.

"How did I know?" he repeated, "Why Bob wrote to me some time ago."

"He wrote to you—why?"

"My dear child," he said, somewhat tartly, "even in this day and age, some people believe in convention. Robert asked my permission to ask you to marry him."

A happy smile shone over Alicia's face, and her eyes were bright with tears of joy, as she remarked simply, "I am so glad that you know, Uncle John."

ANNE DRINAN, '35.

To a Friend Departing

Some weary distance down each separate road,
Weighed by the heavy promise to remember
Unceasingly, we'd cast it from our load.
Needless to hover o'er the faithful ember.

I shall forget you sometimes, days on end,
But there is lightning cleaving darkened space,
And certain lovely things we liked will send
The swift thought playing round the absent face.

The chance-read verse, some fashion of the moon,
Familiar phrases by another spoken,
The favorite passage of a favorite tune:
The fragile webs beneath these blades are broken.

The moon must wax and wane, the sea, the day,—
Forget me, and remember me this way.

Mary J. Fowler, '29.

Kappa Gamma Pi

The highest honor which a Catholic college for women can bestow upon its graduates is membership in the National Honor Society for Catholic women's colleges, Kappa Gamma Pi. Founded in 1928 after three years of preparation, this association aims to produce women of leadership in the various projects of Catholic Action in America. Catholic education translated into Catholic Action, thus may the purpose and spirit of Kappa Gamma Pi be stated.

"Kappa Gamma Pi," said the Moderator of the society, the Reverend Francis V. Corcoran, at the time of its foundation, "has come into being to provide gifted graduates of our Catholic colleges for women with an instrument to make leadership a more tangible reality . . . They will be urged to initiate and foster programs of action worthy of their educational advantages, to associate themselves with all movements and organizations that today are influencing or controlling the destinies of American womanhood, to co-operate heartily with those that are wholly praiseworthy and to inject into all a larger measure of genuine culture and sound philosophy . . . They should try to exercise their mental powers on every problem and on every question that confronts them as representative Catholic women."

Membership in K.G.P. implies, therefore, capability and activity. Capability alone is insufficient. That every Kappa possesses it is a foregone conclusion, for her degree with distinction conferred upon her by her college is proof that her standard of character and scholarship is high. But activity after graduation from college is what K.G.P. looks for from its members. Faith and service in the wide sphere of the work of the Church,—that is the true Kappa's ideal.

How does this ideal become a reality? What can a Kappa do to prove herself worthy of the sorority that has welcomed her to its ranks, and of the college that has chosen her as its representative in a nation-wide organization? Nine hundred Kappas from forty-three colleges answer these questions. A recent survey of the national membership revealed Kappas engaged in organizing study clubs in the fields of literature and legislation; in addressing women's clubs, alumnae associations, and girls' clubs on topics of current Catholic interest; in promoting right standards of living by affiliating themselves with Catholic Social Service agencies; in pointing the way to greater personal holiness by being leaders in parish sodality movements; in demonstrating Catholic scholarship

by winning higher degrees from universities both in this country and in Europe; in furthering the advance of Catholic principles in literature by publishing poetry, fiction, and literary criticism in periodicals, both secular and Catholic, of recognized excellence. In these and in other ways, Kappas throughout the country are endeavoring to show forth the ideals of their sorority. They are, in a word, taking an active, energetic, intelligent interest in the life around them. That is what the insignia of K.G.P., the key with its cross of faith and its wheel of knowledge, symbolizes, and that is what the world has a right to expect of the wearers of that emblem.

The Boston Chapter of Kappa Gamma Pi has made valiant efforts to live up to its name during the past year. A literature committee composed of members interested in writing for publication has been formed. This group has affiliated itself with the Catholic Poetry Society of Boston, a branch of the Catholic Poetry Society of America, and has sponsored a lecture by the well-known poet, Joseph Campbell, of New York. Plans were made for the establishment of a legislation committee, which would take the form of a study club interested in proposed legislation of state or national importance. No spectacular success has smiled upon these efforts. They are only beginnings, but they have been undertaken in the true spirit of Kappa Gamma Pi and we feel confident that with courage and perseverance they will prove successful in the coming year.

To the new members of K.G.P. who will join us in the Boston Chapter this June we extend a sincere welcome. Let us add to our welcome the reminder that their entrance pledges them to do great things in the future, to show the power of Catholic education and of cultured Catholic womanhood in the broad fields of Catholic Action.

Anne McNamara, '30,
Secretary of Boston Chapter.

Song of May

Out of the dawn there drifts a song,
  As the sun slips over the sea,
It wanders high in that blue, blue sky
  Then it drifts to the earth and me.

And when at noon I hear a tune
  Of red roses and lilies gay,
Then joy doth rise like the bird that flies
  For this is the month of May.

Thus through the trees and waving breeze
  There is heard a Mother's voice,
It reaches far o'er moon and star
  And men and the earth rejoice.

Oh, Mary dear, o'er heavens clear
  Floats your robe of azure blue,
Your silver throne is the moon alone,
  Your crown, the stars so true.

Winifred M. Burdick, '35.

Tall Pine

Tall pine, so stately standing
  Alone upon the hill,
Majestic and commanding,
  I wonder at you still!

Tall pine, with arms uplifted,
  You seem to seek the skies,
To gleam like spirit gifted,
  The joy of paradise!

Tall pine, apart, beholding
  The world's chaotic strife,
Whence the so tranquil moulding
  Of your untroubled life?

Mary Rita O'Connor, '28.

Clock = Wise

I think a clock should have a chime:
A chime is promised melody,
An echo through the air
Of some far-distant other clime,
One note of harmony
From music sung by spheres
Beyond the world, and off, beyond the years.
A chime is promised melody,
A chime is prayer.
A clock will tick to tell the time;
A clock must chime
Eternity!
I think a clock should have a chime.

Kathleen Morley Rogers, '29.

In This Generation

The golden warmth of an April morning fell gently over the spacious lawns of Sigma Delta Phi, as Audrey Thayer ran swiftly down the stone steps, swung open the door of a yellow roadster and slid with efficient nonchalance behind the wheel. She sat quietly for about five minutes, contemplating the landscape and vowing vengeance on Eleanour Leigh. Presently, observing that Eleanour was not coming, she called with ringing tones, "Ready, Eleanour?" An indefinite jumble of words resounded from the interior of the edifice and resignedly Audrey leaned back, gazing with glowing eyes at her textbooks, Shakespeare's "Hamlet," "Vertebrate Zoology" and a dark green copy of "Cyrano de Begerac" that boasted the college-seal, and a splash of purple ink. French, English, Science, and who cared? Certainly she didn't, even if her great-grandfather had been one of the founders of Wilmington College. He had probably been the one who started that "holding-up-the-family-traditions-idea" that her Aunt Juliana was so fond of employing. It was because of her Aunt Juliana and her parents and a horde of other relatives that she had sought refuge in Sigma Delta Phi. Occasionally, it was true, she crept home to study for a test or for finals. It was a really beautiful home with its great paneled library, long drawing-room, and rose gardens at the rear stretching downward to a tiny blue river, but when one had a father and an uncle who were both on the advisory board of the college and who were always shouting "traditions" at one, it tarnished the glow of inhabiting even such a beautiful home as "Glendale." Besides, life at Sigma Delta Phi was alluring, or at least it had been before Keith Traylor arrived on the campus. Keith Traylor was tall, Western, and literary, and Audrey felt that she despised him. She despised the way he pronounced "Iowa," the mocking gleam in his dark eyes, and the way in which he sailed by her as if she were a wooden Indian or Patience on a monument. It was revolting, she thought, the way the girls raved about him, particularly Eleanour, and the thought reminded her that Eleanour had not yet appeared and that they would both be late, as usual, for Miss Lindsley's class. Audrey poked energetically at her French horn and reflected that once upon a time she was capable of enjoying Prudence Lindley's laudatory comments on the "immortal genius," until Keith Traylor entered with his astoundingly intellectual theories that left even "Prudy's" ideas slightly deflated. Andrey idly fingered the yellow orchid Archie Albright had sent her for last evening's dance. Archie was really

an all-round, keen chap, reflected Audrey, but he wore horn-rimmed glasses that even a Terraplane car and a before-the-crash bank account could not offset. It had been a wonderful dance, and Archie had been really a sport when she cut in half, for the benefit of Herbert Trent, one of the two dances she had magnanimously bestowed upon him. Herbert Trent, she mused with satisfaction, did not wear horn-rimmed glasses and could also afford to send one orchids. Keith Traylor had not been present, of course. No one expected him to be, she thought viciously, and made a wry face as Eleanour appeared.

"Sorry, darling," said Eleanour, slipping eel-like beside Audrey, "but Drue detained me. She wanted help on an essay."

"I had nearly given up hope," Audrey returned sweetly, "but I imagine we'll arrive in time to be sent down to the Dean's office. The charming Miss Lindsley threatened it, you know."

"How could I forget? 'Old Prude' is a good name for her. Archie thought that up. By the way, Audrey, have you heard the latest?"

"Can't say, but don't tell me it's another brilliant remark of the faculty concerning Keith Traylor."

"Darling, you've guessed it! He's writing a novel to be submitted to your father's contest. Feature it! A gridiron star writing a novel."

"He's just another ambitious senior," Audrey commented dryly. "He doubtless intends to become a second Zane Grey, you know the type, 'big Western he-man's golden pen immortalizes his native section of the backwoods.' "

Eleanour giggled.

"You do like him, don't you?" She paused, "You pretend to hate him so much, I actually think it's love."

Audrey was silent and Eleanour resumed brightly, "I hear Archie and Herbert are vying with him. Imagine poor Archie trying to win out over Keith. You're the heroine in his book, you know, I mean in Archie's book, and well—he really has quite a crush on you, Audrey."

Audrey again said nothing. She was thinking of Keith Traylor. "I hope he fails," she thought wickedly and came to a reckless stop before Kelvin Hall where Prudence Lindsley's students had long since entered. Still giggling, Eleanour followed Audrey through the corridor of the right wing. Then with the assumed nonchalance of long practice they opened the door, smiled brightly at Miss Lindsley and glided to two chairs near an open window. It was sunny there and a warm breeze entered. Audrey glanced dutifully at the professor, and listened with burning cheeks to Prudy's eloquent discourse on the psychological phase of Hamlet's character. The next moment, however, she ground her teeth as Keith Traylor launched easily into the pros and cons as to whether Ham-

let was really in love with Ophelia. Hamlet! He was a conceited monkey, thought Audrey savagely, and Ophelia was a little idiot.

"Love," said Keith Traylor clearly, allowing his gaze to wander toward the window, "is mere hallucination as far as most people are concerned. It probably was with Hamlet."

Audrey turned swiftly and their eyes met. The next instant her hand was raised.

"Yes, Miss Thayer."

"I object to that statement, Miss Lindsley, on the ground that women as well as men fall in love, and, if there is any hallucination, it is doubtless on the part of the girls because they would have to be in a daze to fall in love with most men. I'm quite sure, therefore, that Ophelia was under an hallucination, and that the question ought not to be whether Hamlet was in love with Ophelia, but whether Ophelia was in love with Hamlet."

The class laughed, and Keith Traylor smiled, too, his exasperating mocking smile, and Audrey, knowing she had made a very inane statement, subsided, her face very red. She pulled out a sheet of stationery, glared at Eleanour, favored Keith Traylor with a blank stare, and began writing to Lieutenant William Amesbury, presumably in Hongkong, the following:

"Dear Bill:

I am attending the most stupid class, and if you were here you would realize why I wish I was in China or India or some place. There is a perfectly horrid man sitting two rows over, whom I detest, and with whom I have just been arguing over Hamlet and Ophelia. You wouldn't argue with me over them, would you, Bill? If only I had married you two years ago I should have escaped college and Keith Traylor, but then I couldn't help Aunt Juliana or 'traditions,' could I?"

She stopped. The bell rang. Miss Lindsley motioned to her and hastily she thrust the letter into her notebook.

"You are requested, Miss Thayer," said Prudence Lindsley with her own peculiar smile, "to report to the Dean, on the subject of your frequent absences. I'm sorry."

"Very well, Miss Lindsley," answered Audrey stonily. She rushed crimson-cheeked from the room, her eyes smoldering and upon reaching her car, she jammed on the brakes and fled down the dusty path, disappearing in the direction of the Dean's suite of offices.

That evening Audrey attended the Junior Dance with Herbert Trent. She wore yellow taffeta and her brown eyes shone bewitchingly. Herbert said between dances,

"Let's amble through the grounds, Audrey, will you? I want to tell you something."

Eleanour laughed.

"Don't kidnap her, Herbert; I have misgivings with that new plane of yours hanging around."

Audrey tossed her head.

"You forget I once made use of a parachute."

"In any case," interrupted Archie, "don't forget the next dance is mine."

"Of course, we won't," answered Audrey. She and Herbert walked slowly across the park towards the grounds. Above, the moon was riding swiftly over the clouds.

"It's lovely—," Audrey said.

Herbert's voice was breathless.

"Yes, it is, and—and Audrey, perhaps it will help me to tell you, that well . . . ah . . . that you're the heroine in my novel."

"Not really!"

Audrey successfully stifled her laughter. Did the whole college intend to put her in a novel? Between Archie and Herbert—!

She glanced up and perceived Keith Traylor in the distance. Herbert, also, glanced at him, and said hotly, "I'm vying with that fellow, because I'm jealous of him."

"Jealous! Why?"

"Because of you!"

"I hardly speak to him."

"That's what gives you away."

Audrey was silent, but her heart skipped a beat. "I don't like him," she thought, "I hate him, and besides Bill is the one I care for, even if he is in China."

Herbert turned to her with an unexpected pleading note in his voice.

"I know it's a lot to ask, Audrey, because you're the most popular girl on the campus, but help me to win, will you?"

"Of course!"

Inside music crashed. Audrey said gently, "I must go in, Herbert. It's Archie's dance."

"Audrey, remember you are Marjorie, the girl in my novel, and she is a dream."

As she turned, her eyes met those of Keith Traylor. Involuntarily she thrust her clear tones into the surrounding night.

"I hope you win, Herbert," she said audibly. "I know you will. 'Marjorie' won't fail."

She gazed directly at Keith Traylor and ran into the house.

One week later Audrey walked swiftly toward Sigma Delta Phi thinking of the novel contest. If only Herbert would win, but then supposing he did? Herbert meant nothing to her. It was just the idea of having someone defeat Keith Traylor. She pulled the collar of her polo-coat around her ears and thrust her hands into her pockets. It was a miserable day, cold and raw, with rain dropping from whirling clouds like myriads of silver arrows falling from a grey canopy. Suddenly she saw Keith Traylor himself coming toward her. He wore a yellow raincoat and a hat with crystal drops sliding over the brim. His eyes were saddened now and they were no longer mocking. When he saw Audrey, he nodded in an absent-minded way and raised his brimming hat. Audrey smiled coolly, and dashed toward the sorority house, her heart leaping into her throat. In the living-room, the girls sat before a flaming hearth laughing. When they saw Audrey they extended a newspaper and cried, "Audrey, hear the latest. Keith Traylor's fiancée has married your friend, Lieutenant Amesbury."

"K-Keith Traylor's fiancée!"

"Yes, darling," laughed Eleanour. "No wonder he refused invitations to proms and tea-dances. He was engaged, and all the time his fiancée was in love with Bill."

Audrey's head whirled. Engaged all that time! Keith Traylor in love with a girl who had probably broken his heart! And she had misjudged him. Why, he was only a boy trying to win out for the girl he loved and she had played the part of a silly little fool. Then, too, there was Bill, to whom she had written that inane letter. Bill, who left China three months ago to court Rosalie in America. She quickly excused herself and rushed to the door.

"See you later!" she called. "I think perhaps I'll study!"

"Study! Now—!" cried Drue.

"Yes," said Audrey, and she grinned.

"What are you going to study, Audrey?" inquired Eleanour.

"'Hamlet.' I want to see if Hamlet really was in love with Ophelia."

She laughed softly and slipped quietly from the room.

* * * * *

The year rushed forward quickly, with sorority parties, sports, final exams. On the whole it was a remarkable year, but the most remarkable of all was the sudden friendship of Audrey and Keith. It began the day after the rainstorm. Andrey was coming swiftly down the marble steps of the Assembly Hall. It was slippery and cold, and she was clutching several large-sized books. She never knew how it happened, but before

long, both she and the books were lying upon the sidewalk and someone was asking in a concerned Western voice, "Are you hurt?"

It was Keith Traylor. Audrey stared.

"No, thanks."

He helped her to her feet, gathered her books, escorted her to his car.

"I'll drive you home," he said, and Audrey could only gaze at him weakly.

That night Eleanour entered Audrey's room.

"Gentleman-friend, Audrey, with a book!"

"Who—?"

"As if you didn't know! Keith Traylor, of course."

She descended swiftly to the library. He turned toward her swiftly.

"You left this in my car."

He handed her a copy of "Hamlet." Audrey blushed. "I was looking for that. Er—I'm studying it over."

"What phase are you taking?"

"Whether Hamlet really loved Ophelia."

"Oh, I see. May I help you?"

"Why, of course."

From then on Keith Traylor became Audrey's favorite escort. They went to all the functions and particularly the class dances. Audrey knew that the stoic attitude with which he received the news of Rosalie's marriage had made him very popular. She knew, too, that she had practically lost Herbert's friendship. The last time she saw him he was going to throw the novel away and commit suicide. Now, however, he was writing it over with the name "Marjorie" changed to "Marie," in honor of a blonde sophomore. Meanwhile Audrey decided to introduce Keith to the family, so she invited him to "Glendale" for dinner, and afterwards they walked in the rose garden and watched the moon rise over the dark blue river.

"It is beautiful here," said Keith. "You must enjoy it greatly."

"I am never home, really. With my parents and Aunt Juliana and Uncle Alfred continually preaching, it makes it insufferable."

"You like freedom, don't you? I do, too. I made Constance like that, like you—I mean—that is . . . ."

"Who's Constance?" she asked gently.

"The heroine in 'The Young Oppressors.' "

She stared. Was he joking, or did he remember that she was once "Marjorie" and "Eloise" and a few others?

"Don't say it like that, Keith."

"Oh, Audrey, I didn't mean it to mock you, because I know 'Marjorie' doesn't count now, does she, Audrey?"

Audrey said "No," and added swiftly, "I understand about 'The Young Oppressors,' Keith. You *will* win out."

"Thank you, Audrey, that means a great deal from the queen of the campus."

When he had gone, Aunt Juliana said, "You must not grow too friendly with someone who very obviously is not of our status."

Audrey replied evenly, "Nowadays people select their acquaintances according to sincerity and truth, not according to social status."

She departed laughing, and Aunt Juliana could only stare after her speechlessly, reflecting that she would never be able to understand the youth of this generation, least of all a niece who could pilot a plane and was, with no apparent effort whatsoever, the most popular girl in a very large college.

One week later Audrey was called to Fairview Place, where her father awaited her in the little room that was his private office. Here it was that her great-grandfather helped Calvert Wilmington draw up the constitution of the college. "They were just two old Puritans," she thought calmly and decided that her father would have been happier if he had lived with them rather than in this present generation.

"Hello, Dad."

"Oh, there you are, Audrey. Glad you came early. We have just had a board meeting, and the Dean has decided to confer a great favor upon you, that of announcing the winner of the novel contest."

Audrey spoke calmly.

"Oh, really?"

"Yes, Audrey, and it was very kind of him. Please show some enthusiasm."

"I'll try."

Her father cleared his throat.

"You know, of course, that it will be really published!"

"Who won, Dad?"

"A very estimable young man, whom you know yourself, Audrey. He has pleased us very much. Keith Traylor. His novel is 'The Young Oppressors.' "

Audrey paled, and clutched her father's desk.

"How perfect, Dad. He's the boy I had out for dinner and Aunt Juliana didn't like, not that that matters, of course, because she doesn't like anyone, but I mean—that is—he's a really nice boy and I—I'm thrilled."

"You seem to be," said her father. "Well, don't tell anyone, not even Keith, Audrey."

"Of course not."

"By the way, Audrey, Mother was wondering if you are coming home this week-end?"

"No, there's too much going on, exams, etc., and all."

"Very well, we were—just wondering."

"I guess I might run along. Then I'll see you later."

"Goodbye."

Three weeks later Audrey stood on the flower-decked stage of the auditorium and announced in thrilling tones to the two thousand people who had arrived for the Commencement festivities, that the novel of Keith Traylor had been selected by the faculty as most suitable for publication. She smiled directly at him as she spoke, and amid the applause that followed he came forward and she slipped the publisher's check into his hand.

"Audrey," he said. "Oh, Audrey!"

They could only stare at each other dumbly, while everyone laughed, and Audrey became conscious of Aunt Juliana who was taken with a violent coughing spell in the front row.

Two evenings later Keith escorted Audrey to the Senior Promenade. She wore white chiffon trimmed with silver and a corsage of pink roses. They marched together in the promenade and afterwards they sat in Keith's car. Above, the stars shone and the moon. Keith said suddenly, "Audrey!"

"Yes."

"I'm desperately in love with you. Will you marry me?"

"Keith, how sudden! I don't understand, but of course I shall."

WINIFRED MARIE BURDICK, '35.

Gypsy

Twinkling dancing streamlet,
  Gliding down to sea,
O'er the jagged mountains,
  Fast outstripping me,

Merrily you wander,
  Fairy of the hills,
Echoing with laughter
  Through the crags and rills.

Have you seen my lost one,
  As you flow along?
Have you heard her gayly
  Sing a gypsy song?

Has she paused a-dreaming
  On your mossy bank,
When the sun a-thirsting
  Bowed his head and drank?

Merry, dancing streamlet,
  Rippling down to sea,
Find, oh, find my lost one!
  Send her back to me!

Alice Dolphin, '35.

Roses

Roses dew-swept, roses fair,
Roses growing everywhere,
Roses slender, roses tall,
Peeping o'er the garden wall.
Roses rambling on the hill,
Climbing round my window sill,
Smiling in the bright sunlight,
You are such a pretty sight!

Pink buds, little buds,
Nodding in the breeze,
Opening up your hearts
To the busy bees.

Roses pale pink, roses frail,
Roses growing in the dale,
Roses pure white, roses sweet,
Dancing, 'though you have no feet.
Speaking to the near-by flowers,
Nodding gaily through the hours,
Roses sparkling in the dew,
How I love to look at you!

A. M. Handrahan, '35.

"While There Is Life"

"Mr. O'Toole."

"Yes Tommy."

"The president wants to see you, sir."

"At once?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Tommy."

Larry O'Toole arose quickly, and entered the office of Jarrod Davis, better known to his friends as "Jad." The April sun filtered into the room, and seemed to transform it into a fairyland.

"Sit down, O'Toole," Davis bellowed. Larry sat down without comment.

"O'Toole, those blackheaded idiots refuse to have anything to do with us!"

"The Millis people?"

"Yes."

"Have you tried yourself?"

"Of course."

"What excuse do they give?"

"They say we ask too much."

"Did you explain that we could not pay any more, and . . . "

"Explain nothing! You can't do business with such beggars!"

"Perhaps I can do something."

"Larry O'Toole, I want you to go to Chicago just as fast as you can get there. See if you can make them understand."

"I'll go at once, sir."

"And don't come back until you get that contract, if it takes forever."

"I'll get it, sir."

"And, by the way, I don't want to find you camping in the living room with Betty when I go home."

Larry laughed, and gently closed the door. Davis smiled to himself. "Larry O'Toole is one man I should like to marry myself." Apparently he liked the idea, for he kept on smiling, and chuckling: "My money or my soul is safe in his hands. Betty is a smart girl."

Meanwhile Larry hurried into the busy street, and made preparations for his immediate departure. Before going, however, he found

a few minutes of his employer's time to spare, in order to tell Betty Davis, the future Mrs. O'Toole.

"Oh, Larry, I wish you didn't have to go."

"I know, dear, but I'll be back in a week, or ten days. And, please, take extra good care of yourself while I am gone."

By six-thirty, Larry O'Toole found himself en route. The roseate twilight had faded into gray. Here and there, gleaming white lights shone out. To him they seemed to symbolize Betty: bright, steady, clear. A woman with a little child sat opposite him, and he watched the child encircle the mother's hand with his tiny fingers. "Strange," he mused, "but that was the first thing I remember about her." He had met Jad Davis, and had been invited to dinner. To a homeless, heart-sick boy, the invitation was an unusual opportunity, so he accepted, and was duly introduced to Mrs. Davis, to Steve, and to Betty, the baby. When she looked at the lad with the quiet gray eyes, she raised her tiny arms to embrace him. She caught his hand with her tiny fingers, and, at that moment, Larry O'Toole gave away his heart.

He remembered, too, all the long, happy evenings he had spent there entertaining Steve and his little sister. The grand old mansion had echoed with their merry laughter and happy voices. Larry had been the confidant of all their dreams and ambitions. He had been father confessor, guardian angel, and fairy godmother, all in one.

Later, on one occasion, he had taken them to the beach, and to an amusement park. Manlike, he had taken them on every breath-taking roller coaster, and had shown them all the blood-curdling, hair-raising shows. Betty had told him that she was cold, and he had taken off his sweater to put on her.

"Comfortable now?"

"Yes, thank you."

"And how about you, Steve? Are you warm enough?"

"Yes, only girls feel the cold."

"Anyway, I'm going to marry Uncle Larry."

"Is she, Uncle Larry?"

"Betty usually tells the truth."

"But you do not say 'yes'?"

"Yes, Steve."

The years had passed. If God had ever made two people for each other they were certainly Larry and Betty. Betty, for all her youth and inexperience, had wisdom that would teach many an older girl a good lesson. Her merry laughter filled the house, not because she was in love, but because she knew that her love was reciprocated. Well she knew that Larry O'Toole's soft, gray eyes smiled for her alone.

Larry arrived in Chicago, and after several days completed his business with his contrary clients, and prepared to return home. A few minutes before he was to leave, the telephone rang. He answered. "Hello —Yes . . . What did you say?" . . .

Larry set the telephone back in place, and sat there staring. What had the telephone said? "Betty had double pneumonia; is dead." No, no, no, it had been a horrible dream, he had been sleeping, that was it. But there was the telephone, and it had rung. He had lifted it, and a voice had said: "Betty is dead." But there must be . . . "Betty, Betty, Betty," he called from the depths of his anguished heart, but his call was not answered, there was not even an echo, the silence was awful. Never again to see her eyes shining with life and love, never to feel the clasp of her tiny white hand. Never . . . Never . . .

He never knew how he got on the train, but he was there. "Betty is dead," "Betty is dead," seemed to beat insistently in his mind. Betty gone! The wonderful years to come that he had pictured in his secret dreams, when he should have her for always, her lilting laugh that would ring in the dim corners of the old mansion, the laugh that would be the melody in his own heart. And little children, filling the house with chatter the whole day. So real had it been to him that he might have pointed out what little Betty might look like. And now it was all broken, and gone, like a clothespin house he had built to amuse her on a far away summer's day. He had built it carefully, painstakingly, fitting each hall with precision. And when he had it all built, Steve, in a moment of ardent affection, had wished to kiss him, and had broken his beautiful house. They had cried until he had promised to rebuild it for them. But Steve had said too truly: "You cannot build it again, Uncle Larry, because some of the clothespins are broken." Larry told himself that he should not have taken the trip to Chicago. If he stayed at home surely she would never have developed pneumonia. But now she was gone.

When Larry O'Toole arrived in town the next day, his hair was pure white, and his face was as wrinkled as if he were a man of eighty years.

If you are ever near 46th street, at rushtime, you will notice an imposing building, and on a small brass plate, the gentle reminder, "Davis and O'Toole."

And did Larry get married? Of course, and he married Betty! The telephone operator, to whom the message had been given, had misunderstood, and had substituted "dead" for "dying." Betty had recovered by the time Larry returned, and he has not let her out of his sight since.

MARY CASTELLI, '35.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

FISH ON FRIDAY, *by the Reverend Leonard Feeney, S.J.*

Father Feeney is both literally and figuratively too close to us to permit this would-be reviewer to give a wise appreciation of his position in the world of letters, but we have no hesitancy in deciding that, whatever value his work may have in the future, and we tend to optimism, he is, in this present age of sophistication, a keen observer and a delightful interpreter of the homely virtues and the simple emotions of the ordinary person who has neither the time nor the inclination for pose. This is particularly evident in his latest volume, *Fish on Friday*, a collection of fourteen essays previously published in various familiar periodicals and ranging in subject matter from the fish that Catholics do not eat on Friday, to the impressive ceremonies that take place at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. And at the end of each essay we found ourselves saying, with mingled envy and chagrin, "Why cannot I say things like that?" Often when Father Feeney describes scenes that are more or less familiar to us all or that at least remind us of a similar situation in our own experience, the reaction was, "Now why didn't *I* think of that?" or "Why haven't *I* noticed that before?" Why, indeed? Several reasons present themselves, but let us make this a criticism of *Fish on Friday* and not an examination of conscience.

Having given the effect, let me quote the cause: "To thousands of our fellow Americans, we Catholics are known merely as the people who eat fish on Friday. * * * It is a pity so little is known about us. We now number twenty millions in this country, and sooner or later we are bound to be reckoned with as a Christian body in terms of something more substantial than our Friday fare. For it never fails to happen that people who know only a little about us get that little wrong. As a matter of fact we DO NOT eat fish on Friday. That is to say, not unless we like fish and want to eat it of our own accord. I am one of those many moderately good Catholics in whom the persuasive power of Canon Law has not developed a taste for fish either on Friday or any other day, and stands no chance of doing so."

Many essays begin well but few end in the same way. Father Feeney is as original on the last page as he is on the first page. I cannot leave the essay on fish without letting Father Feeney tell you that "on that day of the week when meat is forbidden me, I like to go to a

Catholic kitchen and listen to little fishes being fried in their skins. Because I think one of the very nicest of all noises is the sound of hot silver sizzling in a pan." Now that Father Feeney mentions it we are inclined to agree, I think. But until he mentioned it we always went to live in another part of the house while fish was being fried in the kitchen, thus illustrating the difference between a poet and a person.

Perhaps the most provoking essay in the volume is "This Little Thing." It tells the story of Sister Bridget, her First Communion Class, and a "little thing" who could not comprehend. But it is mostly about "This Little Thing." Father Feeney says: "A little mind is like a little bird. It requires time and patience to coax it out of the nest. But once aware of its wings and sure of its balance, it will not be long in exploring and possessing the open sky." And there is no one better than Father Feeney to do the coaxing and to record the discoveries. If you are at all susceptible—and skeptical—Father Feeney has you doing tricks while you read this essay. We spent an afternoon pressing our ears "very tightly against a slightly hollow object," according to Father Feeney's prescription but we regret to record that we did not get the results he guaranteed.

"My Little Minister" describes what happened when "Rome and the Reformation collided" in a library. So many people, when they speak of Father Feeney's work seem to notice only that he is delightfully informal and "whimsical." To the last adjective Father Feeney might take exception quite as emphatically as Sir James M. Barrie does, because, like the latter, what he says is quite as remarkable as how he says it. In "My Little Minister," one may find much matter as well as much art. Without being snobbish or intolerant, Father Feeney here shows very pertinently the difference between the Minister and the Priest: "Sometimes," he (the Minister) went on, "I feel so empty and purposeless and disgusted. I feel like a shell. All I can do is talk, talk, talk to people. I can't DO anything for them as you can." Thus, when Rome and the Reformation collide, Rome remains upright.

To tell much more about *Fish on Friday* would be to destroy a treasure, if indeed we have not already done so. For here is no scientific probing into matters that concern the soul and God, here is no morbid disquisition on sordid themes. But here, in two hundred and fourteen thoughtful pages are the dearest things in life: the happiness and satisfaction in the true Faith found in "My Little Minister"; the simple life of the Irish people drawn from an Irish schoolmaster in "Skheenarinka"; the heroism and beauty of the domestic woman, wife, and mother, in "A Madonna of the Kitchen"; and the simplicity and the innocence of a child's heart in "Asthore," "The Journey," and "This Little Thing."

These are the things that make life worthwhile. These are the things that Father Feeney exalts by his versatile pen and rich mind. To those who say that Father Feeney should write nothing but prose we would say that only a poet could have written the prose in *Fish on Friday*. There is no reason why the poet and the essayist cannot function together.

FORTUNATA C. CALIRI, '34.

GEOFFRY CHAUCER, *by John Livingstone Lowes*

If you would know Chaucer intimately, the books he read, the friends he made, the public positions he held in fourteenth-century England, you will find Professor Lowes' scholarly analysis of his life and art truly fascinating. His fund of information about Chaucer, and about the world of Chaucer's day, and his ingenious method in presenting it, compel one's interest. With comparative ease he spans the intervening centuries and presents Chaucer to the twentieth century in the light of the fourteenth. Thus he interprets for us Chaucer's idea of the cosmos, his conception of the planetary hours and elements and spheres, his ideas of physical man as a composition of the four humors, and his absorption in the mythical lore of the East. In his comparison of modern and ancient ideas on the universe, Professor Lowes makes the following rather trenchant comment on the former in these words: "And one looks back with something like nostalgia to its structural neatness and succinctness from the unrepresentable, inconceivable, affrighting universe of contemporary science, or even from the universe of modern poetry."

The author lives again for us, convincingly if vicariously, Chaucer's complex court life, his diplomatic services in France and Italy, his exacting duties as Controller of the Customs, as Justice of the Peace, as Clerk of the Works at Westminster Place. He, too, marvels at the amazing versatility of this poet who led such a strenuous life in the Court, the Customs Houses, and the royal manors, who yet found leisure to read so prodigiously almost all the literature available, from the classics through the volumes of French courtly poetry constantly being written, and, most marvelous feat of all, to write so gloriously and inimitably such masterpieces as the *Troilus* and the *Canterbury Tales*.

With skillful analysis and manifest power, Professor Lowes traces for us all the subtle and powerful influences which led to the flowering of Chaucer's genius, influences arising alike from Chaucer's amazing contacts with so many men and women in every state of life and those arising from his wide and varied reading in Latin, French, and Italian.

Dante, Vergil, Boethius, Boccacio, all the innumerable French writers contributed to the Chaucerian genius, yet that genius was still utterly original. And to all the lesser poets, particularly the French romantic court poets in whom Chaucer so delighted and who exerted such a subtle influence upon him, he gave far more than he received. His was perhaps the only power that saved that wealth of French classical romances and French court poetry of a later period from utter annihilation. All the lesser geniuses of the fourteenth century have survived in Chaucer's genius alone.

Professor Lowe's minute technical study of each of Chaucer's works in its exact relation to the ultimate perfection of his genius is most illuminating. Chaucer's *Book of the Duchess, House of Fame, The Parliament of Fowls, The Legend of Good Women* assume a new significance under the master-stroke of his critical pen. In his interpretation of Chaucer's *Troilus* he speaks in these strong terms: "It is not only the first great poem in English; it is also, independently of period or language one of the very great and beautiful poems of the world."

After thus unfolding Chaucer's genius, the gradual evolution of his powers, he introduces the *Canterbury Tales* as the inevitable consummation of his art. Yet they were not a work of chance, they did not just happen; rather were they the necessary expression of a full, noble, and versatile life such as Chaucer's was. We honestly feel with Professor Lowes that the *Tales* are among the greatest wonders of all time and yet no wonder at all. Chaucer could not have lived and have failed to communicate his wonderful delight in life, his ceaseless gratitude for the gift of life in some such incomparable manner. He could not have come into intimate daily contact with shipmen and parsons, and clerks and men of law without forever preserving them to posterity, in order that all ages might take a delight similar to his in the wonders of God's human creation.

To those conscientious objectors who claim that Chaucer was deficient in high seriousness, Professor Lowes convincingly proves that he was on the contrary sublimely serious. How otherwise than serious would one regard his passionate appeal to youth to repair from earthly love to Christ in His Infinite Love, the love of the Cross, at the end of the "Troilus"? What could be more serious than Chaucer's reverent regard for women, his loving invocations of the Virgin throughout so many of his works. In vindication of Chaucer's high seriousness, Professor Lowes assures us that "no poet who loved Boethius and the Bible, who was moved by the beauty of the hymns and the service of the Church, and who turned at will to the sublimest cantos of the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* could be anything but deeply serious. If Chaucer had no tangible "mes-

sage" he had something infinitely superior, a timelessness, a soundness of philosophy, a zestful humor, and above all an all-embracing humanity. It was his joyous mission in the words of Sir Philip Sydney "to teach by a divine delightfulness."

A study of Chaucer so complete, particularly from a technical and historical point of view, presented in the vigorous and distinctive style of Professor Lowes, cannot but warrant sincere admiration among all those who enjoy Chaucer and particularly among those who might be interested in the evolution of his literary genius.

It would be almost impossible not to contrast this most recent study of Chaucer with Chesterton's delightful *Chaucer*. The difference in tone of both works is almost immediately evident. Professor Lowes offers us a scientific study of Chaucer and of the Chaucerian age, whereas Chesterton offers us, rather, a philosophical and spiritual picture of Chaucer. Where Professor Lowes writes a lengthy discourse on the astronomical system under which Chaucer lived, Chesterton vividly sketches the exciting period which marked the end of medievalism. Both trace the development of Chaucer's genius in somewhat the same fashion as the result of countless influences, literary and personal, English and foreign. They are, of course, alike in their love for Chaucer, in their determination to share their joy in Chaucer, Professor Lowes in his desire to make the reader see Chaucer as the "most modern of the moderns" and Chesterton, in his desire to portray his great English ancestor as the "most human of human beings." Chesterton is even more alert than Professor Lowes to defend Chaucer against those who would minimize his greatness, who would refuse to admit his medievalism or his Catholicism. He is firm as only Chesterton can be in maintaining that Chaucer was the product of Catholic medievalism and not the child of the Reformation. If Professor Lowes has offered us more facts about Chaucer, Chesterton has offered us more fundamentals. Professor Lowes has perhaps awakened in us a new appreciation of Chaucer's literary versatility and the development of his genius; Chesterton has succeeded in bringing us far closer to Chaucer, the man.

Mary K. Cummings, '34.

BACKWARD GLANCE, *by Edith Wharton*

Backward Glance, Edith Wharton's latest book, is an intensely interesting collection of her memoirs, written in a forceful, clear, brilliant style, and so imbued with the spirit of the middle nineteenth century that the reader becomes lost in the society of gracious old New York which seems a far-away country now.

Mrs. Wharton begins this enjoyable book with her first and earliest childhood memory of herself, walking up the avenue by the side of her father on a bright midwinter day. From this first memory she traces in a natural and frank manner her growth and development, and the literary influences in her life of her dearest friends and associates.

Her development of her great literary power as shown principally in "The Age of Innocence," "Ethan Frome," and "The House of Mirth" was a gradual but sure one.

From earliest childhood she had a desire to "make up" stories. She was often found sitting in the quiet and solitude, holding a book of closely printed black type upside down in her hand while she "made up" her stories. At the age of four, she visited Rome and Spain with her family, and enjoyed tremendously the scenery, ancient ruins, and other historic sights, and she also learned French, German, and Italian. Mrs. Wharton especially emphasizes the fact that the acquiring of wealth did not interest the society into which she was born, "They never talked about money and thought about it as little as possible," but the two standards considered essentially important were those of education and good manners, and of scrupulous probity in business. Another characteristic of the age was a quiet leisure, an entire absence of rushing hither and thither, a quiet enjoyment of life, of social contacts, and of conversation.

Mrs. Wharton's first attempt at writing was at the age of eleven. When she showed the results of her efforts to her mother, however, she did not meet with much encouragement. When about eighteen, she became interested in art, especially in Italian art, to such a degree that she longed to change the lavish ornateness of American homes. After several months in collaboration with Ogden Codman, she published "The Decoration of Houses." Her real literary career, however, began with the publishing in *Scribner's* of two short stories: "Mrs. Manstey's View" and "The Fulness of Life." *The Greater Inclination* was her first volume, published in 1900, and in 1904, the second volume, *The Valley of Decision.* Then, under the direction of such helpful friends as Walter Berry, W. D. Howells, Robert Grant, and a host of others, Mrs. Wharton continued writing short stories until she published *The House of Mirth,* which established her reputation in the literary world. It is a strange thing to note that New York society looked upon literary endeavor

askance, and even Edith Wharton's own family disapproved of her writing, a fact that was considered in the light of a family skeleton. In speaking of this attitude she makes an amusing comparison. Her husband's family resided in Boston, so she spent much time there. "I was a failure in Boston for Boston people thought I was too fashionable to be intelligent, and a failure in New York because they were afraid I was too intelligent to be fashionable."

The House of Mirth might be given a subtitle, "A Tribute to Friends," since the major portion of it discusses Mrs. Wharton's many literary friends. It includes an excellent portrait of Henry James, who was a very close friend and helpful critic to her, and it is interesting to note that James talked as he wrote, with many parentheses and convolutions. She had the privilege of meeting George Meredith, and was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Meynell, the Humphry Wards, Sir George Trevelyan, the historian, Paul Bourget, Thomas Hardy, and Theodore Roosevelt. Intimate glimpses of these eminent figures are given by one who had an extraordinary ability for friendship, and who had many beloved friends in America, England, France, and Italy.

In the chapter "Secret Garden," Mrs. Wharton reveals the tenets of her literary career, her tastes, and credos, and explains the influences of Henry James and Paul Bourget on her writings. The chapters on Henry James alone would make the book worth reading. She recounts an amusing incident that happened at "Lamb," the home of Henry James. When she remarked to her maid that the valet of James seemed very stupid, for when she spoke to him she was never sure that he heard what she said, her maid looked at her gravely and replied, "Oh, no, Madame, Burgess is remarkably intelligent. He always understands what Mr. James says."

These are but a few sidelights of *Backward Glance,* a book which must be read to be appreciated fully, for it reviews a pageant-like period which can never be revived. Mrs. Wharton closes with a paragraph which shows how young at heart and how alive to the world she still is. "The visible work is a daily miracle for those who have eyes and ears; and I still warm my hands thankfully at the old fire, though every year it is fed with the dry wood of old memories." In closing the volume one must exclaim: what a wealth of memories!

GERTRUDE HICKEY, '34.

SUPERSTITION CORNER, *by Sheila Kaye-Smith*

In *Superstition Corner,* Sheila Kaye-Smith's latest novel, which may be termed her first historical novel, she paints a rich living picture of the Sussex country of the Elizabethan era, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Much of the material may be familiar to our readers, but there is evident a great difference between it and her other novels. Sheila Kaye-Smith, a convert to Catholicism, presents a truly Catholic novel, but by no means a religious novel. It is charming, interesting, vital, and beautifully written. In Catherine Alard, the heroine of the story, the author portrays a fine, valiant, and true-spirited young girl, one whom the reader will not easily forget, one whose noble character will no doubt exert great influence on its readers.

The thread of the novel is woven about her unceasing devotion to the Catholic faith, unceasing even in the face of persecution! In her short life, Parliament had changed the religion of the land four times. Her father was the renowned Squire Alard whom she loved dearly. The question of religion comes between them, and her father decided to give up his Catholicity to conform to the Protestant or state religion. Although he had preserved the old faith for the first twenty years of Elizabeth's reign, his Catholic practices had not met the martyrdom which had visited many of his neighbors, but after the Papal Bull excommunicating the Queen was issued, Squire Alard, a weak but kindly individual, conformed as he was ordered. He no longer attended Mass behind closed doors at Leasan Church, where Nicholas Pecksall, Vicar of Leasan, and a priest in Marian orders, was accustomed, previously, to say Mass regularly every Sunday before opening the church for Morning Prayer. This same Nicholas Pecksall had instilled in Catherine Alard and in her brother Simon, who was then in Rome studying for the priesthood, that intense zeal and devotion for the Faith which led Simon to forfeit all rights to his father's wealth and position, and even life itself, should he return to England, and which led "Galloping Kate," as she was known throughout the countryside, to travel through England, dressed in man's attire, in order to escape the religious persecutions of Queen Elizabeth and the unhappiness of an uncongenial home. Catherine cared nothing for social life, as her mother conceived it, but rather preferred to travel over the country in the hope of hearing that a priest was in the vicinity, and that there was the possibility of his saying Mass. Kate does not seem to have had any great love for her parents; her heart was with her brother, and she was willing to meet death if need be with him. To die a martyr had no terrors for her. Her parents urged her to get married, but, since there were none but non-Catholic suitors she absolutely refused, although in her heart she longed to be married. As time passed her mother had an

affair with a certain Kit Oxenbrigge, a young man of Kate's age, in a duel with whom Kate's father was killed. She immediately decided to leave home, so, dressed in her brother's clothes, and traveling at night on horseback, she went to a nearby city, where, concealing her identity, she witnessed the persecution of two priests, and the weakness of a third one who did not possess the spiritual strength to die for Christ. Her unusual external manifestations in the face of such dread deeds and in close proximity to harsh, cruel men who perpetrated such crimes against the Catholic faith, attracted the attention of a young man in the crowd. This young man approached her, obtained her confidence, and told her that she was the image of a young man with whom he was traveling. He was a priest in disguise and the young man of whom he spoke was Kate's brother, now Father Simon Alard. There followed a joyous reunion between brother and sister, and a long discussion of family and religious matters. Simon urged Catherine to enter a convent and become a nun, since she would marry none of her suitors. She opposed this idea, however, for she wanted to marry a man of Catholic ideals and beliefs similar to her own. Simon was worried about his sister's future. She could not travel with him, she would not enter a convent, she could not return to her mother. She herself did not know what to do or whither to turn. Their worries were solved, however, by a sad but nevertheless beautiful ending, when God called Kate to Himself, not by a martyr's death as she had hoped, but as a victim of a dread fever that was devastating the country.

In this interesting story dealing with serious and often dreadful matters, Sheila Kaye-Smith, with her usual artistic skill and dexterity, presents a true view of the times with no show of sentimentality or unreality. *Superstition Corner* will add many names to her already long list of admirers.

MARGARET ANN SULLIVAN, '34.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations, Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-four, upon the tenth anniversary of your graduation! Best wishes, Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-nine, upon reaching your fifth milestone! The years which separate you from Emmanuel, your Alma Mater, are ever increasing, but far from letting time diminsh your loyalty and love, you seem to have grown closer with the passing of years to your College and her ideals. You have been active in her behalf, and you have cherished her standards in your various social and scholastic activities.

For us who are about to go out from Emmanuel to take our places in the business, industrial and social world, you furnish a splendid example. What you have done, we can hope to do. You have entered many fields of endeavor, bringing credit to Emmanuel wherever you have gone. We shall try to do likewise. We point to your accomplishments with pride and with hope: with pride, for you have brought glory to your Alma Mater and to ours; with hope, for we shall attempt to follow the paths of devotion and loyalty which you have trodden so faithfully.

So, Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-four, and Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-nine, may your anniversaries be replete with significance and with unbounded joy! May they mark a happy milestone upon the path of life! Let your anniversary be significant in that it will be an expression of your ever-increasing love and devotion to your Alma Mater, to Emmanuel.

MOTHER'S DAY

Among the secular holidays of the years there is none more worthy of observance than Mother's Day. A day set apart upon which we should each accord special honor to our mother. It can mean so much! How much joy it must give a mother to have her children pay her tribute on this day, if the tribute is sincere, from the heart! Yet how grieved must be the heart of the mother whose children attempt to veil a year of neglect with a box of candy or a carnation! We can never repay the devotion, the sacrifices of years, with paltry trifles.

A mother's love is something about which we can not talk but which we can only feel. It is the most intangible, but the most vital of emotions. It is an inexhaustible fund of sympathy, of understanding, of

devotion, of sacrifice. Poets have sung the praises of motherhood from the beginning of time and still they have not exhausted the store of merited praise it should receive. Our Blessed Lord has shown us what His Blessed Mother meant to Him, He will teach us how to honor our own dear mothers.

GRATITUDE

Preparation for final examinations and rehearsals for Commencement serve as reminders that our four years at Emmanuel are all too quickly drawing to a close. We are doing things for the last time. This is the last ETHOS that will be published under the direction of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-four, and this is my last opportunity to write for the ETHOS in my present capacity. I want, then, to make my last word one of sincere gratitude: to Mary J. McCarthy for her unusually splendid work as Business Manager, and for her fine sense of humor that has made her the best possible co-worker; to the literary assistants and assistant business managers who cooperated so well; to the Alumnae subscribers, particularly to Anne M. McNamara, '30, for her contributions to Alumnae Notes; to those who have contributed in a literary way to the ETHOS; to our generous advertisers and to our many interested subscribers. To all who have assisted in any way to make the work on the ETHOS the pleasurable task it has been, I say a sincere "thank you."

HELEN A. GLYNN, '34.

AU REVOIR!

To our Senior sisters we bid "au revoir!" Although you are passing from our beloved Alma Mater, we refrain from bidding you "farewell," because you are now more than ever an integral part of Emmanuel. The inspiration you have bequeathed to us reëchoes in our hearts as we strive to follow in your path.

From your reluctant hands the precious treasure of Emmanuel's honor must pass to the next class to be vested in the cap and gown. We accept this cherished gift with its countless noble obligations. We shall zealously guard our heritage, and we shall stand ready to answer any challenge made to it with our love and fidelity, for we know not the time nor the place when, inevitably, we must wield the unsheathed sword of Emmanuel's teaching and principles against an infidel world. Let us, therefore, determine that when the time comes for us to pass on our ideals to younger hands, we may have increased the glory of Emmanuel's honor with many deeds of loyalty.

ANNE DRINAN, '35.

E. C. ECHOES

The Ladies of the Emmanuel League, ever with the interest of the college at heart, provided us with an enjoyable musicale, given by the Boston College Glee Club, on Sunday, April fifteenth.

Boston College Musical Club

The young men under the direction of the Reverend Father Gilleran, S.J., rendered selections ranging from the popular picees of Nevin and Teadale Macfarlane to the more classical melodies of Gounod, Palestrina, and Liszt. After the concert the Emmanuel Seniors acted as hostesses. The whole afternoon was delightful, and we are grateful to the Emmanuel League for it.

On Monday, April the sixteenth, a most enjoyable program was given in honor of Blessed Mother Julia Billiart, the foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. Mary Connelly, '37,

Blessed Mother Julia Program

played a beautiful arrangement of Dvorak's Songs, "My Mother Taught Me" on the violin. An original essay, entitled "Blessed Julie," was read by Gertrude Larkin, '36. Winifred Burdick, '35, read a poem of her own composition. A quintet composed of Emily Collins, '34; Mary Malloy, '34; Martha Hurley, '34; Helen Goodwin, '36; and Mary Shannon, '36, sung a beautiful hymn in honor of the Blessed Foundress of our Sisters. The short entertainment was characterized by sincere devotion and reverent love.

On Monday, April the twenty-third, the Ethos staff sponsored a lecture on Catholic Action given by the distinguished philosopher, author, lecturer, and instructor, the Reverend Fulton Sheen,

Dr. Fulton Sheen

D.D., Ph. D. of the Catholic University. Father Sheen's lecture was inspiring. Every word of it opened up a new vista of thought, as he deftly and ingeniously outlined the present position of the Catholic Church in our own country. With keen analysis Father Sheen indicated the character of the opposition to the Church today. Never in her whole history was the Church so lacking in good sound intellectual opposition; she is not being reasoned against; the antagonism is not radical or rational, but moral. The Church today is no longer engaged in a civil war, that is to say, Christian sect against sect. We are now facing the invasion of an alien force, the force of

paganism. Doctor Sheen impressed us with the importance of our most potent weapon against it,—instruction. His trained insight was effectively shown in his conviction that the new generation, whose tendencies are so universally deplored, is not reacting against Christianity but rather against modernism. We are grateful to Reverend Doctor Sheen for the light which he threw on a situation that we are determined to aid by the fulfillment of the obligations he assigned to us.

Junior Class Day

One of the happiest remembrances of the Class of '35 will, no doubt, be its Class Day, which took place on April thirtieth. The Juniors began the day in the most ideal manner with Holy Mass and Communion in our chapel. Dressed in the traditional white and wearing corsages presented by their Freshmen, they marched into Assembly led by Agnes Bixby, president, and the Junior Week committee. The class songs, written by various Juniors, were especially good. A luncheon was served afterwards in the cafeteria by the gracious Freshmen. Later in the afternoon they presented the much heralded class play, *Betty,* which was written conjointly by Marguerite Carr, Martha Doherty, Eleanor O'Brien, Mary Stanton, and Mary Vaas. Practically the entire Junior Class was included in the cast. Junior Week came to a glorious close with the class dance at the Commander Hotel in Cambridge, on Friday, May fourth. Miss Isabel Ahearne was the capable chairman of this brilliant affair.

Le Cercle Louis Veuillot

The annual French play of Le Cercle Louis Veuillot was presented on Saturday, April twenty-first. It was entitled *Ces Dames aux Chapeaux Verts,"* and told the story of the rebellion of modern youth against the conventions of their elders. The humorous difficulties which ensued when a lively young girl disturbed the harmonious household of her maiden cousins were entertainingly portrayed. Before the conclusion, however, all trials and troubles were surmounted, and calm happiness once again regined in the Davernis home. The exceptionally capable cast was coached under the efficient direction of Doris Donovan, '30. The proceeds were contributed to the Louis Veuillot Scholarship fund.

Le Cercle Louis Veuillot held the last meeting of the year on Wednesday, May twenty-fifth. The chief attraction of the afternoon was the beautiful reading of selections from *Monsieur Beaucaire* by Miss Doris Donovan, '30. To complete the entertainment Ethel Kelliher, '35, read several interesting anecdotes, and Dorothea Gardiner, '36, spoke on "Three Important French Academies."

Athletic Society

The final contest of the fascinating basketball tournament, sponsored by the Athletic society, was held on April eleventh to determine the college championship. The competing teams were the Seniors and Juniors, the winners were the Juniors. The laurel-bearing sextet comprised the following: Eleanor O'Brien, guard; Kathryn Lynch, guard; Marguerite Maguire, forward; Martha Doherty, forward; Marguerite Carr, center; Eleanor Wallace, side center. The Senior line-up consisted of Eleanor Stankard, guard; Agnes Crane, guard; Lillian Dale, forward; Mary Smith, forward; Loretta Daley, center; and Elizabeth Turcotte, side center. We offer congratulations to the Athletic Society, under the direction of Marion Buckley, '34, for such an interesting and active season, and our best wishes to the Juniors, with hope that their Senior year may be as successful in all respects as this year has been for them.

Dramatic Society

The Dramatic society held its final business meeting on April, the eighteenth, when the financial report of the Lenten drama was announced. At the meeting, "Gretna Green," a one-act play, written by Constance D'Arcy Mackey was given by Mary C. McCarthy, '34; Emily Collins, '34; and Anastasia Kirby, '35. The initial activity of Commencement Week, on June the second, consisted in the final production of the Dramatic Society. The drama, entitled *The Ivory Door,* a plot of romance and mystery, is a success of A. A. Milne. The play is divided into three sections: The Prologue, the Essential Play, and a Glimpse into the Future. The players in the Prologue were: Coralie Nelson, '34, and Margaret Callahan, '34, who impersonated King Hilory and Prince Perivale respectively. The Essential Play included the following players and rôles; Clarissa McCarthy, '34; King Perivale; Anastasia Kirby, '35, Brand; Rosemary O'Neill, '34, Anna; Mary Smith, '34, Thora; Mary McInerney, '34, The Chancellor; Rita Guthrie, '36, Jessica; Dorothea McDonald, '35, Anton; Helen Murphy, '35, Old Beppo; Frances Carr, '36, Simeon; Marguerite Carr, '35, Count Rollo; Emily Collins, '34, the Mummer; Margaret Sullivan, '34, Titus; Loretta Daley, '34, Carlo; Eleanor Stankard, '34, Bruno (the captain of the guards); Agnes McHugh, '34, Princess Lilia. The concluding part, A Glimpse into the Future, included the following; Helen Goodwin, '36, The King; and Clare Busby, '37, the Prince. Others in the cast were Eileen Sullivan, '37; Helen Delaney, '37; Mary Scanlon, '37; and Margaret Brooks, '37. We extend our congratulations to the Dramatic Society in its presentation, throughout the year, of excellent dramas, and to Miss Holland, our capable and successful coach.

On Monday, April ninth, the members of El Club Español enjoyed a delightful afternoon in Seville. A touch of local color was provided by picturesque lanterns, gay Spanish scenes, and charming costumes. In accordance with the atmosphere of the meeting, an appropriate program was rendered. A group of four señoritas, including Rose Maffeo, '34; Emily Collins, '34; Ann O'Neill, '35; and Helen McGettrick, '35; entertained with several selections from Spanish poetic lore. Readings were also given singly by Rose Maffeo, '34; Dorothea Dunigan, '34; and Ann O'Neill, '35. Emily Collins, '35, varied the entertainment with a graceful Spanish dance. It was the unanimous opinion of the members of El Club Español that the moments spent in Seville were entirely too brief and that the transition was a necessary hardship.

The Spanish Club

The Senior members of the Historical Society enjoyed an hour spent in viewing the various art treasures in the Emmanuel College Art Museum. Sister Helen Madeleine conducted the students through the Museum, explaining in a most interesting manner the various collections.

Historical Society

In the recent contest conducted by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Fortunata Caliri, '34, won second prize for an essay entitled "The Irish Literary Revival."

On Wednesday, May second, the first group of the members of the Historical Society visited the Colonial Buildings of the Boston Museum. On Friday, May fourth, the second group visited the Egyptian Galleries to view the priceless originals, of which the Museum is the fortunate possessor. The groups availed themselves of the opportunity of a visit to the Whistler collection now on exhibition at the Museum.

The annual May Procession was held on Sunday, May twenty-seventh, at two-thirty. Practically the entire student body as well as a great many of the Alumnae and their children participated in the religious ceremony. Those having special honors among the students were: Loretta Daley, flag bearer; Dorothy Egan, Guardian Angel; Elizabeth Kenneally, Faith, was followed by a group of Freshmen; Doris Murphy, Hope, was followed by a group of Freshmen; Margaret McBrien, Charity, was followed by a group of Freshmen; Katherine Dorsey, carrying the banner of Our Lady of Good Counsel, was followed by Sophomores; Mary Ryan, Queen of Pentecost, was followed by Sophomores; Ellen Drummey, Margaret Burke, Loretto McGowan, Mary Byrne, Helen Scanlon, Margaret

The May Procession

O'Neill, Charlotte Bigelow, Mary O'Connor were bearers of the litter; Dorothea Dunigan, Grapes, was followed by Juniors; Lillian O'Neill, Wheat, was folllowed by Juniors; Marie Scanlin, Chalice, was followed by Juniors; Marion Buckley, Queen of the Blessed Sacrament, was followed by Seniors; the Emmanuel Flag, was carried by Elizabeth C. Logan, '23, who was followed by the Alumnae; Gertrude Webber, Queen of the May, was followed by pages. The sons of Dr. John A. Foley were cross-bearer and pages. Some of the Alumnae were present with their children: Mrs. Frances Fallon Howes ('23), with her son and daughter, Raymond and Margaret; Mrs. Margaret Hession Slattery ('28), with her daughter, Nancy; Mrs. Gertrude O'Toole Whalen ('23), with her son and daughter, William and Betty. Also, Anne Marie McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McDonald (Kathryn Hurley, '23, R. I. P.) was one of the attendants.

Arbor Day

On Monday, May the seventh, at noon, the beautiful traditional Arbor Day exercises were held. The Seniors planted their tree and sang their Tree Song, assisted by the entire student body, who marched with class banners to the campus. The Arbor Day Oration was delivered with singular ardor and force by Helen A. Glynn, '34. The program ended with the singing of the College Song and the Star Spangled Banner by the student body.

On April twenty-sixth, we celebrated the feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel, and also the feast day of our Dean, Sister Helen Madeleine, with an interesting program at Assembly. At the close, the students sang our favorite hymn, "Lady of Good Counsel," Mary McInerny, '34, Senior Class President, presented the Dean with a beautiful lectern, as a gift from the students. The chief feature of the hand-carved lectern is the College seal.

Parents' Reception

On May thirteenth, a reception was held for the parents of the members of the Senior Class. It was a distinct pleasure for our mothers and fathers to meet the members of the faculty and one another. During the reception there were musical selections by the Colby trio, vocal solos by Martha Hurley, '34, and a harp solo by Agnes McHugh, '34. The afternoon was one of the happiest we have had.

The Epilogue

The *Epilogue* Staff announces that the Senior year book will be distributed, according to tradition, after the Class Day exercises, to be held this year on June sixth. The 1934 *Epilogue* is dedicated to His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The theme of the *Epilogue* this year is Dante's *Divine Comedy* and the editors have taken great pains to develop the theme in its literary and in its artistic application. The humor section takes the form of a memory book and includes a diary of the events of four years written in imitation of Samuel Pepys' famous diary. It also contains anecdotes about famous people and personal amusing statistics of the senior class. The Staff wishes to express its appreciation to the class for its support and to their friends who have favored us with advertisements or patronage.

Recollection Day

Senior Recollection Day opened on May twenty-eighth with Mass at nine o'clock. The exercises, which consisted of Mass, three conferences, the Rosary, Stations of the Cross, and Benediction, were given by the Reverend Thomas A. Fay, S.J., rector of St. Ignatius Church, Chestnut Hill. The message of Father Fay's discourses was that we should be honest with God, with ourselves, and with society. It was a day that will live long in the memory of each Senior.

ELECTIONS

SENIOR CLASS

President: Agnes Bixby
Vice-president: Constance Dolan
Secretary: Ruth Keenan
Treasurer: Anne McMurrer

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Editor-in-Chief: Mary Kavanaugh
Literary assistants: Mary Devenney
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Assistants: Eleanor O'Brien
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Assistants: Claudia Murphy
Helen Kelleher
Margaret Flanigan
Junior Assistant: Cornelia Sheehan

Junior Class

President: Eleanor Elcock
Vice-president: Mary Denning
Secretary: Veronica Quinn
Treasurer: Helen Kelly

Sophomore Class

President: Mary Farrell
Vice-president: Mary Kindregan
Secretary: Martha Buckley
Treasurer: Cynthia Kingsley

Sodality

President: Martha Doherty
Vice-president: Evangeline Mercier
Secretary: Rita Shea
Treasurer: Anna Murphy

Musical Society

President: Elizabeth McNamara
Vice-president: Margaret Flanigan
Secretary: Mary Shannon
Treasurer: Mary McNamara

Foreign Mission Society

President: Eleanor Farr
Vice-president: Mary de Guglielmo
Secretary: Rita Koen
Treasurer: Mary Dunn

Dramatic Society

President: Anastasia Kirby
Vice-president: Evangeline Mercier
Secretary: Rita Guthrie
Treasurer: Alice Quartz

Literary Society

President: Mary Stanton
Vice-president: Mary Devenney
Secretary: Martha Duffy
Treasurer: Loretta Murphy

Spanish Club

President: Helen McGettrick
Vice-president: Anne O'Neill
Secretary: Sylvia Maffeo
Treasurer: Rose Mullin

French Club

President: Rose Mullin
Vice-president: Oda McClure
Secretary: Fabronia Antos
Treasurer: Margaret Rogers

Athletic Association

President: Marguerite Carr
Vice-president: Phyllis Drew
Secretary: Alice Gallagher
Treasurer: Clare Busby

Classical Society

President: Mary DeGuglielmo
Vice-president: Dorothea McDonald
Secretary: Patricia Cahill

Historical Society

President: Claudia Murphy
Vice-president: Grace Doherty
Secretary: Ida Donovan
Treasurer: Frances Reardon

Publicity Committee

Mary Vaas: *Chairman*
Anastasia Kirby, '35
Martha Doherty, '35
Olive Dalton, '36
Mari-Elizabeth McCarthy, '36
Helen Lyons, '36
Rosemary Murdock, '37

German Club

A German Club has been organized by members of the Senior German Class and will function under a temporary committee until the fall, when officers will be elected.

In Christo Quiescentes

Mr. John B. Cassidy, father of Marion Cassidy, '35.

Mrs. George F. Hughes, mother of Dorothy Hughes, ex-'34.

ALUMNAE NOTES

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1924

1924-1934

How many times we have heard that it is a never-failing sign that old age is pressing closely upon us when our thoughts keep turning backward. Since retrospection, however, is by no means our habitual occupation, we are not actually tottering, even though we are ten years out. A decade! Is it possible? The fleetness of time, as it slips by, may be added proof of our advancing years. At such an important anniversary, we must, however, hazard a look, even though it be but a glance into the past. May the years be no less kind to anyone than they have been to the favored Class of '24!

Our first Alumnae Banquet, when we were welcomed by the Class of '23, recalled that very happy day when as Freshmen we celebrated with the Sophomores the granting of the Charter to Emmanuel. We, of the Pioneer Classes, never had the joy of being introduced to college activities by Junior Sisters, but, no doubt, for that very reason we were closer to our beloved Dean, Sister Helen Madeleine, and whatever our affection lacks in demonstrativeness, it redoubles in depth of feeling.

Scarcely had we caught our breath after the whirl of events attendant upon Commencement, when we learned of the preparations for the marriage of Anna Fagan to Professor Joseph J. Casasanta, Director of Music at Notre Dame University, Indiana. And so the Class of '24 led forth the college bride! Then and there we inaugurated the custom of honoring at a luncheon and presenting with a parting and uniting gift each member of the class as she embarked upon her life's work. We saw each other often that first summer as Sadie Carlow and our president, Eleanor Fitzgerald, also took a step forward and upward. Sadie is now known in the Notre Dame Order as Sister Frances Bernardine. Eleanor is Mother Eleanor Fitzgerald, a Religious of the Cenacle.

So far, we have had fifteen such happy special gatherings to supplement our New Year parties and summer outings together with that memorable fifth reunion; and fifteen classmates are known by different names from the old familiar ones of college days.

Far from being satisfied with their honors won at Emmanuel, many continued to explore new fields. Six have attained the degree of Master

of Arts, and soon we hope to number a Doctor of Philosophy among our group of forty-one. Who? Why, who else would it be but Anna Doyle! We might have had a Doctor of Medicine, too, but Florence McCourt, before the completion of her work at Tuft's Medical School, became one of the new community at the Monastery of the Discalced Carmelites in Newport, Rhode Island, where she is now known as Sister Thérèse of the Infant Jesus.

Ever since college days Mary McManus has been busily engaged in research work in Chemistry at the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital. From time to time we hear of a treatise that she has written or a lecture that she has delivered, but never from Mary herself, for she is too quiet and unassuming even to admit that she is doing anything out of the ordinary,—she who is Head of the Chemical Research Department at the Massachusetts Memorial Hospital.

Beatrice Macaulay is also unique in her chosen work, being prominent in the field of Social Service. Her first five years after graduation were spent in Family Case Work in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and in Newark, New Jersey. Since then, she has been connected with the Maternity Department of Medical Social Work. Intensely interested in her vocation as she is, she has followed courses at the New York School of Social Work specializing in Psychiatric Social Work and the Psychology of Human Behavior. As a member of the American Association of Social Work, of the American Association of Hospital Social Work, of the Staff Council of Social Agencies, Children's Department, of the Conference of Illegitimacy in Boston, and as Secretary of the Staff Council of Social Agencies, Children's Department, she has attended several conventions in connection with National and Local Social Work, and has read papers at the meetings of the various societies.

The teaching profession has also been favored by the Class of '24. At times we incline to wonder how that noble vocation ever struggled along without its twenty-three expounders of the wisdom of the ages. Four are members of college faculties. Sister Anna Lawrence, Sister Elizabeth Frances, Sisters of Saint Joseph, are at Regis College. Sister Emmanuel has been professor of French at Trinity College for two years, after having spent two years in the Latin and French departments of her Alma Mater prior to her entrance into the Order of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. Josephine Gillis is completing her fourth year at Emmanuel as assistant in the Latin and Mathematics departments. Twelve hold important positions in the Senior and Junior High Schools in eight Massachusetts cities, and Boston, Cambridge, Lawrence, Leominster, Peabody, Revere, Saugus, and Worcester are benefiting by the sound principles learned at Emmanuel.

The members of the class are not, however, confining their training to the classroom. The baby minds and hearts of the nineteen little sons and daughters of '24 are being guided by those happy classmates upon whom has been conferred the blessed title of Mother.

Evidence of the executive ability of the class is shown by the fact that whenever officers are elected in the Alumnae Association it is not unusual to find '24 represented. Anna Fulham has served a term as president, following one as vice-president. Anna Carroll and Helen Barry are past and present vice-presidents respectively, while the office of recording secretary has been held within the class during successive terms by Anna Doyle, Aloyse Doherty, Alice Mullen, and Anna Carroll.

In anticipation of our tenth reunion a series of events had been planned. Eveline Quinn McKeon opened the festivities with a very successful Penny Sale at her home. Soon after, Catherine O'Shea Giblin was hostess to the class at a Bridge. The response to her gracious invitation may be measured when it is known that several were there whose faces we had not seen for years. The class officers have sponsored two Bridge parties, the second of which took the form of a Saint Patrick's Day Social at the League House. Renewed associations, attractive prizes, appropriate decorations, and dainty refreshments marked it a brilliant success.

Not only these but many other joyful meetings, together with the tremendous amount of planning necessary for worthwhile achievement make us realize how wisely our leaders were chosen as long ago as 1923. The remoteness of Louise Mahony's residence from the majority of the class, however, caused Aloyse Doherty to be chosen acting treasurer in her stead. Upon her withdrawal, Anna Doyle took up the task of managing the class finances. Our secretary proved with what foresight we had chosen her, for Esther Gorman is now a medical secretary with a background of experience gained in five years of teaching and two years of department store training. Evelyn O'Donnell is one of the few vice-presidents who are seen and known, for, after having been an able class president during our memorable Junior year, she became our chief officer a few months after Commencement when Eleanor Fitzgerald entered the religious life.

Eleanor, although in the convent, has seen more of the world than most of us. She entered the Convent of the Cenacle in New York City in October, 1924, since then, she has been in Newport, R. I., Paris, Tigéry, Paray-le-Monial Louvres, Lyons, and, for the present, is in St. Louis, Mo., instructing novices in Latin plain chant. She has kept in touch with members of '24 by means of letters and a few visits, and reminds the class of her promise to remember their intentions in her daily recita-

tion of the Divine Office. To the undergraduates she would say, "Love your Emmanuel dearly; walk worthy of so loving a Mother; for the honor and devotion you render to her now, will be abundantly repaid in the future in the luster shed upon your name by her degree. Yes, love her!"

JOSEPHINE GILLIS, '24.

CHILDREN OF THE CLASS OF 1924

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Butler (Kathleen Morrison)
Charles, Matthew, Elizabeth.

Professor and Mrs. Joseph Casasanta (Anna Fagan)
Joseph, Maria.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Melvin Chevalier (Isabel Martin)
Charles Melvin, Jr., Isabel, Robert.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duffy (Gertrude McAloon)
James, William.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Giblin (Katherine O'Shea)
Thomas, Gerald.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Keane (Mary Berrigan)
Roger, Peter.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lynott (Anne Underwood)
Anne Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stewart (Alice Seed)
Jane, Nancy.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Winkle (Margaret McKusker)
Gretchen, Mary Elizabeth.

STATISTICS—CLASS OF 1929

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Treasurer—Estelle L. Donovan.

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Louise E. Boulard—Dietitian, City Hospital, Worcester.
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Mary S. Carroll—Pneumococcus typist, Boston City Hospital.
Agnes B. Collins—Substitute teacher, Norwood Public Schools.
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Dorothy F. Denning—Teacher, Watertown High School.
Clarice A. Dion—Religious, Presentation Convent, St. Hyacinth, Quebec.
Margaret M. Doherty—Technician, Harvard Medical School.
Estelle L. Donovan—Serologist, Boston City Hospital.
Kathryn C. Donovan—Teacher, Northeastern Junior High School, Somerville.
Mary J. Dowd—Teacher, North Junior High School, Waltham.
Florence G. Duris—Mrs. James A. Culley.
Madeline J. Egan—Nurse, Boston City Hospital Training School.
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Anna E. Finnerty—Research Chemist.
Jean M. Flynn—Teacher, Watertown.
Catherine V. Foley—Secretary, Insurance Department, State House.
Mary J. Fowler—Substitute teacher, Medford.
Lucietta Piscopo—Substitute teacher, Cambridge.
Maura C. Gallagher—Teacher, Dorchester High School.
Alice Marie Johnson—Teacher, Western Junior High School, Somerville.
Phyllis M. Joy—Teacher, Emmanuel College, Boston.
Elizabeth M. Kelly—Teacher, Goff Junior High School, Pawtucket, R. I.
Madeleine L. Kelley—Secretary and Junior Partner, Lyons & Co., Investment Securities.
Mary A. Kilcoyne—Member of faculty, and student for Ph.D. at Brooklyn City College.
Jacqueline M. Lemarca—Saleslady.
Muriel K. Lambert—Technician, Evans Memorial Hospital, Boston.
M. Madalyn Mahoney—Teacher, Lawrence.

Anne M. McCarthy—Teacher, Hodgkins School, Somerville.
Irene B. McDonnell—Technician, Boston City Hospital.
Mary E. McDonnell—Investigator, Child Welfare Division of City of Boston.
Elizabeth H. McMahon—Dietitian, State Hospital, Tewksbury.
Helen F. Morgan—Teacher, Maynard High School.
Susan M. Murdock—Director of Health Education, Boston Health Department.
Ruth S. Nelligan—Teacher, Cambridge High School.
Grace Norton—Sister Elizabeth Marie, O.P.
Mary C. O'Brien—Sister Rose Vincent, O.P.
Phyllis D. O'Connell—Teacher, Charlestown High School.
Marie A. Pelletier—Teacher, Western Junior High School, Somerville.
Arline E. Priest—Teacher, White Plains, New York.
Gertrude A. Riley—Research Technician, Evans Memorial Hospital, Boston.
Kathleen M. Rogers—Writer and substitute teacher.
Mary M. Rogers—Mrs. John Philbin.
Mary F. Sheehan—Secretary to Dr. P. F. Kelleher, Cambridge.
Katherine L. Skelley—Sister Catherine Joan, S.N.D.
Agnes C. Smith—Teacher, Boston Clerical School.
Catherine S. Sullivan—Mrs. Henry E. Foley.
Mary E. Sullivan—State Investigator for Old Age Assistance Bureau.
Bertha Szloch—Secretary, Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Co.
Florence V. Toner—Secretary.
Mary E. Walsh—Sister Mary James, S.N.D.
Alice M. Willard—Teacher, Dorchester High School.

Emmanuel College and the Boston Chapter of Kappa Bamma Pi were signally honored on Friday, May nineteenth, when the Catholic Poetry Society of Boston elected Mary Rita O'Connor, '28, of Lawrence, to a place on its executive board for the coming year. Mary Rita was president of the Literary Society and assistant literary editor of The Epilogue during her senior year at Emmanuel. Congratulations!

As the culmination of a busy year, with reunion extraordinary for '24 and '29, and with the joyful return of all alumnae, the annual banquet of the Alumnae Association will be held at Emmanuel on Saturday, June second.

At two-thirty o'clock "The Ivory Door" will be presented by the Dramatic Society of the college. Incidentally, have you heard that plans are being made for the formation of a dramatic group among the alumnae next year? At five, there will be a business meeting in the Music Hall; at six, the banquet,—this is the program for June second.

At the banquet, Kathleen Morley Rogers, 29, of Chatham, who will receive her Master's degree at Columbia University next week, will be toastmistress. Those of us who remember her eloquence and wit from other years, look forward to her coming with great pleasure. Beatrice Eaton, '25, of Cambridge, has accepted the chairmanship of the feast and under her direction all necessary arrangements will be made. There are rumors abroad that the ten and five-year classes have planned surprises which will prove to be novel additions to the traditional rites of banqueting.

* * *

Winifred Ward, '32, will sail for France on Saturday, June twenty-third, to spend the summer in study at the Sorbonne. Winifred teaches French in Framingham. Sailing with her are Catherine Lane, '33, of Peabody, winner of the Cercle Louis Veuillot scholarship this year, and Catherine Fitzgerald, '33, of Framingham, whose leading rôles in French dramas of the past two years at Emmanuel have been so admirably played. Thus, Emmanuel, whose name is already respected at the famous French university on account of the work in past years of such students as Genevieve Steffey and Genevieve McCrohan, '27; Phyllis Joy, '29; Catherine Boucher and Jeanne Douville, '32; and Mary Barrow and Ada Erlandson, '33, will this year be represented by a trio which, we feel sure, will uphold the enviable reputation of the French department.

* * *

The class of 1930 gathered with their friends at the Waterfront Club on Wednesday, May ninth, for a May Dansant. Mary Rose Connors as chairman directed preparations for the dance, which was extremely successful from every point of view. More than one-half the members of the class attended. This is a happy omen for the coming year when 1930 will celebrate the fifth anniversary of graduation, an occasion at which every member of the class is urged to be present.

On the preceding night, May eighth, '29 held a formal supper dance at the Club Barclay. Ruth Nelligan, a member of the reunion com-

mittee, supervised this final assembly of the class before the grand reunion exercises of Commencement Week.

* * *

The Pops! June twelfth, Tuesday, is the date selected for Emmanuel right at Boston's very popular series of concerts, directed each season by Arthur Fiedler. Alice E. Mullen, '24, of Cambridge, has been appointed chairman of arrangements. All alumnae, graduates, undergraduates, and friends of Emmanuel are cordially invited to attend.

THE EMMANUEL LEAGUE

The Boston College Musical Club, directed by Mr. James A. Ecker, entertained Emmanuel League and its guests at the regular monthly meeting on Sunday, April fifteenth. The officers of the senior class of the college served as ushers. A delightful afternoon's program was presented and enthusiastically enjoyed. Mrs. Francis Roland, Mrs. Patrick Kingsley, Mrs. Austin McHugh, Mrs. Charles Stack, Mrs. John Williams, and Miss Gertrude Buckley poured tea.

The regular monthly bridge was held at the "Food Craft," 235 Boylston Street, on Monday, April twenty-third. Luncheon was served at one o'clock, after which the director of the Food Craft Shop gave a short talk on the food served and the household equipment with which they were prepared. Souvenir bags of groceries were given to the holders of lucky numbers. A beautifully decorated cake was also awarded. A very pleasant afternoon of bridge followed with attractive prizes for high scores. It was a very successful party. Mrs. John J. O'Neill was general chairman and her committee comprised Mrs. Michael Blute and Mrs. John Minahan. The hostesses were Miss Jane F. McKey and Miss Marie J. McKey.

Communion Breakfast

On Sunday morning, May twentieth, about one hundred and fifty members of the Emmanuel League attended Mass and received Holy Communion in the College Chapel. Music during the Mass was furnished by Dr. David White, soloist; by Margaret R. O'Connell, Martha Hurley, soloists, and by Margaret Brewin, organist. The Reverend Louis Sullivan, S.J., of Weston College said the Mass and gave an eloquent address at the breakfast which followed in the appropriately decorated college gymnasium. Mrs. Patrick Mackin of Winthrop was chairman of the breakfast, and was

very successful in organizing and executing a very brilliant "finale" of the year's activities. The president, Mrs. James Carr of Roslindale, was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses as a small testimony of her success in guiding the League through its two pioneer and promising years.

Congratulations

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Slattery (Margaret Hession, '28), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lanigan (Eleanor Kiley, '28), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Collins (Esther McCafferty, '28), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. James Collins (Catherine Minahan, '32), on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Benson (Margaret Gleeson, '25), on the birth of a daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. John Cleary (Rita Connors, '25), on the birth of a son.

Engagements

Mary E. Sullivan, '29, to Mr. John B. Purcell.

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O Emmanuel
Thy gracious stately portals rise
In perfect art,
Against the splendor of the skies.

How clearly point thy Gothic towers
To upward paths,
Unflinchingly resisting storms
Of rain and wind.

Stand always thus,
Unchangeable and true,
As we shall be,
In lasting memory of you.

Marguerite Carr, '35.

The Austrian Situation

The difficulty of forecasting historical events is not lessened in our day, though these events do cast their shadows before them. A review of the shadows that darken the horizon of Europe leads us to believe that these clouds may yet break in the storm of War.

The Balkan Peninsula has ever been the crucial point in European history especially during the last twenty years. Although it cannot be said that the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand, at Sarajevo, caused the World War, it was this single episode that eclipsed the multiple events leading to the War. Within the year two such similar assassinations have occurred; the murder of Dollfuss, Chancellor of Austria, and the murder of King Alexander of Jugoslavia. After each of these tragedies Europe has waited with bated breath in the fear that war would again break out in the Balkan Peninsula. Dollfuss' position of Chancellor was even more important than that of the Archduke. Austria's central position and her internal strife, place her in a weakened position.

In 1914, Austria declared war to punish Serbia for the murder of the Archduke. In 1934, the murder of Austria's Chancellor is the result of the German Government's efforts to undermine the Austrian Government. There has been no attempt to deny the vigorous German activity among the Austrian Nazis. The union of Austria and Germany is not improbable, and may even be necessary. The incorporation of the two countries cannot fail to be of interest to Catholics, when we consider the outcome of the extreme views of the German Nazis. The peasantry of Austria, that part which constitutes the greatest portion of the population, is essentially Catholic. How would they fare under the Iron Hand that flourishes the pagan swastika?

Such a union is not looked upon favorably by either Italy, or France. When Austria was torn with the confusion of a civil war, Mussolini appointed himself as defender of her independence against Germany. Now the question arises in more than one mind whether or not Mussolini's motives are entirely altruistic. The intense nationalism of the man, and his policy of extending Italy cannot be ignored. His assumption of the role of Austria's protector is a fine gesture—it assumes greater significance when we know he would do all in his power to prevent a union of Germany and Austria. Such a consolidation would mean a solid block directly in the path of Italy's expansion. The Fascist troops were drill-

ing high in the Italian Alps this summer. True, they have been drilling there for years—yet within a day after the murder of Dollfuss, three divisions were marching to the northern frontiers! This act may have been the outcome of Mussolini's friendship with Dollfuss, but those who have followed Il Duce's policies can surmise the importance of this maneuver.

The parallel between the incident of 1914 and that of 1934 occurs when Italy delivers an ultimatum to Germany, the same as Austria delivered to Serbia. Hitler disclaimed all responsibility in the death of Dollfuss, as Serbia claimed no part in the murder of the Archduke. Serbia avowed that it could not be responsible for propaganda, just as Hitler side-stepped all blame resulting from the activities of pro-German Austrian Nazis. If Mussolini had been sincere in his proposal to protect Austria's independence, he would have acted when Cabinet Ministers were held as hostages by the Austrian Nazis. But Mussolini asked no quarter, and the German Minister in Vienna, no doubt acting on orders from Herr Hitler, arranged their safe passage out of Austria!

The Austrians were capable of governing themselves before the influx of Nazi propaganda. This fact was well known, else why the move to deprive the country of its leaders at such a vital moment! It seems that both Germany and Italy hoped to gain by it, since the one was responsible, and the other chose not to interfere. Austria and Italy have been traditional enemies. The personal friendship that existed between Dollfuss and Mussolini is not indicative of the attitude of the people. Will Austria resent Mussolini's stand as champion and look upon him with suspicion? Knowing his policies they have every reason. Or will they turn to Germany on the strength of past connections? Mussolini will certainly act should an Austro-German alliance threaten. Then nothing will keep France from joining with Italy to defeat any move that might benefit her hated enemy.

Supposition from facts following in a logical order, leads us to the conclusion that while war is not yet upon Europe, the seething cauldron of Mar's incendiarism boils dangerously high. Around the infernal fire waiting for another coal to be heaped upon it, the nations of Europe have arrayed themselves in a contra-dance, filled with the mad joy of expectancy!

ANNE G. DRINAN, '35.

Princess Midas

Lee Lansing pressed her smart, white, sport shoe harder on the accelerator and her thoughts kept pace with the swiftly turning wheels of her Cadillac roadster. Her thoughts might well be busy, for she had just received a proposal of marriage for the second time within a week, in spite of the legend about lightning.

George had just proposed on the ninth green and she had promised to give him an answer in two days' time. He really was a dear and she was fond of him, even though he was a bit reckless. Besides he could give her all the luxuries to which she had been accustomed since birth.

If she married Tom, she would have to be content with the plainest living for many years, until his law practice was established. Tom had a keen mind and was grave and kind, not hard and brilliant like George. She thought she loved Tom, but hesitated at giving up her life of gaiety. She had never known any other. Life with George would be one long party, she wouldn't have time to regret—the tire plopped with that peculiar sickening plop that even the best tires give after entertaining a long nail for a short time.

Lee was jerked out of her revery and, stopping the car, stood gazing ruefully at the rubber offender. The Country Club was several miles behind, home as many more ahead. To more appreciative eyes, the landscape would have seemed delightful, since it afforded a view of nature primeval, unblemished by any sign of human habitation. Lee stood beside the car, her grey eyes bright with exasperation, her bronze curls ruffled by the impatient tossing of her head as she looked up and down the unfrequented road. Then she settled herself in the roomy seat preparatory to a long wait for help.

Suddenly a crunching sound broke the stillness. Lee glanced apprehensively over her shoulder and saw a tow-headed urchin, seated on a stone wall, eating an enormous apple and regarding her with a curious blue gaze.

"Hi," he said informally.

"Hi, yourself," said Lee captivated by the unaccustomed sight of a ragged and natural twelve year old.

"Need any help?" vouchsafed between bites.

"Would you like to have a try?" scarcely had she uttered the words

than he was down from the low wall and taking charge like the captain of a sinking ship.

"What's your name?" Lee demanded.

"Johnny Benton—where's your key?" replied her deliverer in businesslike tones.

"Here," handing it over, "do you think you can do it?"

"Aw, sure, I seen Mike do it millions of times. You see I help Mike down to the garage after school. I hand him things when he's under the cars. Here, take these nuts."

Fifteen minutes later, Johnny was twice as dirty and Lee had several smooches on her white dress, but the Cadillac's wheel had been efficiently changed.

"You're a good workman, Johnny. I'd like to repay you. Let me see—what do you want more than anything else?"

The answer came unhesitatingly, "To go to the circus. It's over in Glenwood this week," he trailed off wistfully and dreamily munched his apple.

A little thrill went through Lee. Here was something she could do. It certainly was unusual, and how wonderful it would be actually to bring someone to his El Dorado.

She smiled tenderly at her little helper. "Well, Johnny, you're going with me this afternoon." We'll go to my house for lunch and then we'll drive over to Glenwood and have pink lemonade and feed peanuts to the elephants and eat hot dogs. Oh, it will be fun! Would you like it?"

Johnny opened his mouth to speak and after a few seconds the words came.

"Miss Lansing, ye don't mean it, you're only kiddin'."

"You don't really think I am. Hop in," said Lee, already behind the wheel. He was beside her in an instant and they were flying along toward home. Johnny was fascinated by the various knobs on the gleaming dashboard and went into ecstasies over the radio. Lee's spirits rose and it was with a happy laugh that she turned over a dubious Johnny to an outraged Perkins for a scrubbing before lunch. Johnny went for a tour of inspection with his new friend and the awe in his round blue eyes as he visited, in turn, the horses, dogs and gold fish caused a curious lump to rise in Lee's throat. She took all these things so much for granted, when other people were grateful for so much less.

During lunch, which was served in the warm sunshine on the terrace, Johnny chattered freely about his family. His was a simple tale of love and self-sacrifice, two elements almost totally lacking in his hostess' life. He told of his brother, who was several hundred miles away working his

way through college, and of the patient sister who helped her overworked mother at home, who loved pretty clothes but never had any and how he himself helped out the meagre family finances by working at Mike's garage.

Johnny's tale was interrupted by the entrance of a regal looking matron who looked askance at Lee on catching sight of her unusual visitor. Johnny was explained and gently laughed at.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Lansing, "if you must do anything so—so bizarre, I'm glad that you're amused, but I have a Contract game at Elizabeth's, I must run," and she swept toward her car.

The rest of the day was a dream come true for Johnny, and for Lee it was a revelation. Why, she had never known any real people before! She was as pleased as Johnny when the kindly elephant keeper lifted the boy to the great beast's head, where he sat in such a state of excitement that he nearly tumbled off. They both had hot dogs and pop corn and balloons. It was a glorious outing!

About sundown they passed the spot where they had first met. Lee looked down at the little head on her shoulder.

Johnny, asleep after his strenuous day, smiled as if he were having pleasant dreams. What a great deal the little fellow had taught her in only a few hours. She would call Tom as soon as she got home. Together they could enjoy all the worthwhile things—love, companionship, a home and maybe a little Johnny of their own. Everything would not be easy but they could really live, helping each other and others.

Bringing the car to a standstill, she gently shook Johnny.

"Wake up, dear," she said, "we've come home—we've come home!"

HELEN T. GOODWIN, '36.

Morning Drive

It seems quite wonderful to me,
With a pressure of foot, and a touch of the hand,
On the sweeping wings of the wind to flee,
Glimpsing the shining strand,
And the mountain tops majestic grand!
I am smaller, I know, than they by far,
But they cannot travel the world in a car.

HELEN T. GOODWIN, '36.

Impressions of Robert Frost

There is a strange reaction upon first meeting Mr. Frost in his poems. The nearest approach to expressing it is to imagine the feelings of an Englishman who visited America for the first time. He finds everything so different from his own country and its traditions, and yet he knows that the Americans are his own kith and kin. Thus it is with the person steeped in the English ideas of poetry, especially the poetry of the past century, whether Wordsworth's descriptions of nature, or Coleridge's mysticism, or the local color of Scott or Burns, or the lyricism of Keats or Shelley,—he finds in the Modern American poet a certain strangeness and difference. And it is difficult to say whether a wholehearted admiration should be given these new poets, for with all their winning qualities, there is sometimes question of correct meter, indelicate though telling image, or language that is not poetry. When I read Mr. Frost's poems I think of them as signifying the leafy maples and undulating farmlands of New Hampshire. They embody not only the informality of rugged New England landscape, but its fecundity and charms. They are in marked contrast with the conventional regularity and primness of the hedged-in English cottage landscape of the older British poets. But now let us catch the spirit of the New Hampshire poet.

Mr. Frost is a thinker. His characteristic attitude is not the "hand on the forehead" but rather the whimsical twist to the lip. He accepts life. He looks at it with a happy kindly attitude. He is a lover of nature, a poet of the out-of-doors rather than the dark study. His titles reveal him, *A Boy's Will, North of Boston, Blueberries, The Birches, Mending Wall.* He paints portraits naturally. His *Death of the Hired Man* is said by Mr. Untermeyer to be "the finest piece of genre writing ever attempted in our language."

(the old man has returned)
"He's worn out. He's asleep beside the stove
A miserable sight and frightening, too—
You needn't smile—I didn't recognize him—
I wasn't looking for him—and he's changed.

* * * * *

I can't tell you
Silas is what he is—we wouldn't mind him—
But just the kind that kinsfolk can't abide.

He never did a thing so very bad.
He don't know why he isn't quite as good
As anyone."

And another equally delightful canvas is found in that wonderful poem *Mending Wall.*

"Good fences make good neighbors."

In a single line Mr. Frost has whimsically drawn not only a picture of a stern old New Englander but he has given "the essence of nationalism vs. internationalism, Law vs. Revolution."

The New Hampshire poet's works are full of spiritual overtones and frequently express his own personal reaction. His lovely poem *The Tuft of Flowers*—a tuft of flowers left by one worker forms a bond of union with another.

"Men work together," I told him from the heart.
Whether they work together or apart."

The Birches is both personal and spiritual.

"So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood.

* * * * *

I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over."

In regard to technique, Mr. Frost has an utter disregard of literary forms. He is not a studied artist. Yet his poems have all the delight of the monologues of Browning. Mr. Frost has a conversational manner which is quite charming. The vehicle of his expression is blank verse together with the meaning phrase and common speech. It is the particular skill of the artist. Let us enjoy these lines in *The Death of the Hired Man,*

"Part of a moon was falling down the west,
Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.
Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw
(the wife sitting beside her husband)
And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand
Among the harp-like morning-glory strings,
Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves
As if she played unheard the tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night."

MARY M. DEVENNY, '35.

"A poem begins with a lump in the throat; a home-sickness or a love-sickness. It is a reaching out toward expression; an effort to find fulfillment. A complete poem is one where an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found the words." So speaks the voice and embodiment of New England, Robert Frost.

In *Two Tramps in Mud-Time,* which may be found in the "Saturday Review of Literature" for October 6, 1934, the poet exemplifies his definition. The very title is unusual, and after reading it, I think it was written out of a feeling of love-sickness—love-sickness of his work which he could not bear to have taken from him by two tramps.

> "My right might be love but theirs was need.
> And where the two exist in twain
> Theirs was the better right,—agreed."

This he believes is all very well, but let those who will yield to their separation.

> "My object in life is to unite
> My avocation and my vocation
> As my two eyes make one in sight.
> Only where love and need are one,
> And the work is play for mortal stakes,
> Is the deed ever really done
> For Heaven and the future's sakes."

The philosophy of these last few lines shows the unity of the intellectualism and "land-love-ism." How beautiful is the picture of "Mud-Time" which Mr. Frost gives us in this poem:

> "The sun was warm but the wind was chill.
> You know how it is with an April day.
>
> * * * * *
>
> A bluebird comes tenderly up to alight
> And fronts the wind to unruffle a plume,
> His song is pitched as not to excite
> A single flower as yet to bloom
> It is snowing a flake: and he half knew
> Winter was only playing possum.
>
> * * * * *
>
> The water for which we may have to look
> In summertime with a witching-wand,
> In every wheelrut's now a brook,
> In every print of a hoof a pond

Be glad of water, but don't forget
The lurking frost in the earth beneath
That will steal forth after the sun is set
And show on the water its crystal teeth."

We picture immediately the spring the author wishes us to see. I admire his expression of it—he has "found his thought and the thought has found the words."

Emotion fills him when the tramps come to see if they may obtain work. We realize the fire of his love for his task of wood-chopping as he says:

"The time when I most loved my task
These two must make me love it more
By coming with what they come to ask.
You'd think I never had felt before
The weight of an ax head poised aloft,
The grip on earth of outspread feet,
The life of muscles rocking soft
And smooth and moist in vernal heat."

Love for the soil, for the life of a farmer, for Nature comes surging over him at the very thought of any one daring to think he would relinquish his beloved task. A true New-Englander speaks to us once again, in this new poem, *Two Tramps in Mud-Time.*

AGATHA MAGUIRE, '35.

I have never heard Frost spoken of as a psychological poet. Perhaps he never meant to be one and that is the reason. I don't know. But you are aware that he is, when you are reading his poems. It is some time before the thought occurs to you. Yet it does convincingly. In *Sound of Trees* he is questioning what goes on within the individual who hears the rustling, swaying, murmuring branches. He analyzes emotions and indicates to us his keen penetration of the human heart. *House Fear* shows the trend of the subconscious which the conscious tries to offset by an attempt at bravado—

"They learned to rattle the lock and key
To give whatever might chance to be
Warning and time to be off in flight—"

It seems to me that he does not go beyond himself for knowledge of human nature. He looks into his own heart and realizes his searching needs to go no further, since mankind is the same, the world over.

Frost can depict powerful pathos that wrenches the human heart because of its intensity. *Not to Keep,* a poem inspired by the War, is a

splendid example. A wounded soldier is sent home, to his wife, to recuperate. From the tone of the official letter informing her of his return she thinks he is not to leave her again. It is left to him to tell her that their happiness is short-lived. Comment upon the concluding lines could add nothing to them—

"The same
Grim giving to do over for them both.
She dared no more than ask with her eyes
How was't with him for a second trial.
And with his eyes he asked her not to ask.
They had given him back to her, but not to keep."

Frost handles another kind of pathos that is not so vibrant found in *An Old Man's Winter Night*. We can appreciate the lonely, old man, the emptiness and darkness that surround him. Yet there is a delicate humor running through the poem that makes for a lightness of mood. The old man has a whimsical turn in preferring the moon to the sun because the moon does not affect "his icicles along the wall." This quaintess suggests *The Pasture* which is quite unlike anything Frost has done.

What impresses me most about the poet is his marvelous insight into the commonplace, and the skill with which he concentrates in a few lines all that he sees. For instance in the following:

"The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued!"

The action of the crow is ordinary enough, yet by a bare suggestion it teems with significance. Likewise, in *Mending Wall,* a rather lengthy account could be written concerning the character of the two men, their forbears, the environment of both families—all in elaboration of what Frost merely infers. But if we fail to find anything beyond the actual facts, he does nothing about it because he is above all a "factual poet." He rarely tries to amplify the concrete. Here is distinctly a case where the reader must bring almost as much to the poem as the poet does in order to find the best that is in it.

Frost defines poetry as "words become deeds." His vigor and

simplicity may be traced to this very definition. He recognizes that words have hidden beauty and strength, and treasures them for their individual power. Not a single line he uses is treated ill. Not a single one could admit of a substitute. He so employs them that his results are etchings, clear cut, concise, unmistakable. Untermeyer says, "he never padded a phrase." Indeed, he seems a bit wary of even harmless adjectives. In this respect he is reflecting his environment, for no true native of New Hampshire will waste a word—on any subject! Nevertheless, he gives us fresh sights, and sounds that are vigorous because they are not wrapped up by an excess of verbiage.

"It is surprising," as someone puts it, "how little Frost has been influenced by any other poet." I think that sums him up very nicely. He is different. We have many poets of Nature who savor of the wide-open spaces, and the crisp, autumn air. Yet they lack the peculiar tang that Frost gives to his work. It reminds me of cider out of the mill a few hours—nothing you can find is just like it!

ALICE DOLPHIN, '35.

The Autumn Wind

I come from haunts of snow and rain,
  With sudden gusts I sweep along.
In busy streets and narrow lane
  I gayly sing my frost-tinged song.
  I girdle snow-capped mountains strong,
I skim over sparkling waves of seas,
And prance and dance over tops of trees.

The leaves of scarlet, red and gold,
  I toss and whirl, then run and hide,
And on a sudden whistling bold
  Round unsuspecting traveler glide
I laugh at his surprise, and then,
I'm up and on my way again.

HELEN MURPHY, '35.

Stardust=A Fantasy

Setting: A green slope commanding a view of the hill country and the river near Tara.

Time: Evening of a mid-summer day.

A boy and a girl are walking slowly along the river bank. The girl is anxiously watching the boy as he speaks:

ANDREW: I have been thinking about this for a long time.

SHEILA: We have been betrothed for two years, Andrew. Why did you not confide in me?

ANDREW *(reluctantly):* Well, I shall tell you about it now. *(Staring ahead of him at the far distant hilltops.)* You know that I have written nothing worth while since returning from England. I need the vigor and inspiration a country new to me can give. I know that I shall find it in America.

SHEILA *(shaking her head sadly):* So you find no inspiration, nothing to write of in Ireland.

ANDREW *(impatiently):* Have it that way if you like.

SHEILA *(looking about her):* You were to do such great things here in your own country.

ANDREW *(waving his hand depreciatively):* All this sad, lonely, depressed country has been written of again, and again. All my superstitious countrymen with their too ready tears and laughter. I want something new—a rebirth—a revitalizing force that I shall find over there.

They are silent, as the shadows deepen. Two birds are seen flying northward.

SHEILA: Oh, Andrew, look, look! *(She points to the birds, and turns an eager face toward him.)* Do you remember the days when we would have been sure that those birds were two white swans flying to Slievenamon?

ANDREW *(showing interest):* Yes, I remember how we actually lived those old myths. But I seem to have forgotten that story. Tell me of it.

SHEILA *(chiding him):* Why, Andrew Darragh it was you that used to tell me of those tales. Do you not recall how Midir the Proud came from the North and fell in love with Etain as he saw her combing her long hair, and binding it with ropes of diamonds?

ANDREW *(taking up the story):* Ah! yes, I remember, Midir changed

them both into swans and they flew to his palace. Every time we saw birds flying northward we searched the old ruin on the top of the hill, that we said was Etain's bower, for swan's feathers.

SHEILA: You always said you would make great poems of our old myths.

ANDREW *(dejectedly):* I could not recapture those moods, now. I have been away too long. I have gone beyond the spell of those childhood stories, if I could bring it back!

SHEILA *(rising):* I must see that father has his supper. Goodnight, Andrew.

Andrew is apparently lost in thought as he merely nods as Sheila leaves him.

About two hours elapse.

Andrew is pacing up and down in the dew-wet grass. Sheila comes along the path carrying a long cape over her arm.

SHEILA: Andrew, Andrew! *(She calls until she suddenly comes upon him.)* I was afraid you would be still wandering about in the damp grass. I have been looking everywhere for you, I even went up the other side of the hill and through—*(she gestures toward the ruin, but stops suddenly as she follows his intent gaze).*

ANDREW: I have seen her—Etain. She was standing against a stone pillar in a long garment, she even wore jewels.

Sheila listens, puzzled, then quickly she understands and furtively watching him she hastily unfastens a length of dull glass beads from her neck.

ANDREW *(a little less excited):* I suppose I dreamed that I saw her. But it seemed so real. There was no moon yet the stars seemed to illumine her face. The jewels reflected the starlight—they seemed, almost, to be fallen stars. Ah! it would make a grand story—Etain and her stardust necklace!

SHEILA *(reproving him):* That is like you—stardust.

ANDREW *(laughing somewhat abashed):* Sheila, Sheila, what a daft poet I am.

SHEILA *(earnestly):* No, Andrew, you are not daft. You have found your inspiration.

ANDREW: You are right. My inspiration is here, if I would but look for it.

Sheila walks quickly to the edge of the river and tosses the beads she has been holding in her hand, far out into the waters. With a gay laugh that does not betray her relief: "May all your stardust dreams be great poems, Andrew."

THE END.

ANNE G. DRINAN, '35.

The Hostage of Paul Claudel

A heartening message of reassurance to the idealist, a challenge to the persistent dogmaticism of present-day skeptics, Paul Claudel's *Hostage* gives promise of the opening of new avenues in the literary life of our generation and is a pledge of the importance of mysticism as a most potent factor in its development. Its appeal is purely spiritual, its technique nothing short of remarkable, defying analysis even while it demands admiration. For who could describe the ineffable sadness which bathes like a scented mist the whole unfolding of this beautiful pulsating drama? The work of a great poet, it speaks to the noblest in us and can only leave us nobler. Rooted deeply and firmly in the past, nourished by vigorous thought, written in a language of incomparable richness, a play in which the material element counts for nothing, in which soul and true art count for everything.

"Here is a tragedy of those large domains, rich with the past, whose facades of grey stone used to ennoble the countrysides of France, and whose foliage above the park wall threw its beautiful shadows on all the windings of the estate; the park has been divided, the trees cut down, often the chateau has been destroyed, or has been overtaken by a still sadder fate,—the steward has installed himself in his master's house; the lawyer who lay in wait for his prey in the depths of his chambers, or the business man from the town has purchased it at the sale of the 'biens nationaux'! The feudal idea is dead."—(Pierre Chavannes)

In the *Hostage* Claudel resuscitates a France just emerging out of the ruins and the anarchy of the Revolution. The plot of the drama is closely bound up with historical events and the action takes place at a pre-eminently tragic moment. The Scourge of Europe lies heavily on the whole of Christendom. Napoleon with his great armies has penetrated into the depths of Russia, and over the whole world, emptied of that forceful personality, a deep silence hangs; a stupor weighs. Bonaparte is still the all-powerful Emperor of the Continent and yet, as in the calm before the storm, there is an uneasiness, a strange expectancy. The Legitimists still have faithful adherents and their agents are active in the shadows. The mighty arm of the balance quivers uncertainly at the very height of its course; at any moment it may come crashing downward.

Such is the state of affairs when on a stormy night, the gates of Coufontaine Abbey open to two weary travelers. The younger of the

two, the Viscount George de Coufontaine, after seeing to the comfort of his venerable companion, hastens to pay his respects to the mistress of the house, his cousin Sygne de Coufontaine who waits eagerly to greet him.

George is a staunch Royalist, an ardent supporter of the King, whose cause he defends by intrigue, by conspiracy, and when necessary by crime, since he is unable to do so by the sword. His whole life is wrapped up in the Legitimist Cause. Sygne, to whom George is everything, in the meantime, has been secretly engaged in a struggle of another sort. Patiently, silently, doggedly, she is joining bit by bit, "like a piece of old lace caught together thread by thread," the land of the Coufontaines which has been cut up by the Revolution, in order to restore whole the heritage of her ancestors to the head of her house, to the male line of her race, to her cousin George and to his children.

Sygne has always secretly loved George with her whole heart. When he, all unknowing, married another, she bravely concealed the nature of her love and George and his wife both rejoiced henceforth rather in her sisterly affection. This abbey in which she lives, the last vestige of her patrimony, has become George's place of refuge in his adventurous and tragic life. On the night when the drama opens he unburdens his heart to Sygne, who listens with real suffering to his account of the death of his wife and children, and of his discovery after her death of his wife's unfaithfulness. Then, more than ever Sygne and George are aware of the strength of the bond of kindred interest, feeling and understanding that exists between them. Sygne looks at George and a great wave of tenderness sweeps over her as she thinks of how intensely he must have suffered, and of how much she would like to spare him every care. George looks at Sygne and thinks of all they have gone through together, and suddenly he realizes exactly how very much she means to him. Finally, as the significance of their spiritual union, and of their deep true regard for each other is brought home to them, in the dead of the night, in the old study of Coufontaine Abbey, these two survivors of an ancient and illustrious race plight their troth. A little later George reveals the real purpose of his visit. He has come, not alone, but bringing with him an old priest riding on an ass, a precious captive whom he confides for a few days, to this safe place; the same old man whom Sygne is later to save at the price of a most terrible sacrifice: His Holiness the Pope, the frail old prisoner, who makes his appearance only to disappear from the drama which he unconsciously determines.

Sygne's heart is filled with happiness at the very prospect of aiding in however small a way, in restoring to the Pope, first his liberty and eventually his estates and power. However, she and George

reckon without the Baron Toussaint Turelure, Napoleon's Prefect of the Marne, erstwhile serf on the Coufontaine estate, as despicable and uncouth as he is powerful. Turelure's spies have informed him of George's tentative rescue of the Pope. He grasps his opportunity and drives his cruel bargain. Either he shall have the hand of Sygne, or the Holy Father shall be recaptured and imprisoned.

Sygne's whole being revolts. On the one hand there is her faith plighted only a few hours ago to her heroic cousin, there is her name, her family, her ancestors, her martyred parents, who went to their death by the guillotine; the ancestral property, which by dint of incessant labor she has reconstituted and reorganized. On the other hand, what is there to justify her sacrificing all this: her honor, the honor of her parents, the honor of her cousin, the honor of the stainless name of Coufontaine to a base adventurer like Turelure? What is there? There is a solitary old man, weary and worn, bearing on his shoulders the weight of a tradition eighteen centuries old, and the responsibility of a hundred and sixty million souls. In the celebrated scene between George and Pope Pius before the crucifix Claudel develops with real insight, the character of Christ's Vicar, whom George has risked his all to save. One thought which impressed me greatly in this scene was expressed by the Pope in answer to George who asks him what he thinks of the times and of the violation done to His person. Pius answers . . .

"Even so through all the ages, have unholy men dealt with Christ's Vicar.
There has been no peace for men since He disappeared among them as One destitute.
They make their little pacts of a day among themselves, calling them laws, constitutions, states, kingdoms,
According to the power given to them for a day, and which is good and blessed in itself;
And they think they have determined the progress of the world, moulding all things for eternity according to their will.
And as for this Emperor of today, he is like a spoiled child who is thwarted.
He pretends to be master, not knowing he is one of my poor children like the rest.
The Conqueror of men, as he calls himself, behold him today seeking to bind and to force God, to get God on his side, taking His Vicar as hostage."

For this old man, Sygne accepts the sacrifice. Love, honor, family, life itself is surrendered, but the Vicar of Christ is safe. The Pope, he who opposes all powers and for whose possession all powers contend: the

hostage seized by Napoleon in irritation at this independence; the hostage snatched from the Emperor by George to strengthen the Royalist Cause; the hostage seized by Turelure to serve his ambition; who is in the power of all but belongs to none of them. Sygne agrees to save the Papacy, the inheritor of all kingdoms, of all destinies, and of all paternities.

Hence then the conflict is one of ideas. Ideas which are not sheer abstractions, but vital forces contending for the mastery and serving as the substructure of the events which they determine. The conflict lies in the opposition between the idea of the old order of things and the idea of the Revolution.

George and Sygne are the protagonists of traditional loyalties and vanishing beliefs, while Turelure represents the new order which remorselessly tramples on old feelings of reverence, and before which all the products of an old-age relationship wither away.

George and Sygne are soldiers of a defeated cause. All the efforts of Sygne have been in vain. Her life work has been labored over to no good purpose. The land that is bound to the past and to the life of the Coufontaines with an indissoluble bond will never belong to George's children, but will go to Turelure's child of whom she herself will be the mother . . . Sygne, the proud soul, the untamed aristocrat; and yet to George's frenzied cry . . . .

"What am I without the place whence I get my name?"

she knows how to answer . . . .

"A man from whom nothing more can be taken."

It is to the clear-sighted strength, to the brave long-sufferance of Sygne that George clings even to the end, when alone and faced with defeat and utter loneliness, he reproaches her for her breach of faith and for asking him to sign away even his title to Turelure her husband, in order to insure the more the safety of the Pope. He cries out in despair . . . .

"There is something sadder to lose than life, the reason for living;
Sadder than to lose one's possessions is to lose one's hope;
More bitter than to be deceived is it to lose one's ideal."

Sygne knows an acute agony of soul as she replies . . . .

"Men cut down the tree and God remembers us and is taking away the fruit;
Oh, George,
Happy is he who has something to give, for from him who has not shall be taken even that which he has.

Happy is he who is unjustly despoiled, for he has nothing more to fear
from justice.
He who does not accept evil, how shall he receive good?
We were made to give and receive, George, but not to share."

Desperately Sygne tries to infuse a courage which she does not feel into the broken heart of George. She is not convincing, however, and George, persuaded that Sygne is living in terrible unhappiness, resolves to kill Turelure. Sygne, only too anxious to find a pretext for mercifully ending her life, steps quickly in front of her husband and is instead mortally wounded. George is killed by Turelure's avenging bullet. Hand in hand the unhappy cousins go in search of better things, to the sure reward which is certainly due them.

Sygne and George wanted to die. Their lives had been lives of service, of sacrifice, of deprivation, of humiliation and of spiritual hardship. Sygne, however, felt the most relentless, the most searing pain. Everything was taken from George, but Sygne had to give up everything.

The center of the drama is at the point when Sygne, her soul lacerated by the inhuman struggle which goes on within her, is forced to renounce her pledge to George and to yield everything to Turelure in order to save the Pope. Overcome by the exhortations of her confessor, Father Badilon, she gives away . . . .

"Lord, Thy will be done and not mine,
Thy bitter will. . . ."

Believing herself called by her conscience and by her God to the horrible sacrifice, she obeys. A conflict of ideas, of human beings, of conscience, *The Hostage* is a conflict, at bottom between Sygne and her God.

Claudel's *Hostage* is symbolical and mystical, but the character of Sygne lives in the memory as a living and breathing woman who is the incarnation of all the traditions and loyalties of "la douce France." There is a sense of richness and color in Claudel's evocation of the past, an appeal to gaze upon the beliefs that seem about to vanish from the earth and an invitation to consider whether or not it may be worthwhile to try to recapture them.

Certain scenes, such as the scene between George and Sygne at the end of the play, and the scene between Sygne and Badilon do not yield in point of lyrical beauty to the best pages in French literature. Claudel is a great poet and when he suffers his lyrical exaltation to expand unchecked, he attains to heights from which he can in turn, excite enthusiasm and not merely admiration. At other times he is more under control, like the charger held in check by the hand that holds the bridle;

or like the silvery waters of a great river that rolls calmly and silently on, but whose depth and power we instinctively feel.

Long before we become aware of the purity, of the burnished delicacy of Claudel's thought, long before we are brought to a realization of his sure instinct, of the relentless, inevitable fashioning of man's relation to nature and to God, we perceive with all our senses, the glow, the ring, the consistence, the very surging of this chain of imagery that wraps us about. Just as *The Hostage* is a verse in the poem of life and cannot be understood apart from it, so is the beauty of every line, crepuscular in tone, dimmed in a setting all its own. Claudel has understood the interpenetration of the soul and body, and his verse responds to the movement of the whole being. His rhythm is the most natural possible; it is in perfect harmony with his thought. For Paul Claudel perhaps more than any other writer, has embodied his philosophy and enshrined his poetry in a language that all but seals the profundity of the one and the distinguished beauty of the other.

What is the end of all his dramas? Where is the inevitable single theme of *The Hostage,* of *The Tidings Brought to Mary,* of *The Satin Slipper?* It lies, as we have seen, in man's fidelity to his role. Peace, the true peace, is dispensed at the supreme moment to those who were the faithful actors in the drama. It is refused to those who would divest themselves of their mission and strip themselves of their personality. Not a single act is an indifferent one; each has its value in the ensemble and weighs upon the rest. The world has need that all beings composing it cooperate liberally for its development and work unceasingly to erect it. The end of the world which is also its origin, is GOD. Such is the thesis and the life drama of Paul Claudel.

Mary Rita Kavanaugh, '35.

Sequestered

I searched for beauty everywhere
  I searched in woods and dales,
I gazed at colors at the Fair
  And laughing waters blue with sails,
    But beauty was not there.
And then one night when all was dark,
  I found it tucked away from sight
  And hid it in my heart.

Mari-Elisabeth McCarthy, '36.

Aunt Emmy

"Aunt Emmy will give it to me. All I will have to do is hint. She is easy that way."

"Your Aunt Emmy is too good to you children and you do not even appreciate her."

"Oh, come now, John, the children do love Emmy, and they are kind to her."

"Yes, for what they can get out of her."

"We are fond of her, Dad, and she just loves to spend that grand salary that Mr. Winters gives her on us. She hasn't anybody else to spend it on and goodness knows she doesn't spend it on herself. She always looks as if—"

A warning glance from her mother halted her.

"When is she coming, Mother?"

"Very soon, dear."

* * * * *

Aunt Emmy looked furtively behind her, then scurried down the dark, deserted street. This was one of the reasons she disliked going to Mary's in the evening—this long, lonely walk from the station. They had a car and one of the girls might easily have driven her home—but—and Emmy shrugged.

Safe in her room, Emmy breathed a tremulous sigh of relief. She glanced lovingly about her. She loved and appreciated beauty in any form, and her beautiful room always caused her a glow of pleasure.

Emmy couldn't sleep. She wanted to think. She couldn't understand herself. A spirit of rebellion was rising within her. Rebellion and Emmy—it was incongruous. Even Emmy realized this.

She rested her head on her hands, and scanned herself in the mirror. Her hair hung over her shoulders, it was chestnut color and in its present dishevelled and curly state, very pretty. Her cheeks were flushed, and the shell pink kimono enhanced the blue of her faded eyes. She did not look her fifty-odd years, now, although in her drab black clothes she appeared nearer sixty.

Emmy stared at her reflection long, her thoughts busy. She almost believed that she saw there not herself, but the Emmy who might have been. But as she saw her life in retrospect, she knew that she could not have been different. She would have had to be made completely over.

She thought of Emmy Barker, the child, timid and spiritless. She was never a leader, not because she lacked initiative, but only the courage to support her views. Emmy felt a pang of love and pity for the child who had been.

Emmy, the young woman, the older of the two Barker girls, arose before her. Emmy was popular, in an age when timid and appealing femininity was the vogue. Her youthful pleasures had been hampered by an over-strict masterful parent whom Emmy had been too timid to reason with.

Then Robert had come on that day in December—Robert—the young engineer of whom everyone spoke in highest praise. Emmy had met him at a dance. She remembered her pleasure on knowing that she looked her best when she first met him. How handsome he had been! He had brown eyes, and Emmy had always loved brown eyes. How she had enjoyed that night and all the following winter when the whole town was speaking of Robert's attention to Emmy.

With the spring Robert was ordered to the West, and he wanted Emmy to go with him. Her father would not hear of it. She was too young to be married, to leave familiar environment. Robert had pleaded, and Emmy had cried but she had so long been subservient to her father's will that she could not defy him now. So Robert had gone alone, and Emmy was left to do what was best with her life.

After this Emmy had less spirit than ever. She became a companion-secretary to wealthy Mrs. Winters, and lavished her salary on her spoiled younger sister. Then it was her nieces she spoiled.

She thought of what might have been, if she had married Robert. There would have been someone to love her, always—children of her own instead of ungrateful nieces whose love she bought with pretty clothes. Not that she begrudged this, but she wanted to be loved for herself. Only one person so loved her—an old school chum, now widowed, who had but recently moved into the vicinity. They had always been close friends and when she had married and moved far away, Emmy had been lonely. Now she was back, urging Emmy to think more of herself. But it had been so long the other way, that it was difficult. Right now she felt very brave.

"I will show them," she said defiantly, but even as she said it she knew she wouldn't. She flung herself across the bed, in a spasm of tears, and cried herself to sleep.

Miss Emmy rose early from force of habit. She saw herself, cheeks swollen, eyes heavy, dressed in drab black and she sighed. She was resigned. Her spirit of rebellion had vanished. She was herself, again.

"Ha, Miss Emmy, what is the matter? You don't look well, sick—sick? I say."

"Oh, no, Mr. Winters, just tired. I did not sleep very well."

"Humph, went to your sister's last night. How are the pretty nieces? That's good. Let us go to work."

He watched Emmy closely as she worked. He liked her and depended on her very much. He had known her since she had come as a young girl to be his wife's secretary. When his wife died she had capably taken charge of the management of the household.

"Emmy was smart, all right—in some things," he thought.

But here she was spending her money on those nieces whom he disliked so much. He fancied he understood them. He had overheard them talking one day when they were visiting Aunt Emmy. How easy it was to get anything from Aunt Emmy. Then they mentioned him, his age; he started up, amazed. They knew that he had only one son who lived far away. Why shouldn't he remember Aunt Emmy in his will. Wasn't it being done every day? Think of the cases in the paper. And if he did, well, then what might not happen for them.

Then and there he had formed his opinion of them and it had never altered. His mouth had shut in a tight line and he laughed grimly.

* * * * *

"Emmy, Emmy, come quickly," Emmy dropped the travel book she had been pouring over and jumped to her feet, startled.

"Why, what is the matter, Ellen?"

"It's Mr. Winters, Miss Emmy, he just had a spell."

The next days were horrible ones for Emmy. Old Mr. Winters was dying and Emmy suffered in seeing the kindly but erratic old friend in pain. When he died, Emmy felt deserted and utterly crushed. What was left to her to do? The best part of her life she had spent in this house. To leave it, for what she knew not, was pain.

When Mr. Winters' will was read, Emmy fainted. For Mr. Winters was doing what Emmy had longed to do. He was "showing them." To Emmy he left a substantial yearly income and above twenty-five thousand dollars to be spent in travel with her old friend.

When Emmy came to, she dissolved into a flood of tears, but they were tears of gladness, as well as pain. For the first time in her life someone had been kind to her, for no other reason than gratitude and true kindness. This knowledge made Emmy's heart deliciously light and free and made the future something to be anticipated, not dreaded. So Emmy after fifty-odd years felt a burden lift from her heart and faced life with the old bitterness destroyed.

Mary Rafferty, '36.

Autumn

Mauve-tinged falls the twilight
  Over harvest fields of gold,
And black trees sway like phantoms
  As I walk along the road.
Around, are cornfields glowing
  Beneath clouds of roseate hue,
And shadowed is the orchard
  Where once I walked with you.

The moon, a silver lantern,
  Is now hanging in the sky,
It recalls my childhood memories,
  Romance that will never die.
Blue stars are flickering gaily
  Over meadows still and white,
And leaves are dancing swiftly,
  Over a filmy path of light.

You have stayed, my own beloved,
  So many years away,
Would we could walk together
  Once more on an Autumn day!
In this season of golden splendour
  What will the harvest bring!
Will it answer Summer's challenge,
  Fulfill the promise of Spring!

WINIFRED MARIE BURDICK, '35.

The Best Things in Life

A college tadpole of rationalistic mind once asked me to define the nature and topography of Heaven, prescinding, of course, the theological. Truly, I was at loss for explanations. I realized that not only was Heaven immaterial and unboundable, but ineffable. Yet the query teased me into thinking.

Heaven is not a place or a proportion, but a sort of ideation of the beautiful. Molecules and miles are not part of it. With this world's eyes all we may grasp is a fleeting presentiment, best expressed in analogies.

Heaven is like the inner peace that steals over one on hearing Debussy's *Claire de Lune.* All one's pent-up emotional strings are suddenly loosened—all petty tribulations evanesce, surroundings fade, the audience disappears, and one is alone in an ecstasy, returning to mortality only with the final chord of the violin, to perceive through strangely dim eyes, intrusive fellow-beings. Heaven is like Shakespeare's twenty-third sonnet—where something eternal in us reaches out to something eternal in that; like Browning's *Evelyn Hope,* where we, too, remember and understand; like those stanzas of Byron's written on the road between Florence and Pisa—there we have a premonition of the love and glory of Heaven.

Heaven is like a little opalescent pond I know, when at twilight it reflects the deep pink flush of evening sun, entangled with shadows of blue-green pines; like slim poplars limning an arch for God to pass through; like crimson oak leaves streaked in yellow, like pale tea-roses with petals of cream.

Heaven is like a child's sleep, like the smile on an old man's face, like the pain of a lover's kiss, like the detachment from the corporeal when floating in a lapping sea with only a fleecy cloud world, daubed in emerald to be seen, like the sexless grace of beautiful small boys . . . but Heaven *is* finding a long sought volume on the shelves of the public library.

Barbara Ferguson, '36.

Mary Peters

by Mary Ellen Chase

Mary Ellen Chase's latest book, *Mary Peters,* is a novel of the Maine coast during the past sixty years. Those who read *A Goodly Heritage* already know with what sympathy and understanding she portrays New England. An atmosphere of love and sacrifice against a background of rugged New Englandism pervades this book.

The story is centered in the life of a sea-faring family, the Peters. It tells of the many experiences of Mary and her brother John, at sea, and later, on land. The abiding, indestructable influence of the seafaring heritage of New England upon the natures and characters of this family is the main theme of *Mary Peters.*

Mary Peters is descended from a long line of deep water captains. She herself, is born on her father's merchant ship off Singapore. For the first fifteen years of her life she knows of life only as it is lived on the high seas with occasional stops at ports such as Cadiz, Ponto Del-garda and Liverpool where cargo is loaded, or unloaded. During these fifteen years of maritime life, she acquired a fortitude and an untiring devotion that are her main supports in the many hardships and disappointments that beset her in her later life.

Her father's ship, "Elizabeth," has for its first mate, Mr. Gardiner. It is he, as Mary's schoolteacher, who opens to her a new and broader life. From him she learns that "earth is still the ancient life-giver and the broad-backed sea the dispenser of many gifts." Mary looked upon him as her dearest friend and most sympathetic companion during her years at sea.

When at the age of fifteen she was to be introduced to the life of the Maine village of the Eighties, and to be sent to the Academy at Petersport both her father and Mr. Gardiner were mercilessly killed in a storm at sea. The loss of two such dear friends left an indelible mark on Mary's soul. When we read of the unfortunate death of her only intimate girl friend, Hester, and of the shock which reduced her mother to invalidism for life, we wonder how Mary will be able to continue, in the face of such hardships, her work as teacher in the country schoolhouse. But she meets these heartbreaks bravely, just as she meets the other disappointments that come to her—the unhappy marriage of her brother and the departure of her lover, Jim Pendleton. The fond

memories of her father and Mr. Gardiner seem to have imbued her with a remarkable fortitude.

In *Mary Peters,* Miss Chase has shown us the changes in the life of the Maine coast during the last fifty years with the decay of shipping, and the influx of summer visitors.

Miss Chase's style is clear, direct and ever moving. She seems to be as perfectly at ease relating the details of a topmast of a schooner, as when describing the cutting down of an elm tree on a Maine farm. The story, throughout, is concise. It begins abruptly, "Mary Peters first saw Cadiz in 1880." Our interest in Mary Peters begins with this opening sentence and our love for her increases until we finish the last page of the book.

There are some books of some authors that all ought to be acquainted with. This is one of them.

MARY O. VAAS, '35.

The Ship

She sails the seas, a mighty bark,
To ports beyond our ken,
To lands where dreams have set their mark
To lure the wandering thoughts of men.

Imagination here is king,
The court he holds is gay;
For fairies dance in a lovely ring
And the sun shines all the day.

Would you visit this lovely land?
Passage thither cannot be bought;
There's only one ship that there makes port:
It is the white sailed ship of thought.

AGNES L. BIXBY, '35.

The Timeless Jane Austen

A long row of multi-colored books is confronting me. As my eye glances at their bindings, the sight of a slim, green volume tucked shyly between a blatant red cover and a sombre brown magnetizes my attention. The gold leaf etching which adorns the well worn leather is almost obliterated, but traces of its original beauty clearly distinguish it. The book is Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice.*

Between the pages of this book the superior genius of Jane Austen glows steadily. She enlivens type characters, individualizes them, makes them alive; and through their absolute reality they make us share their joys and sorrows. Unlike those of many prominent present day authors, Miss Austen's characters are not colorless silhouettes or lifeless puppets obedient at the jerk of a string. Instead of imaginary creations, they are honest-to-goodness men and women, people "whom we know by sight quite well and whose minds are open books to us, as the minds of friends we have known for years."

In the pages of *Pride and Prejudice* we are not meeting strangers who belong irrevocably to the nineteenth century; we are merely renewing our acquaintance with very familiar members of our own twentieth century, "up and coming" communities. There is always a flighty, senseless Mrs. Bennet whose one track mind is deluged with social aspirations for her growing family. Every young man she sees is immediately studied in the light of his eligibility to qualify as a future son-in-law. And to make matters infinitely worse the well-known Mrs. Bennet entertains the neighborhood with all her future hopes and expectations. Contrary to all the laws of averages such a woman is usually married to Jane Austen's Mr. Bennet—probably to maintain a little bit of balance in the family. He is a man, who after some twenty years of experience realizes the futility of any attempt to stabilize her immature mind and settles down resignedly, determined to enjoy his wife's foolishness to the utmost. Miss Austen is extremely skillful in her description of Mrs. Bennet, but every time I meet the lady and observe some further inanity of hers, I cannot help thinking that she is the type of person whom Charles Lamb, serene in his skill at classifying people, had in view when he said, "His mind is still in its original state of white paper."

With such parents it is only to be expected that the children would be a more or less heterogeneous mixture. And the Bennet daughters certainly live up to all expectations. Elizabeth was the only one to

be blessed with common sense, a gift most likely inherited from her bright but passive father. Each of the others is remarkable for one outstanding characteristic. With Jane it is a sweet, gentle disposition; while with Kitty it is an irritable, sullen nature. Mary and Lydia bear up the family reputation by being exact opposites also. The former is the clever, accomplished member of the family (this is her frank opinion) while the latter is a capricious, irresponsible replica of her mother. I doubt if, in actual life, one could find such a startling collection in one family but it is a very simple matter to find duplicates for each daughter.

Mr. Bingley, his two sisters and even Mr. Darcy are familiar figures in our modern world since gullibility, spitefulness and pride are common, every day characteristics and although it is distasteful to admit that hypocrites are frequently our brethren, still it is only fair to the author to acknowledge our previous acquaintance with culminating and debonair Captain Wickham. We are not only intimately acquainted with such types as Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, but we are thoroughly proud of our friendship with two such kind and generous people. Lady Catherine, too, has been frequently reproduced in real life and every representative community has had to bear her autocratic and dictatorial presence. All these, plus all the minor characters, in *Pride and Prejudice*, have a distinct counterpart in flesh and blood despite the varying generations.

In the whole book there is only one person, the unforgettable Mr. Collins, whose equal we should have difficulty in finding. He is absolutely unique. Surely no real man could ever be such a supreme idiot, unless he were deliberately trying to amuse. I am convinced that in him, Jane Austen gave vent to her love of fun; she has very ironically made him the essence of everything ridiculous and I am positive she enjoyed herself immensely in her brilliant delineation of him.

After reading such a truly remarkable book we necessarily arrive at some very important conclusions. We realize what a wonderful insight into life belonged to Jane Austen, and what a keen sense of its significance she had, when compared with many writers of wider personal experience. In her work is the purity, the strength and the beauty of the English language, and at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness suited to every capacity. She combines a pure ironical with a clear flowing style, a skilful story-telling manner and complete fidelity to fact. Moreover, her characters are depicted with a reality that shows clever handling. It can be accurately said of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*" that it "is not of an age but for all time."

AGNES HANDRAHAN, '35.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

ADVANTAGES OF ATTENDING A WOMAN'S COLLEGE

Did you ever stop to consider the especial advantages of going to a woman's college? In fact there is only one great advantage in going to a coeducational school, that is, the economy of it. According to statistics "to teach ten men and women in a single class of twenty costs only half as much as to teach two classes." The chief argument against coeducation is that men and women have different minds and aptitudes. In all that accompanies the aesthetic side of education, imagination, and appreciation of beauty, women far excel men. In the fields of mathematics and other sciences women are not on an equal standing with men, but there are many who can easily reach this standard.

Therefore it is not a question of the ability or inability of women to compete with the so-called intellectual superiority of men, that advises an all girls college but it is the differences of professions that women enter.

There is much talk of careers for women but in the average college class how many girls are going to be lawyers, doctors, or business executives? I warrant that it is only a very small percentage of them. For this percentage it is far better to have a liberal arts course first.

Coeducational colleges were founded for men, hence with an influx of women demanding educational privileges their curricula were not varied to suit the new demands made upon them.

In an all girls college the courses are chosen for girls to fit them for the professions of teaching and home-making, principally. Whether we agree with this choice of professions or not is optional. Again we turn to the "science of facts" and find that it is these two professions that most college girls enter.

ANNE G. DRINAN, '35.

E. C. ECHOES

The Dramatic Society

The Dramatic Society opened its sixteenth season on Wednesday afternoon, October 31, at a tea and reception to new members held in the auditorium. A group of songs from "The Vagabond King," by Rudolph Friml, and a synopsis of the play were presented by Miss Mary Shannon, '36. Miss Shannon's singing was indeed beautiful, and well deserved the compliment that Father Keenan paid it when he said that he felt that Miss Shannon could perfectly measure up to any of the beautiful singers who had sung this role.

The guest speaker of the afternoon was the Reverend Joseph B. Keenan of the faculty. Although a professor of Scripture, Father Keenan has for some time been extremely interested in dramatics and gave a most interesting and enjoyable talk on present day drama.

Miss Anastasia Kirby, president of the Society, presided. Miss Jane Holland, dramatic coach, poured. The Senior members of the society, headed by Miss Evangeline Mercier, vice-president, acted as servers. Assisting also in receiving were Miss Rita Guthrie, secretary; and Miss Alice Quartz, treasurer.

At a business meeting held on November 6, Miss Dorothy Fell, '38, was elected Freshman representative of the Society.

Cap and Gown Sunday

Cap and Gown Sunday for the Class of 1935 was October seventh. The beauty of the day exceeded our highest expectations; the chapel seemed lovelier than ever before as it opened its doors to receive the newly invested Seniors. After Mass we had breakfast as usual in the dining hall, where our happiness was increased by the addresses by our President, Sister Agnes Cecilia, who presented the Class with a beautiful banner of Christ, the King, and by our Dean, Sister Helen Madeleine. The Seniors also received a note of congratulation from Sister Catherine Dorothea which was much appreciated by them. The Seniors were praised and sung to by the other classes, and pictures were taken for souvenirs of this never-to-be-forgotten occasion. We left the campus with great reluctance after having received our bouquets of roses, our college flower. The Seniors also had the singular honor of being able to witness the presentation of a beautiful gold crown for the statue of the Blessed Virgin.

Le Cercle Louis Veuillot

Under the capable leadership of Oda McClure, '35, the vice-president, who officiated in the absence of Rose Mullin, Le Cercle Louis Veuillot set sail October tenth, upon another collegiate voyage. Miss McClure charmingly introduced Catherine Lane, who received the nineteen-thirty-four scholarship for a course of summer study at the Sorbonne. Through the medium of Miss Lane's musical French accent, we were even enabled to partake of the typically Parisien, "petit déjeuner." Miss Phyllis Joy contributed to the informal discussion that followed. Catherine Lynch, '35, Margaret Mackin, '36, and Mary Powers, '37, were elected as councillors to the four officers, thus forming a board of seven to plan further delightful entertainments during the ensuing year.

The Freshman Tea Dance

On Saturday, November third, the Freshman Class of Emmanuel College held their tea dance and popular opinion termed it the best in some time. The weather was quite in keeping with November, with a touch of Indian summer. Those attending filled the main ballroom of the Copley-Plaza to capacity and enjoyed themselves thoroughly owing to the efficiency of the committee which included: Loretta Kelly, Chairman, Tola Mulligan, Eleanor Burns, Ruth Burns, Eleanor Baker, Margaret McCarthy, Alma Harrold, Margaret Flood, Helen O'Connor, Edna Donovan, Pauline Coyne, Gertrude Collins, Katherine O'Connell and Rita Lee, ex officio.

Sodality of the Immaculate Conception

The Sodality of the Immaculate Conception announced its program for the coming year at assembly on October 4 and explained a few changes in it.

Every Monday at assembly one hour of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin will be recited by the student body.

In the Catholic Action movement two new activities have been introduced and three excluded—the first interest is the Medical Missions and the second is a Poster committee. The three committees that have been eliminated are the Marion, the Papal, and the Eucharistic, for, it seems that the feasts of Our Lady can be taken care of by the Liturgical Committee and the Papal and Eucharistic Committees will be included in the Catholic Interest group.

The Medical Missions are in charge of Evangeline Mercier whose particular aim will be to further the work of medical missionaries by sending them medicines and supplies donated by the students and friends.

The Poster Committee, headed by Winifred Burdick and assisted by Rita Brown, '36, Alice Quartz, '37, and Margaret Cahill, '38, will be an aid to the other committees by making placards to remind the Sodalists of the activities. Because of the recent revival in Liturgical arts, the Liturgical Committee with Kathryn Lynch as chairman and Dora Murphy, '36, Mary Dunn, '37, and Barbara Henry, '38, assisting, is expected to be very active in instructing the students on the music, architecture, and liturgy revival. The Catholic Literature group with Mary O'Brien as chairman and Barbara Ferguson, '36, Loretta Murphy, '37, and Roberta Taylor, '38, on the committee will continue the work of advising and promoting the reading of the works of contemporary Catholic authors. The Catholic Interest committee, in charge of Agatha Maguire and assisted by Marie Coyle, '36, Marjorie Ryan, '37, and Ruth Norton, '38, will keep before us all news concerning which the Catholic students should be informed, and will aid the League of Decency in its protest against objectionable cinema and legitimate stage productions.

The Classical Society

The Classical Society held its first meeting of the semester on Wednesday, October 17. Mary De Guglielmo, '35, president, extended a welcome to old and new members. A visit to the Roman House was the feature of the meeting. Several members presented papers on varied topics connected with the House. Helen Attridge, '35, Helen Kelleher, '35, Patricia Cahill, '36, Alice Harvey, '36, Ethel Kelleher, '35, Mary Lukacezk, '35, and Marguerite Kidney, '36, contributed to the program. It is interesting to note that the Roman House was built last year by members of the Society. The meeting closed with a witty recitation by Martha Doherty, '35.

National Education Week

National Education Week exercises were held on Wednesday afternoon, November seventh. Mr. William Linehan, Ph.D., addressed an assembly of over eight hundred teachers and students on the subject of "The Slogans of the Saints." The feature of the day was the awarding of prizes to the winners of a Slogan Contest open to members of the senior class of Catholic high schools and academies in the archdiocese. The first prize was awarded by Reverend Father Richard J. Quinlan, S.T.L., to Margaret McDonough, St. Margaret's High School. The second and third prizes were awarded to Dorothy Walsh, St. Augustine's High School and Mary Donovan, Notre Dame Academy, Roxbury.

There was an orchestral selection by the Orpheus Club, directed by

Miss Elizabeth McNamara, '35, a vocal selection by Mary Shannon, '36, assisted by Gertrude Larkin, '36, and a quartet of clarinet, trumpet, saxophone and piano by Catherine Flaherty, '36, Kathryn Barry, '36, Eleanor Fogarty, '36, and Gertrude Collins, '38.

Publicity Committee

On Wednesday afternoon at 3.40, October 24, the Publicity Committee held its annual Hallowe'en Bridge and Tea in the college gymnasium. The affair offered an opportunity for a pleasant social hour for the students and their friends. Prizes were awarded to the successful players and refreshments were served by the members of the committee. Mary Vaas was chairman, assisted by Martha Doherty, '35, Anastasia Kirby, '35, Olive Dalton, '36, Helen Lyons, '36, Mari-Elizabeth McCarthy, '36, and Rosemary Murdock, '37.

Athletic Association

Miss Mary Groden, '35, of Cambridge, defeated Miss Mary Henderson, '37, of Hudson, 6-4; 4-6; 6-4 in the final match of the tennis tournament, and won the Athletic Association silver trophy. There has been much enthusiasm among the students during the past few weeks, and Miss Groden's victory comes after hard play in the elimination matches. The cup, awarded for permanent possession by the Athletic Association, was presented by the president, Miss Marguerite Carr, '35.

Emmanuel League

The Emmanuel League held its first meeting of the season on Sunday, October 21, when the biennial election took place. The new officers are: Miss Jane F. McKey of Dorchester, president; Mrs. John J. Attridge of Boston, first vice-president; Mrs. John A. Minahan of Chestnut Hill, second vice-president; and Mrs. John J. Quirk of Newton, recording secretary. Miss Myra Morris of Everett, was re-elected financial secretary.

Elected to the board of management were: Mrs. James W. Carr of Roslindale, Mrs. M. H. Blute, Mrs. Edward Connors and Mrs. John J. O'Neill of Somerville, Mrs. T. A. Conroy, Mrs. James A. Cotter, Mrs. P. A. McCarthy and Mrs. John P. Nyhan of Brookline, Mrs. Edmond L. Grimes of Chestnut Hill, Mrs. Frederic J. Crosby of Jamaica Plain, and Mrs. Walter Doherty and Mrs. Dennis McCarthy of Cambridge.

Also Mrs. Thomas A. Dolan, Mrs. Walter B. Farr, Mrs. P. J. Kingsley, Mrs. D. J. Langlois, Miss Marie J. McKey, Mrs. Marguerite McGuire and Mrs. James D. Otis of Dorchester, Mrs. Patrick Macken of Winthrop, Mrs. J. M. McDonald of Marlboro, Mrs. Thomas F. McMahon

and Mrs. James A. Moore of Brighton; Mrs. John B. Piscopo of Boston, Mrs. Edward Pond of Atlantic, Mrs. William Prendergast of Jefferson and Mrs. Francis Roland of West Roxbury.

At the first meeting of the board it was voted to have the Thanksgiving turkey, food and penny sale at the College on November 27th and the holiday bridge at the Hotel Kenmore on Saturday, December 29th.

Chemical Society

The first meeting of the newly organized Chemical Society was held on Monday, October 29. Miss Elinor Wallace, '35, President, welcomed all the members and expressed the hope that the splendid cooperation shown in forming the society would continue. Senior, Junior and Sophomore members presented interesting papers on varied subjects, among them: "Natural and Synthetic Gems," Margaret McGoohan, '35, Marie Coyle, '36, Lillian Maynard, '37, Eileen Sullivan, '37; "Chemistry at the Century of Progress Exposition," Evangeline Mercier, '35, Eleanor Fogarty, '36; "Ionic Silver Sterilization," Helen Attridge, '35. The meeting was an instructive and enjoyable one, an indication that the Chemical Society has every chance for success.

El Club Espanol

El Club Espanol held its first meeting of the scholastic year on September 26, 1934, The president, Helen McGettrick, '35, extended a courteous and hearty welcome to both old and new members. The society's program for the coming year was informally discussed and planned. The meeting adjourned with everyone in a glow of anticipation over the prospect of an elaborate Christmas party.

Literary Society

With an address of welcome, Mary Stanton, president of the Literary Society, formally opened the first meeting of the year on October first. Miss Stanton urged the members to direct their attention more definitely toward creative writing. A group of one-act plays, composed by six of the seniors during the summer and early fall, were read on this occasion by Martha Doherty, '35, Anastasia Kirby, '35, and Helen Murphy, '35. Mary Rita Kavanaugh's dramatic contribution, *A Coward Too,* won the first award. A second prize was given to Winifred Marie Burdick's *Nancy Lee.* With this auspicious beginning, we feel justified in looking forward to another gala year for the Literary Society.

ALUMNAE NOTES

CLASS OF 1933

Blanche Kane is studying for her Master's degree at Boston University.

CLASS OF 1934

Elizabeth Beahan is studying for her Master's degree at Boston University.

Charlotte Bigelow is a technician at Boston City Hospital.

Marion Buckley entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of Notre Dame in Waltham, in August.

Mary Ross Byrne is teaching Chemistry in St. Augustine's High School.

Fortunata Caliri is studying for her Master's degree at Teachers' College.

Emily Collins is taking a secretarial course at Hickox Business School.

Margaret Cullen is teaching English and Ancient History in the Cumberland High School.

Lillian Dale is studying for her Master's degree at Boston University.

Loretta Daly is working in the office of the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

Laura Dixon is studying at Boston University Medical School.

Kathryn Dorsey is in the art department at R. H. White and Company.

Dorothea Dunigan is studying for her Master's degree at Boston College Graduate School.

Dorothy Egan is studying for her Master's degree at Boston College Graduate School.

Catherine Fitzgerald is substituting in the Framingham High School.

Mary Geaney is working in the Public Library in South Boston.

Helen Glynn is studying for her Master's degree at Boston University.

Gertrude Hickey is substituting in the Somerville Schools.

Mary Kenney is studying for her Master's degree at Teachers' College.

Catherine Lane has just returned from a trip to France.

Mary Malloy is attending Boston Clerical School.

Grace Maloney is taking a secretarial course at Katherine Gibb's Secretarial School.

Mary C. McCarthy is studying for her Master's degree at Boston College.

Mary J. McCarthy is studying for her Master's degree at Boston College.

Mary McDermott is studying at Boston University Medical School.

Agnes McHugh is studying for her Master's degree at Boston College.

Mary McInerney has a position in the Sales Department of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Mary Neylon is teaching Commercial Arithmetic and Music at the Southern Junior High School in Somerville.

Lillian O'Neill is doing recreational work in Somerville.

Mary O'Reilly is taking courses at Boston College.

Isabel Reilly is taking the secretarial course at Hickox Business School.

Mary Ryan is teaching at the Academy of the Assumption in Wellesley Hills.

Marie Scanlon is studying for her Master's degree at Teachers' College.

Mary Smith is teaching at St. Augustine's School in South Boston.

Eleanor Sullivan has a position at Hickson's on Boylston Street.

Margaret Sullivan has a social service position.

Elizabeth Turcotte has a social service position.

MARRIAGES

Mary Tully, '24, to Dr. John Roy Watson.
Mary E. Sullivan, '29, to Mr. John Brinkley Purcell.
Margaret Murray, '31, to Dr. Albert Flaherty.
Louise Theriault, '33, to Dr. Frederick Stone.
Helen Snell, ex-'35, to Mr. Patrick Duane, Jr.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Roberts (Margaret Dyson, '27) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Sheehan (Marion MacDonald, '25) on the birth of a son.

In Christo Quiescentes

Mr. John Cassidy, father of Marion Cassidy, '35.
Mr. Eugene F. O'Sullivan, father of Adelaide O'Sullivan, '32.
Mr. Austin De Guglielmo, father of Mary De Guglielmo, '35.
Mrs. Patrick Mullin, mother of Rose Mullin, '35.
Mr. James Culhane, father of Margaret Culhane, '30.
Mr. John L. Sheedy, father of Sarah Sheedy, '31.
Mr. Patrick Fox, father of Esther Fox, '28 (Sister Bernard Marie).

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